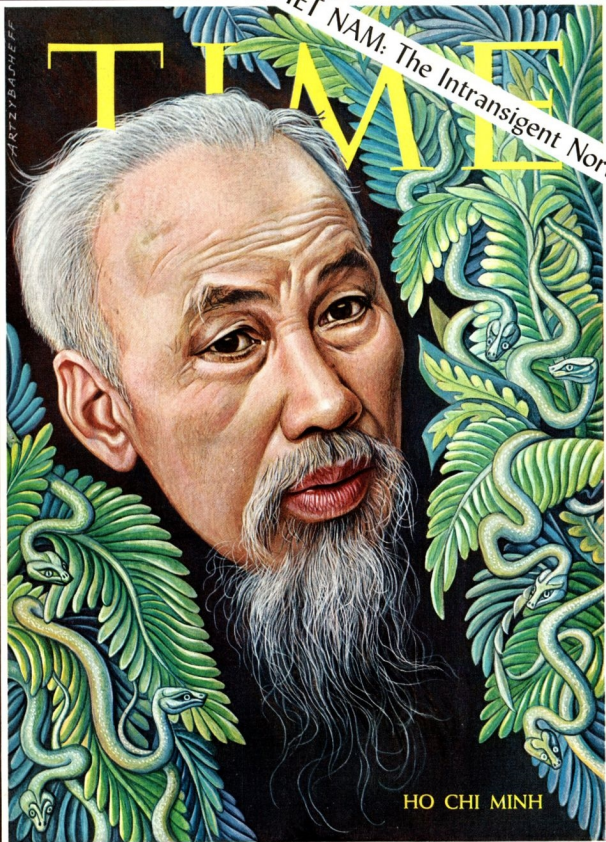


THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

JULY 16, 1965

VIET NAM: The Intransigent North



HO CHI MINH

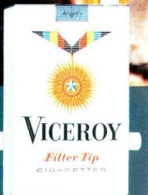
VOL. 86 NO. 3

Viceroy's got the filter for the taste that's right!



Viceroy is specifically designed to taste the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. Not too strong ... not too light ... Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

© 1995, BROWN & WILKINSON TOBACCO CORPORATION. B&W The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products.





**Frank Murphy thinks
Air-India only flies
from New York to London.**

**Whaeatokonui thinks
Air-India only flies
from Fiji to Sydney.**



**Keiko Sato thinks
Air-India only flies from
Tokyo to Hong Kong.**

**Yusos Ishak thinks
Air-India only flies
from Singapore to Madras.**

**Maybe you think
Air-India only flies to India.**

People seem to be so much at home with our gracious service, they don't realize how far from home we travel. Air-India jets to the important destinations of the world, including the Pacific area. Do ask your travel agent or Air-India.

Jets daily to London—Europe, India and the East from New York. See your travel agent or Air-India, 34 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Offices in principal cities.

AIR-INDIA 

*The airline that treats you like a maharajah.
Over 32 years of flying experience.*



TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, July 14

ABC SCOPE (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). "Mars Closeup: Are We Alone?" examines the information relayed by the Mariner spacecraft, scheduled to spin by Mars only 1½ hours earlier.

Friday, July 16

F.D.R. (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). Charlton Heston comes down from the mountain to speak the former President's words in "Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt," a focus on that First Lady's evolution as a world figure.
BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Movie Idol Hugh O'Brian publicity-stunts his way back to his wartime paratrooper training site and jumps right into an old romance. Color. Repeat.

Saturday, July 17

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The national A.A.U. gymnastic championships from Lakewood, Ohio, plus the Langhorne "100" automobile championship from Pennsylvania.

Sunday, July 18

THE 20TH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Far from the shadow of the Unisphere, peace through understanding is discovered by a melting pot of eleven-year-olds living together at a Children's International Summer Village in Long Beach, Miss. Repeat.

Monday, July 19

TODAY (NBC, 7-9 a.m.). For the next two weeks, Burr Tillstrom, Kukla and Ollie will add their special magic to the coffee hours.

SUMMER PLAYHOUSE (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). As a writer trying to escape the joys of New York living, Walter Matthau discovers just how green the grass is when he and Wife Anne Jackson have to hole up in a spare room in a bowling alley while their newly acquired farmhouse is being cleared of its Country Mouse.

Tuesday, July 20

CLOAK OF MYSTERY (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Shortly after an astronaut temporarily loses contact with the earth, strange and lethal creatures are found creeping about the U.S.

THEATER

Straw Hat

Summertime finds a galaxy of stars—or almost stars—in cross-country orbit:

OGUNQUIT ME., Ogunquit Playhouse: Hans Conried in *Absence of a Cello*, a scientist trying to become a corporation man.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., Berkshire Playhouse: Viveca Lindfors in Colette's *Chéri* and *The Last of Chéri*.

WESTPORT, CONN., Westport Country Playhouse: *The Private Ear & The Public Eye*, two one-acters with Tammy Grimes.

NYACK, N.Y., Tappan Zee Playhouse: Menasha Skulnik in Carl Reiner's remembrance of Jewish boyhood, *Enter Laughing*.

EAST HAMPTON, N.Y., John Drew Theater: Vicki Cummings and Kendall Clark

* All times E.D.T.



Annual event at Le Sueur is the Green Giant's Corn-on-the-Curb Festival. Here youngsters enjoy all the roasting ears they can eat fresh from the Valley at the height of the harvest season.



How Employers Mutuals
helps keep the Green Giant jolly

Wausau Story

Even before the Green Giant® gave his name to his company in 1950, Employers Mutuals of Wausau was workmen's compensation insurance carrier for the cannery in the Minnesota Valley at Le Sueur.

Since those days, the Green Giant Company has grown enormously—as giants do—to have growing-fields and plants in nine states across the country. And because corn, peas, beans and other tender vegetables are at their best only for brief periods, employment varies seasonally, ranging from 1,600 regularly to 18,000 at packing peak.

Such widespread locations and employment fluctuation could create insurance problems to make the jolliest giant grimace. But Employers Mutuals has the answers.

With 177 offices from coast to coast, Employers Mutuals is prepared to give complete business insurance coverage and service in any part of the country. Safety consultants bring to policyholders the benefit of long and broad experience in accident prevention so that regular employees may guide seasonal help effectively. As a result mishaps are fewer, insurance costs lower. Helps make the Green Giant® jolly.

Let Employers Mutuals of Wausau solve your business insurance problems; you'll find us in the Yellow Pages of your phone directory.

**Employers
Mutuals
of Wausau**



177 Offices Coast to Coast
"Good people to do business with"

Elmer Carlson got rid of his Checker Marathon Station Wagon.



Here's why. Several years ago, when Elmer first purchased his new Checker, not too many people knew about the car—or identified it as the passenger car version of the famous Checker fleet cars. Elmer Carlson used his Checker for business, day and night—in all kinds of weather on all kinds of roads. In two years, he had driven over 98,000 miles.

Recently, Elmer discovered that Checker was building Marathon station wagons with new high-spirited V-8 engines. While he liked the higher, wider doors of his own car, the tremendous interior room and the huge tailgate opening, Elmer wanted more power. So Elmer Carlson got rid of his Checker station wagon, and got a brand new one. Elmer says it's a great improvement over his old car—but many of the things he bought his original Checker for are still there . . . the tough and rugged chassis, built-to-take-it body, the no-nonsense styling—all the features that make Checker the most unique car on the road today.

Elmer's old Checker is already sold, but there are lots of brand new 1955 models available. Sedans, station wagons, limousines; V-8's, sixes; automatics with power steering and power brakes . . . and if your dealer doesn't have exactly what you want, Checker will practically custom build a car for you. In the Chicago area, call H&L 1-1122 for the name of a dealer near you or complete coupon.



CHECKER

Marathon



Checker Motors Corporation
Dept. T1-8, Kalamazoo,
Michigan 49007

Name
Address
City
State Zip

in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*
NORTH TONAWANDA, N.Y., Melody Fair:
Gays and Dolls, with Hugh O'Brian and
Anita Bryant, respectively.

MILBURN, N.J., Paper Mill Playhouse:
Bea Lillie, budding up with *High Spirits*.
CLINTON, N.J., Old Music Hall: Philip
Burton directs "the Acting Company" in
G. B. Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession*.

NEW HOPE, PA., Bucks County Play-
house: Dick Shawn and Betty Garrett in
Murray Schisgal's upside-down comedies
The Tiger and *The Typists*.

PITTSBURGH, Civic Light Opera: Cab Cal-
loway crooning through *Porgy and Bess*.
ST. LOUIS, Municipal Opera: Donald
O'Connor plays in *Little Me*.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Starlight Theater:
Alltime trouper Bert Parks as *Muscle Man*.
INDIANAPOLIS, Avondale Playhouse: Ce-
sar Romero in a 1929 light comedy, *Strictly
Dishonorable*.

INDIANAPOLIS, Starlight Musicals: Janet
Blair, wishing that man right out of her
hair, in *South Pacific*.

DALLAS, Summer Musicals: Patti Page
sharpshooting in *Annie Get Your Gun*.

BERKELEY, CALIF., Melodyland Theater:
Robert Goulet and Wife Carol Lawrence
whirl their way through *Carousel*.

RECORDS

Opera

WAGNER: GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG (Leric; 6
LPs). The third of Georg Solti's heroic
recordings of the complete, uncut *Ring*
(*Die Walküre* is still to come) brilliantly
displays Wagner's richest and most com-
plex opera. The entire cast, including
Wolfgang Windgassen, Dietrich Fischer-
Dieskau and Gottlob Frick, is superb, and
this is the first disk performance to catch
the excitement of Birgit Nilsson's voice as
it is heard in the opera house. Just as
effective is Christa Ludwig as Waltraute,
and her long duet with Nilsson is the high-
light of the performance. Solti is equal to
all the excitement in Wagner, but the or-
chestral themes that should be clear on
stereo occasionally get buried.

STRAUSS: DAPHNE (Deutsche Grammophon; 2 LPs). Shortly before he died,
Strauss turned the legend of Daphne,
whom Apollo transformed into a laurel
tree because she loved nature more than
man, into an opera that fuses voice and
orchestra in the haunting manner of his
more famous *Four Last Songs*. He dedi-
cated the opera to Austria's Karl Boehm,
who conducts this performance, and
Strauss seems to have given Boehm his
musical inspiration as well—a better re-
cording would be hard to imagine. Hilde
Gueden as Daphne is exquisite. Sounding
younger and freer than she has in years,
she captures not only the headstrong girl
bending the glories of her voice to the beau-
ties of nature, but also the unearthly sound
shivering through the laurel leaves as the
music ends.

VERDI: MACBETH (London; 3 LPs). The
best thing here is Thomas Schippers' con-
ducting. His interpretation moves Mac-
beth from his usual 20 paces behind Lady
Macbeth to the center of the opera, giving
Macbeth the drive and desperation of the
play. Giuseppe Taddei is a good if some-
what cerebral Macbeth; Bruno Prevedi is
vocally adequate but solemn and wooden
as Macduff. The engineers, who create the
impression that they placed Birgit Nilsson
one studio away to give the fellows a
chance, fail her, and so, in a way, does

her marvelous voice. Verdi wrote that
Lady Macbeth's music was not meant to be
sung brilliantly but in a "raw, choked,
hollow voice." The description calls Callas
to mind, and her interpretation (on Angel
six years ago) is still the best available.
But for those who want to hear the diffi-
cult arias sung with power and authority,
Nilsson is fine.

VERDI: LA FORZA DEL DESTINO (RCA
Victor; 4 LPs). Schippers again, but with-
out the imagination he gives to *Macbeth*.
He just keeps things going along and lets
his experienced performers (Leontyne
Price, Richard Tucker, Giorgio Tozzi)
take over. Price is at her very best. Her
voice magnifies Verdi's intent and makes
every hoary old aria sound as if it were
written yesterday. Tucker at 50 gives ev-
ery indication that he can go on singing
forever—a cheering prospect. Only Tozzi
is disappointing. His voice sounds dry,
and he does the role of the padre like a
priest droning through early Mass. For
people who can't get enough of Verdi, this
recording is a must; every note is here,
and some of those usually cut in other
performances are the most potent.

CINEMA

THE FASCIST. A bungling Blackshirt cor-
poral (Ugo Tognazzi) and his philosphical
prisoner (Georges Wilson) turn their
clash of values into a sly satire of Italian
history, circa 1944, mixed with equal parts
of compassion, reminiscence and rue.

THE KNACK. There is more than enough
running, jumping and New Cinema gim-
micky in this movie version of the New
York-London stage success, but the sight
gags are often funny and so is Rita Tush-
ingham as the girl pursued by three odd-
ball British bachelors.

A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA. Based on
Richard Hughes's classic novel about the
corruptive power of young innocents, this
lively adventure film follows seven captive
children as they batten the ruin of a
dissolute pirate captain (Anthony Quinn)
and his raffish crew.

THE COLLECTOR. Director William Wyler's
grisy, gripping thriller adapted from the
bestseller by John Fowles—about a luna-
tic butterfly fancier (Terence Stamp) who
collects a lovely, live girl (Samantha
Eggart) and locks her in a dungeon.

**THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR
FLYING MACHINES.** Reproductions of vin-
tage aircraft soar blithely skyward bearing
Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi and Gert
Frobe to the high points of a flappy
comedy about a London-Paris air race in
1910—while vivacious Sarah Miles waits
in the winners' circle to choose between
Stuart Whitman and James Fox.

SYMPHONY FOR A MASSACRE. Five
crooks, with a doublecrosser in their
midst, embark on a million-dollar deal,
and French Director Jacques Deray makes
what happens fascinating.

LA TIA TULA. In this faultless first film,
Spanish Director Miguel Picazo offers an
austere and chilling portrait of a still-
beautiful spinster (Aurora Bautista)
whose unyielding virtue quells her passion
for her dead sister's husband.

CAT BALLOU. Wild western heroics are
trampled into horselaugh by Jane Fonda
as a schoolmarum turned outlaw queen
and Lee Marvin, doubtly hilarious as a
couple of no-good gunfighters, one her
friend, one her foe.

THE PAVNBROKER. A compelling performance
by Rod Steiger gives focus to this

Britannica Institute for Executive Development announces
a new program which trains you to

Become a well-paid executive ...and jump years ahead in your business career

Send for **FREE Executive Success Test**. It will show
if you can qualify for today's big management opportunities
... in marketing, accounting, manufacturing, sales, insurance,
finance, banking and government administration.

Today U.S. business—in the midst of plenty—is having a hard time finding trained men and women to "run the show." In today's booming economy there is no time for people to learn management skills the slow, old-fashioned way.

That's why big companies (and smaller ones, too) pay consultants millions of dollars a year in a relentless search for people with the training to step into executive positions paying \$10,000 to \$35,000 a year and higher.

To meet this need, Britannica Institute for Executive Development has created a dramatic new program to get promising business men and women the training they need to handle these unfilled jobs. This course is designed to help you "jump ahead" 10 years in business, in your present company or elsewhere.

"Automated Learning" assures maximum progress—rapid success

Only Britannica Institute for Executive Development offers you such a complete *totally programmed* business training course. Never before has training like this been available for spare-time home study. Performance—not theory—is the key. You learn quickly, efficiently because you proceed logically, step-by-step. You actually *do* top management jobs... solve real business problems.

In a few months, using this modern method, you can acquire abilities and skills that took successful businessmen years of hard work and bitter experience to master.

Learn by doing—not theory!

You will be coached by a distinguished faculty... all leaders in their field. You'll

learn the basics of Corporate Finance, Banking, Insurance, Investment Practices, Accounting, Business Law, Marketing. You'll be briefed in the latest, most effective tools of management control—such as computers, data processing systems, advanced business machines (these are an absolute must for today's successful executive).

Using the "case history" method you will train you to use "PERT", the newly-discovered system that lets you apply simple scientific rules to every decision you make.

In essence, when you complete this training, you will be ready to handle almost any problem you will encounter as a corporate executive or an independent businessman. You will be secure in your knowledge that you are a *trained executive*.

If you want the prestige of a higher-echelon job with a salary to match, an enrollment in this Executive Development program may be the answer for you.

Why some men succeed in business and others fail

Why is it that some men rise swiftly to success while others let the world slide by? Certain abilities are needed to advance in the business world: *intelligence, personality, strength of will, good sound judgment.* But

even these qualities will count for nothing without *training*. If you have the ability and the ambition to get ahead, Britannica Institute for Executive Development will give you the training. And the cost is surprisingly low.

Send for free executive success test today!

To determine if you can qualify and profit from the Institute's executive training program, Encyclopaedia Britannica has developed an Executive Success Test which you may take FREE with no obligation. If you seriously want to "jump ahead" 10 years in your business career, send for this Executive Success Test now. BRITANNICA INSTITUTE FOR EXECUTIVE DEVELOPMENT, Dept. 608, P.O. Box 6739, Chicago, Illinois 60680.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY



Britannica Institute for Executive Development

A Division of Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc.
Dept. 608, P.O. Box 6739, Chicago, Illinois 60680

Please send **FREE Executive Success Test** and further information about the new Management Training Program. There is no cost or obligation.

Name _____ (please print) Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Working Hours _____

Position _____

Britannica Institute For Executive Development BOARD OF DIRECTORS, ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, INC.

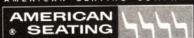
WILLIAM BENTON, Chairman—Publisher, Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc. ■ CHARLES BENTON—President, Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc. ■ GORDON J. GALLAN—President, G. and C. Merriam Company ■ PAUL G. HOFFMAN—Chairman of the Economic Policy Board of the United Nations and Managing Director, United Nations Special Fund ■ MAURICE B. MITCHELL—President, Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc. ■ GARDNER H. STERN—Trustee, The University of Chicago ■ HELEN H. BENTON—Director of the Grade and Trustee of the Child Treatment and Child Study Group ■ WARREN P. EVERDET—Managing Director, Encyclopaedia Britannica, Ltd. (London) ■ ROBERT P. GWINN—Trustee, The University of Chicago ■ ROBERT M. HUTCHINS—President, Fund for the Republic ■ HERMON D. SMITH—Trustee, The University of Chicago ■ ADLAI E. STEVENSON—Ambassador of the United States to the United Nations.



**This year
over 51,000,000 pupils
are attending school
in the U.S.**

At least 20,000,000 of them are using
classroom furniture made by American Seating.

AMERICAN SEATING COMPANY



Interested? Curious? Write American Seating Co., Dept. 1173, Grand Rapids, Mich. 49502.
Leaders in school, hospital, church furniture—transportation, theater, stadium seating.

How to light a new fire under an old flame

Giving him Sportsman Cologne is a little bit like his giving you chocolates. Wonderful, but a trifle selfish. For, when you give him Sportsman he usually changes just a touch. But, is it what Sportsman does to him, or to you? Who cares? Have him splash on some Sportsman and watch the fireworks.



COLOGNE
AFTER SHAVE
PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE



Sportsman®

SPICED NEW SCENT OF THE
SIXTIES IN THE ALABASTER FLASK
WITH THE HUNTING HORN

RICHARD HUDNUT* NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

grim drama about an old Jew caught between the horrors of Spanish Harlem and the Nazi horrors of yesteryear.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT, 1964, by Theodore H. White. The author shows as much skill as he did in his best-selling account of the 1960 campaign. But he is hard put to overcome the fact that he is writing about a dull and one-sided election.

MUSTANGS AND COW HORSES, edited by J. Frank Dobie, Mody C. Boatwright and Harry H. Ransom. A classic collection of authentic, unromanticized Western lore about the wild mustangs and the men who brutally tamed and rode them in the conquest of the continent.

THE MEMOIRS OF PANCHE VILLA, by Martin Luis Guzman. The author, who knew the fiery Mexican revolutionary personally, says that Villa would have written his memoirs if he had not been illiterate. As it is, this collection of documents, letters and recalled conversations gives a disjointed but fascinating insight into the passionate, near-demented leader.

STORMY PETREL: THE LIFE AND WORK OF MAXIM GORKY, by Dan Levin. A balanced, restrained biography of one of the wild men of writing. Gorky's life was a series of violent escapades, recaptured here in part through his own superb reminiscences. His creative forces were often wasted on polemics, first for Lenin and then for Stalin, who lured him from voluntary exile; five years later, apprehensive about Russia's future under Stalin, Gorky mysteriously died.

EVERYTHING THAT RISES MUST CONVERGE, by Flannery O'Connor. The late Miss O'Connor's last stories are among her bleakest and best. Hers is a cruel world peopled by hard-eyed old men, embittered Baptist prophets, and wretches who suffer the tortures of shriveled souls. The light in this world comes from the author's highly personal, stunningly dramatized concept of the workings of God and Grace.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (1 last week)
2. The Source, Michener (3)
3. The Ambassador, West (2)
4. Don't Stop the Carnival, Wouk (5)
5. Hotel, Hailey (4)
6. The Green Berets, Moore (6)
7. The Flight of the Falcon, Du Maurier (8)
8. Night of Camp David, Knebel (9)
9. Herzog, Bellow (7)
10. A Pillar of Iron, Caldwell (10)

NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarskjöld (2)
2. The Oxford History of the American People, Morison (1)
3. Is Paris Burning? Collins and Lapierre (3)
4. Journal of a Soul, Pope John XXIII (4)
5. The Italians, Barzini (7)
6. Modern English Usage, Fowler, revised by Gowers
7. Queen Victoria, Longford (6)
8. The Making of the President, 1964, White
9. Sixpence in Her Shoe, McGinley (8)
10. The Founding Father, Whalen (5)

Reader's Digest

It streaked through the blur of insane motion, harnessed tightly to his desperately for control; business slipped away, had reached for too craft had been over there was no escape it been assumed that no safe ejection a d. The canopy was outside.

ated behind the p showed what hap try needle on the climbed off in more than 14 g's from all direc from one side he other, hurled at, yanked him and him against L.

he burned its began to fall. en miles—to regained con it was upside a top. Some strength to de home to e lifted out een beaten

Yeager had coupling. It nic places, rerate ex ks all the nd level. t pilots fought



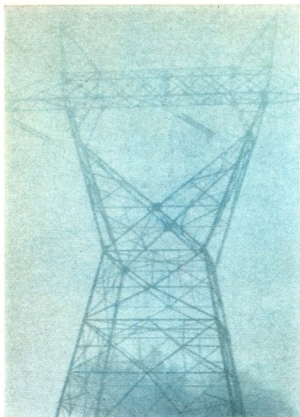
The Reader's Digest sent 2 million people to Plymouth Dealers

"Plymouth and Reader's Digest make good selling partners," reports William A. Hammond, Merchandising Manager for Plymouth, Chrysler and Imperial. "In both last year's 'Win the Winner' contest and this year's 'Pace Car Sweepstakes,' The Digest far outpulled the other magazines used.

"Both of these programs were designed as traffic builders and The Digest really set the pace for our dealers. Dur-

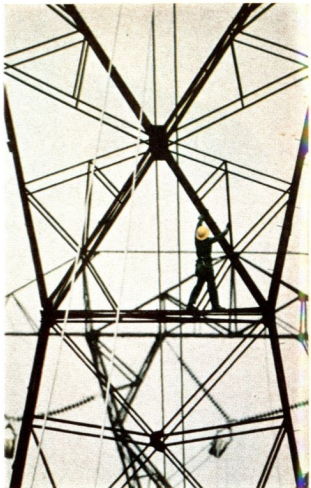
ing each of the past two years, well over a million prospects came in to see the new Plymouth as a result of our Digest ads. And these families who came in weren't just 'lookers.' In 1964 we had one of the biggest sales years in Plymouth history—and this year promises to be even better."

People have faith in Reader's Digest. 14½ million U.S. families (26 million world-wide) buy each issue.



Report from Mt. Storm:

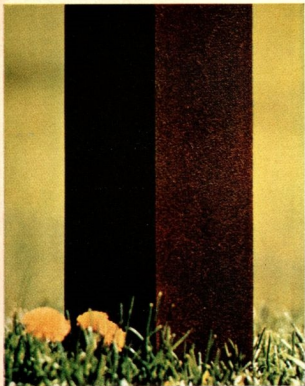
Here is a new idea in power transmission. Instead of shipping coal hundreds of miles to a generating plant, Virginia Electric and Power Co. built a generating station at a coal mine and they "ship" the electricity instead of coal. The 500,000 volt line stretches from Mt. Storm, W. Va., in a 390-mile loop eastward toward Washington, D.C., and down through Virginia's Shenandoah Valley.



special steel towers

The line stretches across terrain that makes tower maintenance extremely expensive. For this reason, every one of the line's 1,769 towers is made of *bare* steel that will never need to be painted. United States Steel innovated the remarkable steel, USS COR-TEN Steel, that puts weather to work to protect itself. It can be used outdoors, unpainted, without maintenance.

USS United States Steel: where



paint themselves

As USS COR-TEN Steel weathers, a dense, tight, oxide coating forms on its surface (as shown in sample above). The coating seals out moisture, protects the steel underneath for good. If it is scratched, it heals itself. Since corrosion can't get at the steel underneath, the tower members will keep their full strength indefinitely.



and are forgotten

Set it and forget it—that's the story of a COR-TEN Steel transmission tower. No paint, no periodic corrosion maintenance. COR-TEN Steel has another important advantage. It is a member of a family of higher strength USS steels widely used these days in transmission tower design. With stronger steels, engineers save steel and can create slimmer tower designs that are more pleasing to the eye.

For more information about USS-innovated COR-TEN Steel, write "Innovations," United States Steel, Room 8268, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230. USS and COR-TEN are registered trademarks.

the big idea is innovation



What do we bring your knife and fork? Plenty.

GATX minds everybody's food store.

We help produce food, by building specialized cars for liquid fertilizer.

We help process it, by providing conveyors, feeders, dryers, containers and water purification systems designed for

the food and beverage business.

We help store it in distribution centers.

We help bring it, in tank cars, refrigerator cars, Airlide® cars and piggy-back cars that we build and sell or lease.

That's what we're doing in this land of

plenty. We can do the same in any field. Just call us: GATX.

For basic equipment and service. And extra helpings.

GENERAL AMERICAN TRANSPORTATION CORPORATION CHICAGO

GATX™



LETTERS

Tepee Fever

Sir: That was a masterful Essay on the lack of servants [July 9], but you failed to mention what happens to money that might be spent on them. The money goes to doctors who treat housewife's syndrome (monster fatigues and creeping paralysis of the mind), psychiatrists who treat tepee fever (life with father was better), foot specialists who make health shoes with cast-iron shanks so you can keep on ironing for four more hours, and orthopedic surgeons who diagnose and treat commuter husbands for slipped discs generated by acrobatics performed six inches above the crab grass.

(MRS.) TIEO K. MCWILLIAMS
Corona Del Mar, Calif.

Sir: Too many college-trained women who once were concerned with the arguments of Hegel and Kant now occupy their thoughts by analyzing the qualities of a new cleaning product or recipe.

(MRS.) JUDITH A. WILLIAMS
Charleston, S.C.

Sir: About your comment that "the secretary is the only good—and socially acceptable—servant left in America"; workers we are, workhorses we may even be, but servants—never.

JOAN K. GILBERT
Anderson, Ind.

Sir: You described my situation as a North Shore suburbanite so accurately that I was wondering how you happened to interview me without my knowing it.

(MRS.) ROSLYN S. SCHWARTZ
Highland Park, Ill.

The Best Resorts

Sir: Botticelli would be most pleased with your cover [July 2]; Michael Anderson just floats beautifully across the scene.

WILLIAM G. CONWAY
Orange, Conn.

Sir: How could anyone write on resorts in the U.S. and not mention that heaven called Hawaii? The fantastic beauty of the deep blue-green sea and rugged lava mountains drowned in golden sun! The languid, relaxing atmosphere! The feeling of being far away in a foreign land, yet knowing that this is really another facet of that jewel, the U.S.!

(MRS.) ELEANOR L. DRESSER
Great Barrington, Mass.

► TIME has been to that heaven (four pages color, Feb. 18, 1952; eight pages color, Aug. 10, 1959) and hopes to go again.

Sir: Your story did not contain even a scintilla on North Carolina's historic and famed Outer Banks, to wit, Cape Hatteras, Kitty Hawk (Wright Brothers), Roanoke Island (site of the first English colonization), and Ocracoke (last of the Eastern frontiers). This enchanting area is not reserved for the affluent society, but is a haven for all who appreciate adventure and solitude.

WILLIAM B. CREWS JR.
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Sir: Oregon deeply resents the Pacific Northwest's ostracism from your listing of America's prime resort areas.

TOM MCALL
Secretary of State
Salem, Ore.

Sir: . . . Arizona?

SAMUEL P. GODDARD
Governor of Arizona

Phoenix

Sir: Sun Valley?

SALLY TOOLEY
Sun Valley, Idaho

Sir: . . . Nantucket?

JOHN E. MCKECK
Boston

Sir: . . . The Greenbrier?

(MRS.) DOROTHY M. SECH
Cleveland

Sir: . . . Mackinac Island?

WILLIAM B. PARKER
Mackinac Island, Mich.

Sir: Must we place such emphasis on American food and spoken English as criteria for vacationing in America? Please save us from a steady diet of the hot dog, New England boiled dinners and hominy grits, and from the boredom of hearing only our own colloquialisms.

(MRS.) SYBIL WISE
Mount Hermon, Mass.

Lonely Outposts

Sir: I find it difficult to look at pictures like "Scene Outside the My Cann Restaurant," [July 2] but I cannot agree with readers who "do not care to have Time in their homes any longer." Could it be that it brings reality too close to home?

(MRS.) CHERRI WOOD
New York City

Sir: Your reporting of the war in Viet Nam presents the realities of the people's plight in South Viet Nam, and reflects the persistent attitude of the correspondents to "get out where the action is and get the facts." Only in this manner can Americans receive a truer picture of the frustration, brutality and insecurity endured by the Vietnamese daily for more than 15 years. The Communists have made war a way of life to the farmer in the paddy, the mother carrying her baskets to market, the child searching for playmates, the soldier standing guard at lonely outposts; and all of them reflect the bone-weary attitude of long-endured hardships. Americans who serve with these courageous people cannot help being caught up in the promise of freedom for their future.

MICHAEL J. MORIN
Captain, Infantry

Fort Benning, Ga.

Sir: Your article, "Life with the Viet Cong," [July 2] was most interesting and informative. But you do a disservice by deprecating the quotes of Huynh Tan Phat. He is telling all of us a bit of the truth. Before we can win, we must escalate our participation to extensive bombing of civil as well as military targets.

JOSEPH A. VITONE
Captain, U.S.A.F.

Seattle

Debt & Bankruptcy

Sir: The true origin of debt [July 2] as a moral issue stems from the Bible (Exodus 22:25): "If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him as an usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him usury."

THEA SAFRIN
New York City

Sir: Where has Emerson's self-reliance gone? I worship Emerson's statement, "Pay every debt as if God wrote the bill." Instead of a War on Poverty, let there be a War on Lack of Character. Lack of a Will to Work, Lack of the Ability of Self-Denial, Give me self-reliance not help. Hurrah for Horatio Alger!

JANET WORTHINGTON ENGELHARDT
Bloomsburg, Pa.

Sir: Your Essay provides a sane, lucid counterbalance to the dire predictions of those fiscal reactionaries who insist that we are on a collision course with national bankruptcy.

ROBERT C. ESKRIDGE
Offutt A.F.B., Neb.

Not a Speck of Remorse

Sir: I am a liberal, a believer in trade unions and a supporter of negotiations that will lead to a fair deal for both labor and management. But I would shut down a newspaper before I would let Bertram Powers [July 2] tell me what I could not do to make my operation more economical. If I were Dolly Schiff, I would not feel one speck of remorse if I were to close the Post and put 280 printers out of work. If automation means there are too many printers, then some of them should get out of the business.

JOSEF HOLBERT
Managing Editor

Glenwood Sage Press
Glenwood Springs, Colo.

Digit for Dollars

Sir: Your story on millionaires [July 9] leaves me breathless. The figure given as my earnings is many times greater than

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

Mail to: TIME Subscription Service
540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611
Charles A. Adams, Gen'l Mgr.

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

Subscription Rates in the United States and Canada: 1 year, \$9.00; 3 years, \$18.00; 5 years, \$25.00. Subscription rates for all other countries available on request.

ATTACH
LABEL
HERE

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city

state

zip code



Aboard JAL's magnificent Jet Couriers,
the pleasures of the Orient continue...

On...



And on...



And on...



And on...



Wherever in the world you wish to go, chances are there's a delightful JAL hostess in kimono going there, too. Why not join her and be pampered with gracious calm in the Japanese manner as you fly "amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound." See your travel agent.

JAL AIR LINES



my actual earnings. Also, please give me back that extra year that you added to my age.

G. W. BLAKELEY JR.

Cape Cod, Mass.

►TIME's transmitter added a digit. Will Millionaire Blakeley, 44, settle for \$10 million?

Transubstantiation

Sir: Your cryptic résumé of the new Eucharistic theology [July 2] is a parody of contemporary and traditional Catholic belief. Consecration is not "miraculous" but the ordinary way God makes his presence and sacrifice effective today. "Sign" has always been used in Catholic theology, and "substance and accidents" has never hindered belief that the active, living God is present in the Eucharist.

(THE REV.) R. P. DESHARNAIS, C.S.C.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Sir: If the doctrine of transubstantiation is about to be jettisoned for the more enlightening concept of transignification, Anglicans and Roman Catholics may look for limited intercommunion in 1966—and perhaps even full intercommunion by 1970, which, after all, is the fourth centennial of their separation.

GEORGE F. LEWIS

Willowdale, Ontario

Sir: The Roman Catholic problem with its roots deep in the penchant for defining every jot and tittle of the faith. The current reform is a healthy sign. Rome is trying with great success to return to unencrusted catholicity, and non-Romans must applaud its struggles with charity and hope. The prospects are very exciting for all Christians.

FRANK KINKAID
Vestryman

Parish of St. Mark
Portland, Ore.

Non-Student Protest

Sir: It is shocking that people who have not paid tuition should have the effrontery to walk across college campuses, sit in student unions, saunter into classrooms and ask questions of professors (June 25). What is the matter with them? Don't they know they can't get a degree that way? How dare these beatniks question the very purpose of a university! (Next, they'll be challenging the worth of grades.) How dare they dawdle away precious years in the idle pursuit of understanding and self-knowledge, when out in the world there is profit to be made.

JACK CARGILL JR.

Austin, Texas

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

TIME INC. also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and with its subsidiaries the International editions of TIME and LIFE. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy F. Lichten; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stittman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Tomlinson; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barrow; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Rhett Austell, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Harly, Henry Laure III, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Messinger; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.



Let *Investors* supply you with full facts on
FIVE EXCLUSIVELY DISTRIBUTED

MUTUAL FUNDS

This information will help you decide if you are interested in mutual funds. Each of these funds has a different financial objective, yet each offers you a diversified selection of professionally supervised securities.

Your Investors Man represents the exclusive distributor for these funds. Call him—he's as close as your telephone—and he will provide you with a free descriptive booklet (prospectus) giving the complete story of each. . . . Or, if you prefer, use handy coupon.

Investors Variable Payment Fund: Its objectives are to provide you with an investment emphasizing common stocks with growth possibilities.

Common Stock Fund: Investors Stock Fund. Its objectives are to give you long-term capital appreciation possibilities and reasonable income from

securities emphasizing common stocks.

Bond and Preferred Stock Fund: Investors Selective Fund. Its objectives are to provide you with a reasonably stable quarterly income while conserving the value of your investment.

Balanced Fund: Investors Mutual. Its objectives are to provide you with a reasonable return, to preserve your capital, and to secure long-term appreciation possibilities through a broad selection of common and preferred stocks and investment-quality bonds.

Foreign Investment Fund: Investors Intercontinental Fund. Its objectives are to offer you long-term capital growth possibilities. Business and industry investment in the free world will be in substantial proportions on each of two or more continents.

"Installment-Type" Face Amount Certificates: Investors Syndicate of America, Inc. offers these certificates to help you accumulate money, systematically over a period of years.

Investors
DIVERSIFIED SERVICES, INC.

Founded 1894
 Investors Building
 Minneapolis, Minn. 55402
 (Distributed in most states)

I'd like your free information booklet (a prospectus) on the type of investment checked below:

- ☐ COMMON STOCK FUND
- ☐ BALANCED FUND
- ☐ BOND & PREFERRED STOCK FUND
- ☐ FOREIGN INVESTMENT FUND
- ☐ VARIABLE PAYMENT FUND
- ☐ FACE AMOUNT CERTIFICATES

Name

Address

City

Zone State

CALL YOUR *Investors* MAN—TODAY!

HE'S LISTED IN THE YELLOW PAGES
 UNDER "MUTUAL FUNDS" OR "INVESTMENT SECURITIES"



LIFE NATURE LIBRARY...

To introduce you to the LIFE NATURE LIBRARY the Editors invite you to borrow a copy of **THE BIRDS** for 10 days without any obligation to purchase it.

Ever since the first cave men painted reindeer on stone, man has shown tireless curiosity about the world around him. He has dived deep into the ocean to investigate its mysterious creatures; turned over rocks to see what crawled out; scaled mountains—crossed deserts—even plunged into airless space itself.

In the past few years our curiosity has multiplied our knowledge of nature many times over. Much that was mysterious or unknown yesterday is now being revealed and explained. To bring you striking and informative reports of our ever-widening comprehension of nature, LIFE has called on the talents and skills of some of the most distinguished writers, photographers, painters, researchers and scientists available. Now in a remarkable series of beautifully illustrated books, you and your family can explore this world and its many inhabitants—**THE MAMMALS ... THE FISHES ... THE REPTILES ... THE INSECTS ... THE PLANTS ... THE BIRDS.**

THE BIRDS

In 1703, an Englishman who described himself as "a person of learning and piety" wrote that birds migrated to the moon each winter, taking 60 days to arrive. And indeed, some accomplishments of the birds are almost that marvelous. They are hunters and fishers of great skill, expert navigators, and many are capable of fabulous feats of endurance.

It is no wonder birds have fascinated mankind since the dawn of time, when ancient priests sought omens in their entrails and their flights. Rome was once saved by the

warning cries of geese. Until recent times coal miners used canaries to warn them of lethal gas and today astronauts are turning for help to birds, for they seem to chart their courses during migration by the sun and the stars. Birds are not rarities—more than 100 billion of them inhabit the earth, from thimble-sized hummingbirds to ostriches standing eight feet tall. (Only a few hundred years ago, there was still a bird 12 feet tall—and another that weighed half a ton.)

Thousands of scientists gladly spend their lifetimes seeking answers to questions about birds: How can birds sleep on a perch without falling off? How can a kiwi lay an egg



that weighs a third as much as the kiwi? Why do some naturalists call birds "glorified reptiles?" One of the leading bird specialists in the world today is Roger Tory Peterson who is also a highly respected and often consulted writer and artist on the subject. In **THE BIRDS**, he and the Editors bring you engrossing and authoritative answers to your questions about the wonders of the feathered world. They show you all the 27 orders of birds and help you to understand the reasons for birds' immense diversity, and their value to man and nature.

THE BIRDS will introduce you to the LIFE NATURE LIBRARY

The same resources—photographers, writers, researchers and painters—that have brought outstanding nature reporting to the readers of LIFE are being used in a unique series of permanent reference books called the LIFE NATURE LIBRARY.

Large in format, these books are beautifully illustrated with brilliantly colored photographs and paintings and are written and edited by the finest nature writers and authorities. The LIFE NATURE LIBRARY represents an investment of several million dollars—yet the books are printed in such large quantities that they can be offered to our readers at a lower price than lesser books usually command.

How to preview THE BIRDS without obligation to buy it

For the present at least, LIFE NATURE LIBRARY books will be available only from Time-Life Books. You are invited to examine a copy of **THE BIRDS** for 10 days; share it with your school children and their teachers. Simply fill out the adjacent post-paid order card and mail it today. We will send you your copy of **THE BIRDS**. If you do not wish to purchase this volume simply return it and you are under no further obligation. However, if you agree that this is a beautiful and authoritative addition to your library—useful and interesting for your children and yourself—just send us \$3.95 plus a small charge for shipping and handling. A reservation will then be entered in your name to receive other volumes in the LIFE NATURE LIBRARY every two months on the same terms, at the same price. Future titles will include the MAMMALS, THE INSECTS, THE REPTILES, THE FISHES, THE PLANTS and more. You may return any volume and may cancel your reservation privilege at any time simply by notifying us at Time-Life Books, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



Ichthyornis lived on the shores of North America's great inland sea about 100 million years ago and was probably a skillful flier, but had small weak legs.



Hesperornis resembled a modern loon, with legs set well to the rear. A strong swimmer, it had only rudimentary wings and could not fly.

FOUR FOSSIL BIRDS



Diatryma, a 60-million-year-old flightless giant of the North American plains, stood seven feet tall and had a head as large as that of a horse.



Phororhacos was about as tall as a man. It lived in South America 30 million years ago and the modern crane-like cariamas of South America may be akin to it.

THE BIRDS

measures 8½ x 11 inches (almost ½ larger than this picture). It contains 192 pages, 60 in full color, and a complete index.



The Eskimo curlew was hunted with such greed that by 1925 it was reported extinct. Several individuals have been sighted in Texas, however, since 1959.



North America's rarest bird, the ivory-billed woodpecker, numbers no more than six. To survive, it needs virgin stands of timber, which are nearly gone.

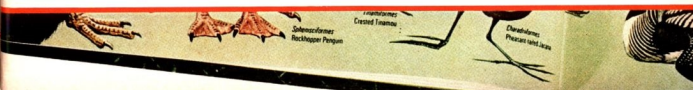
THE EDGE OF EXTINCTION



For the California condor, the change-over from ranches to fruit farms has meant a diminishing supply of the carrion on which it feeds. About 60 survive.



The inroads of man reduced the nene population to a low point of 30 in 1951. Now bred in captivity, the birds seem to be making a comeback: 400 in 1963.



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK



Johnnie Walker Red, smooth enough to be the world's largest-selling Scotch.



TIME, JULY 16, 1965



HOW YOU'LL PHONE FASTER BY TOUCHING BUTTONS

The new Touch-Tone® Bell telephone, made by Western Electric, is actually an electronic musical instrument. Each button you touch causes it to produce a different combination of musical tones. Calling by Touch-Tone phone is not only melodious, it's faster. An average call can be completed seconds sooner than by regular dialing. □ It takes 140 intricate parts, including transistors, to produce just the musical tones required in Touch-Tone service. These parts must be made and put together precisely so that every tone is always on pitch. And it must remain exact as it is carried over transmission

lines to a Bell telephone company central office. There, other electronic equipment made by Western Electric must respond perfectly in order that your call can be sent on its way in seconds. □ Western Electric is producing Touch-Tone phones to meet the demand for improved communications over the next few years. Precision production on such a scale requires a special kind of manufacturing skill. For our job, too, is to keep costs down, yet maintain high standards of reliability. □ In these ways we help your Bell telephone company bring you the finest in communications service at low cost.



Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM



TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

July 16, 1965

Vol. 86, No. 3

THE NATION

THE ADMINISTRATION

"To Have a Part in It"

The most critical U.S. embassy post anywhere in the world today is Saigon—diplomatic frontier not only for the war in Viet Nam but for the longer-range struggle between the U.S. and Communist China. Last week the Saigon job went to a man who knows by first-hand experience just how difficult and demanding it is: named to succeed Ambassador Maxwell Taylor, retiring at 63, was Taylor's own predecessor, Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., 63.

Taylor's leave-taking was no surprise. He reminded President Johnson in his letter asking for retirement that he had accepted the Saigon assignment with the understanding that he would stay only for a year. "That year is now past," he wrote, "and I feel obliged to request relief." In a "Dear Max" reply, President Johnson said: "There is no prouder page in your record than the one which you have written in the last year." Later, at a news conference, the President denounced speculation about policy differences between himself and Taylor as "irresponsible and inaccurate and untrue."

Matters of Degree. Despite all this, there seemed little doubt that the President would feel easier with Taylor gone. The freewheeling Texas politician and the austere Army general had little in common. In Saigon, Taylor served loyally, but more as soldier than statesman, with little enthusiasm for coping with the bafflements of Saigon politics. Moreover, there were indeed policy differences, of degree if not of direction, between Taylor and Johnson. During a visit to Washington last month, Taylor is said to have urged that the U.S. decide more clearly how existing troop commitments in Viet Nam are to be used before sending in more men; his advice was not accepted.

As long ago as March 24, the President telephoned Lodge in Manhattan, asked him if he would be available for Saigon when the time came. Lodge asked to sleep on it, called Johnson the next day and said yes. Lodge has twice undertaken special missions for John-

son, traveling throughout most of the world to round up support for U.S. Viet Nam policy.

Actually, the President had not wanted Lodge to leave Saigon in the first place, and it was with genuine reluctance that he bowed last year to Lodge's desire to return to the U.S. and try to head off Barry Goldwater for the Republican presidential nomination. Johnson and Lodge are old Capitol Hill colleagues and they speak the same language, although with different accents. As a Republican, Lodge lends

be found only in terms of a sense of service. Vacationing in Massachusetts when his appointment was announced, Lodge said of Viet Nam: "Something noble and brave is going on out there, and I am glad to have a part in it."

This week Lodge was scheduled to make an inspection trip to South Viet Nam with Defense Secretary Robert McNamara; he will not take over the embassy formally until mid-August. When he does, he will find that things have changed since his first tour of duty. When he left Saigon on June 29, 1964,

Major General Nguyen Khanh was Premier; since then, there have been six changes of government, and the current incumbent is Air Commodore Nguyen Cao Ky, whom Lodge has never met. Moreover, at the time of Lodge's 1964 leave-taking, there were 16,000 U.S. servicemen in Viet Nam, restricted to an advisory role and forbidden to carry the war to North Viet Nam. Today, American troops total 67,000, many of them are operating in combat units, and U.S. planes daily attack the North.

Change & Chatter

The announcement of Henry Cabot Lodge's appointment was made by a White House press secretary who had himself been appointed only five hours before. He is Bill D. Moyers, 31, who will take on the press secretary's job in addition to his duties as President Johnson's top administrative assistant and occasional speechwriter. Moyers will fill in for George Reedy, 47, who took

a leave of absence that seemed likely to be permanent.

The Taylor-Lodge, Reedy-Moyers switches were only two in a whole series of Administration changes. Among the others:

► Air Force Secretary Eugene Zuckert, 53, resigned, giving way to Harold Brown, 37, the Defense Department's director of research and engineering, a Ph.D. in physics and one of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's original Pentagon whiz kids.

► U.S. Information Agency Director Carl T. Rowan, 39, one of the highest ranking Negroes in the Federal Gov-



AMBASSADOR-DESIGNATE LODGE

After sleeping on it, a yes.

an aura of bipartisanship to the U.S.'s Viet Nam policy at a time when G.O.P. criticism of that policy is rising. During his previous Saigon stint, Lodge earned the respect, if not the affection, of South Viet Nam's feuding political and religious factions.

Why, if the President's designation of Lodge last week was a natural, Lodge's acceptance seemed less so. He certainly can expect no personal or political reward from the thankless Saigon assignment. If the Viet Nam war situation worsens, he can just as certainly expect to be blamed. Why, then, did he take the job? The answer could

ernment, stepped out. A John Kennedy protégé, Rowan has been increasingly restive under Johnson. No replacement was named.

► Major General Chester V. (Ted) Clifton, military aide to President Johnson as he was to President Kennedy, is retiring from the Army even though he is only 51. Succeeding him will be Air Force Major James U. Cross, 40, pilot of the President's JetStar since February 1964.

► Defense Department Comptroller Charles J. Hitch, 55, resigned, effective Aug. 31; his place will be taken by Robert N. Anthony, 48, a Harvard professor of business administration.

► Dr. Leona Baumgartner, 62, an assistant administrator of the Agency for International Development, resigned, even while praising President Johnson

sign Policy Adviser McGeorge Bundy; Defense Secretary McNamara, who once made the observation that no man ought to stay more than five years on the same job and who, by that standard, has about served his time in the Pentagon; and former Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, a Republican who has had a lot of State Department experience.

While the who-will-succeed-Rusk game went on, there was also plenty of speculation about the reason behind Reedy's departure. By any accounting, President Johnson's recent press relations have not been good, and it was all too easy to assume that he was trying to improve them by dumping George Reedy. The fact was that Reedy took leave for physical, not vocational reasons. He has long suffered from a

THE CONGRESS

More for More

At his front-row Senate desk, Louisiana Democrat Russell Long rose last week to open the debate. "The pending bill," he said, glancing at the 387-page document before him, "will be the largest and most significant piece of social legislation ever to pass the Congress in the history of our country. It will do more immediate good for more people who need the attention of their Government than any bill that the Congress has ever enacted."

This was the Senate version of the Johnson Administration's medicare bill, which wound up with a whopping \$7.5 billion-a-year price tag, contained the blueprint for a historic program of health protection for the aged and called for the greatest one-shot increase in social-security benefits since their inception in 1935.

Like a Mild Cold. Yet there were times when the Senate seemed to be considering nothing more momentous than a proposal to plant petunias on the Capitol mall. Rarely were more than a few dozen Senators on hand to take part in the debate. Others strolled in occasionally from the cloakrooms to interrupt the proceedings with speeches about dam projects in their home states. In the presiding officer's chair, New York Democrat Robert F. Kennedy leaped idly through a sheaf of clippings about his recent raft trip down the Yampa and Green rivers in Colorado and Utah. After four days of desultory debate, it was all over. Medicare, once the most controversial domestic issue in the U.S., breezed through the Senate like nothing worse than a mild cold. The final vote: 68 to 21.

The Senate version of medicare was even more generous than the bill already passed by the House, adding some \$1.5 billion a year to it. Its major features:

► **MEDICARE.** Some 19 million Americans aged 65 or over would be eligible for 60 days of free hospital care (after an initial \$40 payment), stay thereafter at \$10 a day. They would also be covered for 175 visits to clinics or house calls by nurses, therapists or interns. Cost: \$2.6 billion a year, financed by a separate payroll tax starting at .325 of 1% of wages and rising to .85 of 1% by 1987. In addition, a voluntary, Government-subsidized program costing subscribers \$3 a month would cover 80% of doctors' bills (after the first \$50) for the elderly. Between 15 million and 18 million are expected to subscribe, at a cost to taxpayers of some \$600 million a year.

► **SOCIAL SECURITY.** Some 20 million social-security recipients would get increases of at least 7% in retirement pensions, retroactive to last Jan. 1. Minimum monthly payments would go up \$4 to \$44, maximum payments \$8.90 to \$135.90. Eventually the maximum benefit would reach \$168. Other



PRESS SECRETARY MOYERS HOLDING HIS FIRST BRIEFING
An appointee talking about appointments.

for having "given women an opportunity to serve on a broader scale and in more varied fields of activity than any other President in our history." Dr. Baumgartner's resignation followed by less than a week that of Dr. Mary I. Bunting, 54, who retired as a member of the Atomic Energy Commission to return to her position as president of Radcliffe College.

► John C. Bullitt, 39, the U.S.'s executive director of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, resigned to become head of New Jersey's anti-poverty program; he will be succeeded by former Under Secretary of State Livingston T. Merchant, 61.

All these changes added some flame to the smoldering speculation around Washington that the Johnson Administration is in for a wholesale reshuffling. Involved at the top of most rumors is Secretary of State Dean Rusk, who is said to be wearying of his job and to be out of favor with President Johnson. Leading the rumor list of possible successors: White House For-

painful hereditary condition known, rather unpleasantly, as hammertoes, in which shrinking tendons curl the toes downward and lock them into permanent cramp. He wears corrective steel-plated shoes that weigh three pounds each, but to remedy the ailment will probably require a series of operations involving severing the tendons and bone fusion.

President Johnson would never have fired his old friend Reedy, but he did take the occasion of Reedy's departure to upgrade the office of press secretary by appointing Moyers, perhaps his brightest, most trusted young aide, a fellow Texan, an ordained Baptist teacher (not preacher) and, unlike Reedy, a member of the Johnson hierarchy who ranks high enough to participate in top-level policy discussions. As the President obviously figures it, these credentials are more than enough to make up for the fact that Moyers' press experience has been limited, and that he has had almost none as a working reporter.

WALTER DENNETT



LOUISIANA'S LONG

"The largest and most significant ever."

changes: to cover their college years, some 40,000 children of deceased, retired or disabled workers would receive social-security benefits up to the age of 22 instead of 18; some 355,000 people aged 72 or over who are not now covered by social security would be given benefits of up to \$35 a month; retired workers would be allowed to earn \$1,800 a year, instead of the present \$1,200, without losing a cent of social-security benefits. These and other increases would cost the Government close to \$3 billion more a year from 1966 on. To finance them, the Senate bill calls for a boost in the basic social-security contribution from the present 3.625% to 5.8% each for employer and employee by 1987. In addition the taxable base would rise from \$4,800 to \$6,600 by next year. Thus by 1987 the social-security bite for a man earning \$6,600 or more would be nearly \$385 a year.

"Twilight Zone." To several Senators, that was not enough, and Senator Long, the bill's floor manager, spent most of the week fighting off efforts to broaden coverage. Connecticut Democrat Abraham Ribicoff came up with a \$180 million plan to give free, unlimited hospitalization to the aged to protect them against "the crushing economic burden of catastrophic illness." He lost but by a narrow 43-39 vote. Vermont Republican Winston Proytz wanted to raise the minimum social-security retirement benefit to \$70 but lost, 79 to 12. One \$500 million-a-year addition was approved, however: West Virginia Democrat Robert C. Byrd's proposal allowing workers to retire at 60 instead of 62 with two-thirds of the maximum retirement benefits. Byrd argued that something had to be done for workers in the "twilight zone," estimated that of 3,500,000 Americans now eligible to retire at 60, some 900,000 would do so.

When the original, 32-page Social Security Act was passed back in 1935, President Franklin Roosevelt figured that the Government would be paying \$3.5 billion a year in benefits by 1980. As it turns out, he was slightly off: the new bill, now en route to a Senate-House conference, where most of its provisions are expected to remain intact, will boost the Government's annual social-security payments to \$25 billion by 1967.

The Kiss of Death

In line with their policy of offering "constructive alternatives" to Democratic legislation, House Republicans last week introduced an attractive, carefully reasoned substitute for the Administration-backed voting rights bill that has already passed the Senate. Whereupon segregationist Southern Democrats, seeking any way to destroy the Administration bill, embraced the G.O.P. alternative and, as it turned out, kissed it to death.

A Nationwide Bill. The Republican proposal was co-sponsored by Minority Leader Jerry Ford of Michigan and Ohio's William McCulloch, who played a key role in getting Lyndon Johnson's 1964 civil rights bill through the House. Its chief feature was a provision allowing federal examiners to go into any county or parish in any state in the nation on receipt of 25 or more complaints of instances of voter discrimination, to register those who wanted to vote, but to suspend literacy tests only if applicants had proof of a sixth-grade education.

The bill, said McCulloch, is "of uniform nationwide application," which the Administration bill patently is not. Under the Administration bill, an automatic "triggering" provision authorizes federal examiners to suspend literacy tests and begin registering Negroes in any county or state where less than 50% of the voting-age population was registered to vote or actually voted last November. The device will catch the states of Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and Virginia as well as 34 North Carolina counties. Thanks to such flukes as bad weather on election day, it will also net the entire state of Alaska, Apache County, Ariz., Elmore County, Idaho and Aroostook County, Me.

The trouble with the triggering formula is that it was admittedly contrived to catch only a few recalcitrant Southern states, made no room for future discrimination that might crop up elsewhere. As Georgia Republican Howard Callaway said in spoofing the formula: "Let us select all states which have an average altitude of 100 to 900 ft., an average yearly temperature of 68° to 77° at 7 a.m., average humidity of 80% to 87%, and a coastline of 50 to 400 miles. With this formula we encompass all the Southern states attacked by H.R. 6400 [the Administration bill], but have the added advantage of includ-

ing all of North Carolina and excluding Alaska."

Suspicious Nature. With their substitute, Republican leaders hoped to attract nearly all of the 141 House G.O.P. members, plus enough Northern, Border State and Southern Democrats for the 218 votes needed to upset the Administration's bill. Then came the kiss. The G.O.P. substitute, said Rules Committee Chairman Howard Smith of Virginia, "lacks the vengeance and the dripping venom that falls from every paragraph and every sentence of the committee bill." Said Virginia's William Tuck, a Governor from 1946-1950: "The plain, unvarnished truth is that, if you vote against the McCulloch substitute, you are voting to foist upon your constituents this unconstitutional monstrosity."

While the Republicans blushed, California Democrat James Corman said: "I must confess that when the venerable gentleman from Virginia espouses a voting rights bill, my overly suspicious nature raises questions." House Speaker John W. McCormack mused that the Southerners had put the Republicans "in a very untenable position."

In the vote on the G.O.P. substitute, a dozen Republicans broke ranks to vote against it, helped kill it 215 to 166. When the Administration bill itself came to a vote, 22 Southern Democrats and 112 Republicans lined up behind it, giving it an overwhelming 333 to 85 victory.

"I Contradict Myself." Next step for the bill is a Senate-House conference, where several discrepancies must be ironed out. In the final moments of debate, the House knocked out two provisions already in the Senate bill. One would have permitted individual counties in states affected by the automatic trigger to free themselves of federal scrutiny by proving that more than 50%

WALTER DENNETT



NEW YORK'S CELLER

"Well and good—I contradict myself."

of their voting-age Negroes were registered. Another would have permitted some 330,000 Spanish-speaking Puerto Ricans in New York to vote, even though they did not know English, by showing proof of a sixth-grade education in a school operated under the U.S. flag.

The thorniest item, however, is one that is not in the Senate bill—a House-approved ban of the poll tax for state and local elections in Alabama, Mississippi, Virginia and Texas. Although such a ban was strongly urged by Teddy and Bobby Kennedy, the Senate rejected it. Under pressure from House liberals, Brooklyn Democrat Emanuel Celler, floor manager for the bill, supported the ban, though it caused him some embarrassment. Back in 1961, Celler opposed eliminating the poll tax by statute, proposed doing so by constitutional amendment instead. Last week Louisiana Democrat Joe D. Waggoner Jr. suggested that Celler was being inconsistent.

"Well and good—I contradict myself," replied Manny Celler, still quick in the head at 77. "I remember what Walt Whitman said in the *Song of Myself*." Quoted Manny:

Do I contradict myself?

*Very well then I contradict myself,
(I am large, I contain multitudes.)*

The Succession

Seeking to end 178 years of doubt and potential danger, Congress last week sent to the states a constitutional amendment aimed at making sure that the U.S. always has a President capable of performing his duties and a Vice President ready to replace him if it should become necessary.

The Senate voted 68 to 5* in favor of the House-approved amendment (*see box*), but not before some interesting questions were raised about its language. Particularly bothering some Senators was a provision that the Vice President and a majority of either the Cabinet "or of such other body as Congress may by law" establish could decide that the President was incapacitated, inform Congress of the disability, and have the Vice President take over as Acting President.

What, asked New York's Democratic Senator Robert Kennedy, if the President disagreed as to his incapacity? Could not the President fire his Cabinet and appoint a new and more subservient one to prevent his being replaced? "What we would end up with," Bobby suggested, "would be the spectacle of having two Presidents, both claiming the right to exercise the powers and duties of the presidency." Tennessee Democrat Albert Gore had another nightmarish notion. What if an ambitious Vice President were to ally himself

THE PROPOSED 25TH AMENDMENT

Section 1. In case of the removal of the President from office or of his death or resignation, the Vice President shall become President.

Section 2. Whenever there is a vacancy in the office of the Vice President, the President shall nominate a Vice President who shall take office upon confirmation by a majority vote of both Houses of Congress.

Section 3. Whenever the President transmits to the President Pro Tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives his written declaration that he is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office, and until he transmits to them a written declaration to the contrary, such powers and duties shall be discharged by the Vice President as Acting President.

Section 4. Whenever the Vice President and a majority of either the principal officers of the executive departments or of such other body as Congress may by law provide, transmit to the President Pro Tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives their written declaration that the President is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office, the Vice President shall immediately assume the powers and duties of the office as Acting President.

Thereafter, when the President transmits to the President Pro Tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives his written declaration that no inability exists, he shall resume the powers and duties of his office unless the Vice President and a majority of either the principal officers of the executive department or of such other body as Congress may by law provide, transmit within four days to the President Pro Tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives their written declaration that the President is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office. Thereupon Congress shall decide the issue, assembling within forty-eight hours for that purpose if not in session. If the Congress, within twenty-one days after receipt of the latter written declaration, or, if Congress is not in session, within twenty-one days after Congress is required to assemble, determines by two-thirds vote of both Houses that the President is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office, the Vice President shall continue to discharge the same as Acting President; otherwise, the President shall resume the powers and duties of his office.

with the Cabinet or the "other body"—in other words, "shop around for support of his view that the President is not able to discharge the duties of his office?" Said Gore: "Where there is a way, we must guard against the possibility of the will, and beware of the old adage that 'where there is a will there is a way.'"

To Republican Everett Dirksen, these were outlandish ideas. "I should not like to be around to enjoy the furor," said Dirksen, "if the Vice President undertook, for venal purposes or motivations of his own, to pursue that kind of course . . . The people of this country will have something to say about that. They would not exactly run him out on a rail, but his whole political future, such as it might be, would come to an end at that point." In the end, the amendment's critics failed to get any changes in the language agreed to by the House-Senate conference. The proposal now requires ratification by three-quarters, or 38, of the state legislatures before it becomes the 25th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

THE LAW

"Of the Greatest Importance"

A President signs many proclamations, Lyndon Johnson last week told his White House guests. Some of them are "of great significance." Others, he continued in a monument to restraint, are of "somewhat lesser significance and import." The President just wanted to make clear that he thought that the proclamation he was about to sign—designating next Sept. 13 as World Law Day—was in the great-significance category. The proclamation, said he, "expresses something of the greatest importance about the purposes of the American people and the purposes of the American nation. And that is our commitment to, and our quest toward, a world where all men may live in peace with the hope of justice under the rule of law."

The audience that had gathered to hear these words was appropriate: Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg; two past presidents of the American Bar Association, Charles Rhyne and Robert Storey; the current Bar Association president, Lewis Powell; and the president-elect, Edward Kuhn; William S. Thompson, secretary-general of the World Peace Through Law Center; and Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach.

This century of war, Johnson said, also "has really seen the beginning of a will and an effort to establish respect for the rule of law over the conduct of the nations of the world. Those nations must not perish under the heel or by the hand of those who refuse to honor their own agreements, or refuse to keep their own treaties, or refuse to respect the borders or the rights of their own neighbors. And this is central to the purposes of the American people."

* The five who voted against the resolution were Texas Republican John Tower, Ohio Democrat Frank Lausche, Tennessee's Gore, Minnesota Democrats Walter Mondale and Eugene McCarthy.

POLITICS

Saying It & Not Saying It

Robert F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson have a history of mutual antagonism. The pages include Bobby's opposition to L.B.J. as his brother's running mate in 1960, President Johnson's performance in cutting Bobby out as a candidate for the vice-presidential nomination in 1964 and the New York Senator's recent speeches implying displeasure with the Administration's policy in the Dominican Republic and its failure to push harder for a treaty against nuclear proliferation. Last week there was another item to add to the list, and this one caught headlines all over the U.S.

Oddly enough, the news was less in what Bobby said than in what he didn't

POVERTY

Progress, Protest & Politics

"I would guess," says Anti-Poverty Director Sargent Shriver of his nine-month-old Office of Economic Opportunity, "that no Federal Government program in peacetime has ever gone so far so fast, or ever zeroed in so well." With \$793 million allocated and another \$1.5 billion requested, the anti-poverty program has indeed gone a long way in a short time; now, by Shriver's count, it directly affects 1,735,000 people.* How well it has zeroed in is a question that is being debated throughout much of the U.S.

Local incidents have aroused storms of protest. Citizens of Columbus, Ind., were understandably upset last month when eight Job Corpsmen were charged

the city's most genteel hotel district. There were complaints, stoutly denied by Shriver's office, that around the center the girls made too much noise and that some had taken to necking with boys. Also under protest was the \$225,000 rent for 18 months paid by the OEO for the Huntington Hotel, which houses the center—\$20,000 more than the hotel's estimated sales value.

Much more complicated than such incidents is the furious political fighting in city after city over control of anti-poverty money—and the votes it can influence. Items:

► In Los Angeles, Democratic Mayor Sam Yorty has turned down OEO demands that he accept representatives of minority groups, private welfare agencies and "the poor" on his anti-poverty board, which administers the



LOS ANGELES' YORTY



NEW YORK'S POWELL



CHICAGO'S DALEY

Birth pains were inevitable.



ANTI-POVERTY DIRECTOR SHRIVER

say. In a speech prepared for delivery in Washington before the 146-man graduating class of the International Police Academy, an organization run by the Agency for International Development to train foreigners—primarily Latin Americans—in counter-insurgency techniques, were these sentences about the Vietnamese war:

► "If all a government can promise its people, in response to insurgent activity, is ten years of napalm and heavy artillery, it will not be a government for long."

► "Victory in a revolutionary war is won not by escalation, but by de-escalation."

► "Air attacks by a government on its own villages are likely to be far more dangerous and costly to the people than is the individual and selective terrorism of an insurgent movement."

Those sentences had been knocked out by the time Bobby got around to delivering the speech. How come? Bobby said only that he had altered the prepared text after it had been pointed out that there was some "confusion" over his remarks. But the advance copies of the speech had already been mimeographed, distributed to the press—and featured in headlines across the U.S. Which left Senator Kennedy in the interesting position of having said it but then, in the interest of harmony, not having said it.

with sodomy after an attack on a 17-year-old fellow corpsman. In Oklahoma City, after an investment of almost \$100,000, a Neighborhood Youth Corps was dissolved when local officials failed to receive word from Washington assuring them of financing through the summer; only after the project's 300 boys had been laid off did the Oklahoma City directors learn that a telegram giving them the green light had been sent, through bureaucratic bungling, to Las Vegas, Nev. In St. Petersburg, Fla., the city council last week voted 6 to 1 to request the Job Corps to move its girls' center out of town. The center, planned for 284 girls, had been sent in the heart of

* Key components of the many-faceted program: Project Head Start, which provides preschool education and medical checkups for poor children; the Job Corps, which offers youths remedial education and job training in camps away from home; the Neighborhood Youth Corps, giving youngsters such training in centers near their homes; the College Work Study Program, which finances part-time jobs for needy students; the Work Experience Program, which creates make-work projects and provides vocational training for unemployed adults; the Adult Basic Education Program, designed to overcome educational deficiencies among adults; VISTA (for Volunteers in Service to America), the domestic peace corps; the Community Action Program, which finances local anti-poverty projects; the Rural Loans Program, which makes available financing and technical advice to low-income farm families.

program. To do so, says Yorty, would be to give nonelected private citizens the power to determine public policy and spend public money. Anti-poverty officials in Washington, who under the 1964 Economic Opportunity Act are authorized to channel federal funds to private groups, are withholding \$22 million in funds from Los Angeles.

► In San Francisco, a similar snarl exists between poverty groups and Democratic Mayor John F. Shelley, who asked, regarding demands that he accept representatives of "the poor": "What if they elect a Communist or a criminal?" Last week the OEO announced the approval of \$1,800,000 for the Bay City, but the federal funds will not be handed over until there is greater representation of minorities on Shelley's anti-poverty council.

► In Chicago, dissidents charge that the anti-poverty program is but fresh pasture for Mayor Richard Daley's Democratic ward heeler. And Daley indeed keeps an iron hand on his 54-member Committee on Urban Opportunity, channeling most of the \$19 million in federal funds committed so far to such "safe" organizations as SHARE (for "Student Help with Adult-Related Enrichment"). As for letting the poor

help run the program, Daley bluntly differs with program policy. Says he: "It would be like telling the fellow who cleans up to be the city editor of a newspaper."

► In New York, Harlem's Democratic Congressman Adam Clayton Powell has long ached to get control of the city's \$25 million in federal anti-poverty funds, charged this spring that the anti-poverty program was being used to finance "giant fiestas of political patronage." In reply Mayor Robert Wagner, who dominates the program, offered to "expand" its leadership by setting up a 17-member supervising corporation. Two weeks ago, Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller vetoed the corporation on grounds that its charter was so far-reaching that it could "supersede" any state law. New York City officials rushed around desperately trying to devise a solution before the end of the fiscal year, after which the city would have had to win new approval of its allocation. Twenty minutes before the deadline, they announced the creation of a "committee" made up of the same members as the corporation, but requiring no state approval.

► In Austin and in Helena, Texas, conservative Democratic Governor John Connally and Montana's conservative Republican Governor Tim Babcock have rejected Youth Corps projects, which as proposed would have channeled nearly \$1,000,000 through the liberal, politically activist National Farmers Union.

With so much money—and potential power—at stake, it is perhaps inevitable that Sargent Shriver's anti-poverty program should experience birth pains. However, the pains seem to be increasing as the delivery proceeds—and if this continues, it seems more than possible that the long-range effectiveness of the program will suffer.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Various Forms of Embezzlement

Throughout the civil rights struggle in Selma, Ala., and on the march to Montgomery, there at Martin Luther King's side was the Rev. Frederick D. Reese, 35, a Baptist preacher and as president of the Dallas County Voters League (DCVL). Selma's own Negro leader for the past two years. Last week a Dallas County grand jury indicted Reese on three counts of embezzlement, charging him with diverting \$1,850 of DCVL funds to his own use.

Alabama's white authorities, who in some past instances have been less than notable in their pursuit of justice, went at this case with special vigor. Mayor Joe Smitherman of Selma told Public Safety Director Wilson Baker to spare nothing in the investigation. Baker and two aides flew to San Francisco to question contributors to DCVL, last week spent five days in New Jersey and Ohio on the same mission.

There seemed to be little question

that Reese did in fact use DCVL funds. Whether or not that constituted embezzlement remained for the courts to decide. Reese and others claimed that DCVL's board of directors last spring authorized him to spend the money in the expectation that his civil rights activities would surely get him fired from his job as a math teacher at Selma's all-Negro Hudson High School. Reese was, indeed, fired last month. However, he had neglected to explain the DCVL board's authorization to the organization's steering committee, which has overall responsibility for the DCVL's campaign. Reese said later that he had



REESE & SHERIFF'S DEPUTY
Somehow he forgot to tell.

been "going to" tell the steering committee but had not gotten around to it.

Shortly after Reese was indicted, Martin Luther King sent to Selma his top deputy, the Rev. Ralph Abernathy. "There may have been some practices not in line with acceptable accounting procedures," said Abernathy. "But I'm not suggesting that there has been any dishonesty. If there have been mistakes, they have been mistakes of the head and not of the heart." With more emotion than legal merit, Abernathy insisted that what Reese had done with DCVL funds was "none of the business" of the Dallas County grand jury.

Released from jail on \$5,000 bond, Reese faced an audience of some 350 Negroes, bowed to a standing ovation, and outdid Abernathy in his emotional approach: "The white man is not after Reese. He is after us. We must trust one another and stick together. If anybody knows about embezzlement, the Southern white man knows. He embezzled my mother, he embezzled my grandmother, he embezzled my grandfather. He cannot say to anybody, 'You are accused of embezzlement,' because if we could collect all he embezzled, the white man would be in rags."

ORGANIZATIONS

Confusing the Cause

Should civil rights groups tend merely to their own cause, or should they take stands on broader issues—such as U.S. foreign policy? There is growing disagreement about the answer to that question.

The Rev. Martin Luther King, for one, feels strongly that "the civil rights movement must not be afraid to address itself to the problem of war. For it is marvelous to talk about integration, but we've got to have a world in which to be integrated. It's marvelous to talk about drinking milk at an integrated lunch counter, but what will that milk mean if it has strontium 90 in it? I'm not going to sit silently by the wayside and see war being escalated in our world and never rise up to say a word about it. All I know is that the war in Viet Nam must be stopped. And I also know that there must be a negotiated settlement."

CORE's James Farmer is just as explicit. Delivering the opening address at his organization's 21st national convention in Durham, N.C., recently, Farmer said: "It is impossible for the Government to maintain a decisive war against poverty and bigotry in the U.S. while it is pouring billions down the drain in war against people in Viet Nam. The billion dollars available to fight poverty is puny compared with the need and insignificant compared with the resources expended in war."

Heeding Farmer's words, the convention passed a resolution that called for the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Viet Nam as well as the Dominican Republic. No sooner had the resolution been approved than Farmer was on his feet, pleading with the delegates to reconsider. CORE, he warned, ran the risk of losing support if it became involved in a peace movement. "Personally," he told the convention, "I am in complete agreement with the resolution. But I think we in CORE should make those decisions as individuals, not as an organization." The resolution was tabled.

N.A.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins, just back from a national convention in Denver, appeared on television to put the question in another perspective. As far as the N.A.A.C.P. is concerned, he said, "we think we have enough Viet Nam in Alabama to occupy our attention. I do feel that when you mix the question of Viet Nam into the question of Mississippi and Alabama and getting the registration and vote and employment and all the things the American Negroes want in this country, you sort of confuse the issue." Later, Wilkins expanded on his theme: "I don't believe civil rights groups have enough information on Viet Nam, or on foreign policy, to make it their cause. I don't think you can run a country with 196 million Secretaries of State."

WEATHER

The Downhill Winds

Although it is surrounded by water, Manhattan Island has always had water problems. In 1664 Peter Stuyvesant surrendered New York (then called Nieuw Amsterdam) to the British partly because of a shortage of potable water. In 1881 a drought forced New York firemen to learn how to extinguish blazes with dynamite instead of water. In 1949 the city declared a Dry Friday, when residents were asked to stay out of their bathtubs and showers and go unshaven to ease a water shortage. Last week, in the midst of the worst drought they have faced in this century, New Yorkers could get a glass of water in a restaurant only if they specifically asked for it. Residents were forbidden (on pain of fines) to water lawns or gardens, wash cars, turn on fountains. In Manhattan men's rooms, signs cautioned: DON'T FLUSH FOR EVERYTHING.

So far this year, New York City's 1,500-sq.-mi. watershed system has received only 131 in. of precipitation, well below the 80-year average of 23 in. for the first half of the year. In normal times, the city's industries and 8,000,000 inhabitants use a daily per-capita average of 154 gal. By dint of the restrictions imposed, that average is now down to 125 gal. and may be cut even more. As of last week, New York City's 476.5 billion-gal.-capacity reservoirs held only 240.7 billion gal.

Lost Atlantis. The drought that afflicted the big city was plaguing a widespread area of the Northeast U.S. and parts of Canada. Anglers on New Brunswick's Kedgwick and Restigouche rivers went home salmonless because the rivers were so low that the fish could not make it upstream to spawn. At the Quabbin Reservoir, near Spring-

field, Mass., the water level dropped so far that a long-submerged race track came into view like a relic of some lost Atlantis. In Maine the 30 million-lb. blueberry crop was nearing its critical growth period in need of moisture. And the city of Concord, N.H., was draining water from a pond at a nearby private boys' school. All along the Northeastern Seaboard, the most thickly populated area of the U.S., suburban lawns were browning and trees and shrubs parching.

Cause of all the trouble is a meteorological phenomenon that began four years ago and so far has given no sign of abating: a predominantly dry air mass that is stuck over the northeastern U.S. Under normal conditions, the prevailing winds that sweep from west to east across the U.S. at altitudes ranging from one to five miles fluctuate between downhill (northwest-southeast) and uphill (southwest-northeast) courses, which produce alternating dry and wet weather. On the uphill course the air rises, eventually cools off enough to produce condensation, clouds and rain. Just the opposite happens on the downhill cycle: air flowing from northwest to southeast moves lower as it reaches the east coast, becomes warmer, drier, and loses its rain-making potential. Since 1961 the downhill flow has persistently hugged the northeastern U.S., producing the prolonged dry spell. Why? There are theories but no firm answer.

Do More. One effect of the crisis was to make public officials conscious that more must be done to assure adequate water supply. New York's Mayor Robert Wagner ordered a Hudson River pumping station (built after the 1949 drought but subsequently dismantled) rebuilt as an emergency measure. The Hudson pours hundreds of millions of gallons of water a day past New York



City, but no one has ever adequately dealt with the problem of tapping the polluted stream for public use.

New York City Water Commissioner Armand D'Angelo last week went to Philadelphia for an emergency meeting of the four-state (New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware) Delaware River Basin Commission. Under a 1954 U.S. Supreme Court decree, New York City is allowed to draw 490 million gal. daily from the Delaware but must release enough water from its own reservoirs to keep the river's level at a certain minimum. At last week's meeting, the commission found that New York had not been doing this and that unless quick action was taken the water supply of Philadelphia (pop. 2,000,000) and nearby Camden, N.J. (pop. 116,000), would be contaminated in four weeks by the encroachment of salt water from the Atlantic Ocean into the depleted Delaware. Under emergency powers, the commission decreed that New York henceforth must draw 75 million gal. a day less from the Delaware and release an additional 200 million gal. from its own reservoirs into the river, for an overall loss of 275 million gal. Said Commissioner D'Angelo gamely: "We can live with it."

The big question was: How long can the Northeast live with drought? Meteorologists hold out little hope of immediate relief. The U.S. Weather Bureau's Wayne C. Palmer says that the drought is "spreading and intensifying, building and getting worse." Palmer is confident that "sooner or later" the atmospheric wind patterns will change, bringing the Northeast "normal or wetter-than-normal weather." But he adds: "At this time last year I was expecting this to be over. I thought it really should be over. But it isn't, and I'm getting cagey about predicting when it will be."



DELAWARE RIVER AT POND EDDY, N.Y.
Something was stuck over the East Coast.

THE REVOLUTION IN CRIMINAL JUSTICE

"WE have to choose," said Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., "and for my part, I think it less evil that some criminals should escape than that the government should play an ignoble part." Thus, speaking in 1928, Mr. Justice Holmes not only described one of the most hotly debated social issues of the '60s, but foreshadowed as well the present-day philosophy of a Supreme Court that has done more than any other in U.S. history to bolster the rights of the individual against "ignoble" government power. In so doing, the court in recent years has wrought a revolution in criminal justice.

Nonetheless, in an era when the incidence of crime in the U.S. is increasing at up to five times the rate of population growth, the Supreme Court—as viewed by its critics—appears to have ignored the urgent threat to law and order in favor of abstract constitutional principles. Law-enforcement officers are almost unanimous in deploring a series of decisions that seem to them to be aimed at "coddling criminals" and "handcuffing the police." The court's rulings outlawing accepted methods of arrest and interrogation, protests Chicago Police Superintendent Orlando W. Wilson, are simply "devices for excluding the truth from criminal trials." Many legal scholars, while conceding that the court has redressed some longstanding abuses, are concerned about the enormous problems of readjustment it has posed for police and prosecutors.

Unlike many constitutional controversies, the debate over crime and punishment involves the emotions and physical security of every American. City dwellers in particular, for whom parks and streets after dark bristle with potential danger, would argue that the safety of the innocent is at least as implicit in the Jeffersonian ideal of "equal and exact justice to all men" as fair treatment for the accused.

The actual effects of recent Supreme Court rulings on crime and police procedures are hard to measure. "Criminal laws," says Yale Law Professor Alexander Bickel, "are blunt, primitive tools of social control. The real trouble is that criminal law doesn't fit what you are trying to do." Narcotics and gambling, Bickel points out, are both primarily social problems for which the law has no real cure. Clearly, police must have effective powers to curb these offenses, as well as more serious crimes. The question that has never been fully answered in the U.S. is what the extent of those powers should be.

The Individual v. the State

Many experts gravely doubt that law-enforcement agencies even now have either the legal or technical weapons needed to combat violence, theft and organized crime at today's intensified levels. At the heart of the controversy over the court lies the danger that the judicial pendulum may have swung too far toward protection of the individual criminal, too far away from protection of society.

The individual's interests seem more than adequately bulwarked by the Bill of Rights—basically the Constitution's first eight amendments—which was specifically designed to limit police power and to protect the citizen from government oppression. In essence, the Bill of Rights commands government to prove its case against the accused beyond reasonable doubt. The state cannot force a defendant to testify against himself; the courts must exclude "confessions" that have been obtained by coercion, even if it means freeing the guilty. As Felix Frankfurter summarized the significance of such provisions: "The history of liberty has largely been the history of the observance of procedural safeguards."

What laymen seldom realize, however, is that in practice the Bill of Rights long gave most defendants no protection whatever. The Supreme Court ruled in 1833 that it safeguarded the individual only against the Federal Government. Out of concern for states' rights, the court also was reluctant

to shield nonfederal criminal defendants under the 14th Amendment, which stipulates that "no state shall . . . deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law."

Thus, local police in the U.S. were for generations under no obligation to observe constitutional guarantees in criminal cases. Arrests and searches without warrants were routine; even today, third-degree methods are not unknown. In New York City, former Deputy Police Commissioner Richard Dougherty wrote recently: "It is hardly news that suspects of serious crimes often get 'worked over' in the back rooms of station houses. The truth is that most crimes are not solved by fingerprints and wristwatch radios and the skillful assembling of clues. The suspect confesses, voluntarily or involuntarily."

Interrogation & Trial

Ironically, this is no problem for the big-time crook with an attorney in attendance. For the suspect without a lawyer, however, arrest and detention are the most crucial phases of his entire case. In the intimidating atmosphere of a station house, vigorous police grilling often takes on all the aspects of a star chamber. "The trial," observes one jurist, "is too often merely a review of that interrogation." Even if the defendant later recants a confession in court, it is one man's oath against those of three or four detectives. A distinguished federal judge said recently: "We'll never be fully civilized until we eliminate this from our society."

Even coerced confessions are by no means automatically excluded by the courts. State judges, who are mostly elected, are sometimes subject to strong public pressure to convict in crimes that shock the community. Conversely, the vast majority of criminal defendants plead guilty and waive trial in order to make things easier for themselves. Many prosecutors, anxious to build their conviction records, engage in "bargain justice," the practice of pressuring defendants to plead guilty to reduced charges. Of some 12% who do stand trial, nearly all are convicted; only a handful ever succeed in having tainted evidence excluded.

The underlying principle of fair trial, that it should be a truth-seeking contest between equal adversaries, has also been undermined by the cost of competent legal aid. Until 1963, when the Supreme Court's celebrated *Gideon v. Wainwright* ruling established the absolute right to counsel in serious criminal proceedings under state jurisdictions, the great majority of defendants had no lawyers because they could not afford them (60% still cannot). A disproportionate number of people wound up in jail or on death row largely because they happened to be poor, undefended and ignorant of their rights. In short, criminal justice remained, as the highly conservative William Howard Taft—later Chief Justice—described it in 1905, "a disgrace to our civilization."

What is now under way is a concerted effort by the Supreme Court to make the Bill of Rights a reality for all Americans. A landmark in this process occurred in the 1947 case of *Adamson v. California*, when the court debated whether state courts should be bound by the Fifth Amendment's provision that a defendant may not be forced to testify against himself. Four Justices argued that the 14th Amendment's due-process clause was a form of "shorthand" for all the guarantees spelled out in the first eight amendments, and that the Bill of Rights thus applied to the states. To give the states greater latitude, however, a five-man majority ruled that state courts would violate due-process only by action that "shocks the conscience" or otherwise impermissibly "ordered liberty."

All the same, on a case-by-case basis, most of the crucial provisions of the Bill of Rights have since been applied to the states as binding standards under the 14th Amendment.

In *Mapp v. Ohio*, the Supreme Court ruled in 1961 that state courts must enforce the Fourth Amendment's guarantee against "unreasonable searches and seizures" by excluding illegal evidence, thus forcing state and local police to use judge-approved warrants for the first time in U.S. history. The *Gideon* decision invoked the Sixth Amendment to establish the right to counsel of all indigents accused of felonies—a decision that may be held to apply to misdemeanor cases as well. In other recent cases, the Supreme Court has also extended to the states the Fifth Amendment guarantee against self-incrimination and the Sixth Amendment right of the accused to cross-examine his accuser.

These rulings have inevitably stirred cries that the Supreme Court is "opening the jailhouse doors" to hundreds of prisoners whose convictions may be nullified retroactively. In an important decision last month (*Linkletter v. Louisiana*), the court answered much of the criticism by holding that retroactivity depends on each decision's purpose. When a ruling concerns the right to counsel, as in *Gideon*, it is likely to be made retroactive, because it raises new questions about the prisoner's actual guilt. By contrast, the court refused to make *Mapp* retroactive because that decision had what lawyers call the "prophylactic" purpose of deterring lawless police action in the future.

Many implications of the Supreme Court's decisions have yet to be resolved. The *Gideon* ruling raised an infinitely complex question: At what precise moment after his arrest is a suspect entitled to counsel? For federal defendants, this issue has been solved. In *Mallory v. U.S.* (1957), the Supreme Court emphasized that anyone under federal arrest must be taken "without unnecessary delay" before a U.S. commissioner for instruction on his rights to silence and counsel; admissions obtained during an excessive delay must be excluded. The 1964 Criminal Justice Act requires as well that all indigents must be assigned lawyers on appearing before the commissioner.

While such safeguards seem like simple justice, in one case at least they have also led to impassioned criticism of the court. As a result of *Mallory*, a Washington, D.C., mailman named James Killough was released from prison even though he had confessed on three occasions to strangling his wife and tossing her body on a dump "like a piece of garbage." An appellate court excluded all three confessions because the police had broken the law by grilling the suspect for 15 hours before taking him before a U.S. commissioner. Forced to free Killough for lack of other evidence, U.S. District Judge George L. Hart Jr. bitterly protested: "We know the man is guilty, but we sit here blind, deaf and dumb, and we can't admit we know."

Search for Rational Standards

Despite the furor over *Mallory*, the Supreme Court last year tackled the interrogation problem at the state level with the now-famous decision in *Escobedo v. Illinois*. In its most controversial action yet, the court voided Chicago Laborer Danny Escobedo's murder confession because it was made after the police had refused to let him see his lawyer, who was actually waiting in the station house at the time. Though vaguely worded, the court's ruling indicated that the right to counsel begins when police start grilling a prime suspect—a plainly impractical proposition, declared dissenting justice Byron White "unless police cars are equipped with public defenders."

Because 75% to 80% of all convictions for serious crimes are based on presumably voluntary confessions, police and prosecutors have been in a tailspin ever since. Does *Escobedo* apply only to precisely similar situations? Or does it mean that police failure to advise a suspect of his rights to counsel and to silence automatically invalidates his confession? If interrogation requires the physical presence of a lawyer, will he not obviously advise his client to say nothing? Worried police officers now fear that as a result even valid confessions will be virtually eliminated. The Supreme Court has let 13 months pass without clarifying *Escobedo*. Presumably it is waiting to see whether its decision has had the intended effect of forcing police to do

more investigating than interrogating. Despite lawmen's bitter criticism of *Escobedo*, it is a powerful reminder that U.S. judicial processes are theoretically based on accusation, not inquisition.

The *Escobedo* ruling highlights a critical vacuum in U.S. criminal justice: the lack of a complete set of rational standards to coordinate the thinking of police, judges, lawyers, law professors and informed citizens. The Supreme Court has done the pioneering work—work that it could not constitutionally avoid. But rule making by constitutional interpretation has limits; such rules tend to be confined to the happenstances in particular cases and are often more confusing than clarifying. The burden is now on Congress and state legislatures, which are ideally equipped for the fact finding required in so vast and varied a country as the U.S.

Many states are in fact busily modernizing archaic codes of criminal procedure, and devising new legal weapons to meet contemporary conditions. Under New York's new "no knock" law, for instance, policemen no longer need identify themselves when executing search warrants in certain kinds of cases, such as those involving narcotics, thus reducing the risk that suspects will destroy the evidence. Local authorities have also sought to reform the out-of-date bail system, under which bondsmen grow fat while poor defendants stay in jail, where they cannot build their cases. As a result, 59% of such defendants get convicted, compared with 10% in cases where the accused can afford bail. One hopeful solution to the problem is the four-year-old Manhattan Bail Project, through which indigents are released on their own recognizance; less than 1% later fail to show up in court.

Order & Equal Justice

The prestigious American Law Institute may offer a way out of the *Escobedo* impasse with a model code of pre-arraignment procedure that is being force-drafted by Harvard Law Professor James Vorenberg and dozens of eminent advisers. The drafters tend to approve police interrogation of suspects under proper safeguards. Though the precise formula is still being debated, one possible answer is that grilling should be made "visible"—if not to outside witnesses, then from the evidence of movie cameras or tape recorders.

The most ambitious of all efforts at reform is the American Bar Association's three-year project to offer state legislatures "minimum standards" of criminal procedure. Started last year, under Chief Judge J. Edward Lumbard of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, the undertaking is being researched by 80 of the country's top police officers, judges and lawyers. One A.B.A. committee seeks ways to get lawyers for indigents in all 3,100 of the nation's counties; more than two years after *Gideon*, there has been virtually no progress in 2,900 counties handling 70% of U.S. criminal cases. Another committee is investigating sentencing procedures. At present, no courts in the U.S. save in Connecticut and Massachusetts have the power to review sentences, however harsh or inadequate, unless they exceed statutory maximums. A more equitable system of criminal justice, most authorities agree, would also demand better training, higher pay and greater public support for the nation's 350,000 policemen.

Such efforts at reform may ultimately rebut the militant argument that crime will decrease only if the cops and courts get tougher. Admittedly, fear of dire punishment is often an effective deterrent. So, for that matter, is torture. But the reformers argue that the hope of an orderly society lies in making "equal and exact justice" more equal and more exact. As Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr has observed, "Man's capacity for justice makes democracy possible, but man's inclination to injustice makes democracy necessary."

What the controversy over crime and punishment tends to overlook is that the Bill of Rights must protect everyone—the unsavory as well as the savory—or it protects no one. The goal of judicial reform should be a system that genuinely safeguards the rights of the accused wrongdoer, yet effectively upholds the innocent citizen's right to be protected from the criminal. If it can achieve both these objectives, the revolution in criminal justice will have been well fought.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

Blood All Over

"They are swinging wildly," said President Johnson last week in an apt description of the latest, desperate meat-ax assaults by the Communist Viet Cong. With the monsoon season well under way, the Reds were gambling on the combined effects of weather and surprise to nullify the superior power of the U.S. and its South Vietnamese allies.

Pouncing on the government outpost at Ba Gia, a Viet Cong battalion killed 30 South Vietnamese and captured two 105-mm. howitzers. Ba Gia's defenders quickly snapped back, drove the Reds out and pinned them down while U.S. planes came in, inflicting heavy casualties. A second Communist blow fell farther to the west, where Viet Cong raiders overran the district capital of Dak To, then ambushed a relief column coming in by road from Kontum. Again the Reds could not hold onto what they had taken: after two days of fighting, the Viet Cong pulled out.

Flying Softeners. Saigon's forces were doing some hunting of their own in the Mekong Delta. After days of tracking, they caught up with a Viet Cong unit known as the "Soctrang Dynamic Battalion," de-dynamized it with air strikes and artillery. The Reds lost 212 dead. Later in the week, the Communists trapped a government battalion 40 miles north of Saigon, killing 151 men (including four American advisers).

For the second week in a row, American and Australian troops probed the Red redoubt of Zone D, but this time

the Communists did not fade back into the jungle. After B-52 bombers from Guam had softened the zone with two bomb runs, the Reds made a stand in a fortified village, catching a company of U.S. paratroopers under crossfire with two machine guns. The Americans took out one gun with rifle grenades, then charged the second. The Reds broke and ran, dragging bodies with them through their escape tunnels. "There was blood all over that trench," said an American first lieutenant. "We figured we killed about 16, and their total casualties must have been close to 50."

Hitting the Junks. The week's most spectacular fight came near Chu Lai, the coastal airbase defended by 2,500 U.S. Marines. There the Viet Cong overran an island headquarters of the South Vietnamese "Junk Fleet" (TIME, May 7), but before they could retreat, the marines stormed ashore to trap them. Many Viet Cong swam to safety, but eight were killed and 45 captured.

That's the kind of war it continues to be in Viet Nam. Since the monsoon began, the Viet Cong have lost some 4,500 dead to about 1,900 on the government side. Last week 8,000 more marines landed at Danang, raising the total of Americans in South Viet Nam to 63,000, and President Johnson told a press conference that another 10,000 U.S. troops will soon arrive. Experts in Saigon foresaw 150,000 men by year's end. While last week's frenetic activity may have reflected a certain Communist desperation, the President was blunt about what the built-up U.S. forces face. Said he: "We expect it will get worse before it gets better."

NORTH VIET NAM

The Jungle Marxist

(See Cover)

High over the Red River delta, U.S. jets raced toward their targets: bridges and ammunition dumps, barracks and railroad lines. Below, the country spread like oozing clay, its paddies framed by the dark brown lines of dikes. Ahead loomed the forested mountain peaks crowned with billowing thunderheads. Then there was Hanoi: a net of tiny roads leading in, the rail line gleaming north toward China, the factories on the river's edge belching smoke, the concrete revetments of Phuc Yen airfield, behind which lurked North Viet Nam's MIGs. As the American jets flew high overhead, bypassing the capital for other targets, the enemy below was waiting.

Upstream from Hanoi's abattoirs, sentries manned the guns atop the Pont Doumer, a spidery span built by the same engineers who erected the Eiffel Tower. From their perch, they could see other batteries: 37-mm. cannon, machine guns, hand-held automatic rifles—all poking skyward from the taller buildings of the capital. In the streets below, grim-faced boys snapped through the manual of arms with wooden rifles while pretty girls in pantaloons hurled mock grenades through automobile tires, many of them scoring two hits out of three over 25 yds. Beyond the city, crews of workers put the last touches on more sophisticated armaments: the launch pads of Soviet-supplied SAM II antiaircraft missile sites.

The Men from Uncle. Hanoi last week was ready for total war. So was Ho Chi Minh, the goat-bearded god of Vietnamese Communism and, at 75, Asia's oldest, canniest Red leader. North Viet Nam's Ho was making his last and most steely stand, and his young country seemed ready to win or die with him. Since February, U.S. air strikes into North Viet Nam have pounded Ho steadily: in more than 4,050 sorties, jets and prop bombers have razed at least 30 military bases, knocked out 127 antiaircraft batteries, shattered 34 bridges. In their wake the planes left ablaze 17 destroyed truck convoys and an equal number of weapons-carrying trains, along with 20 radar stations, 33 naval craft and the entire Dong Hoi airbase. Yet even as the bomb line crumpled closer to crowded Hanoi, there was no sign of Ho's flinching.

"We've asked the other side on more than one occasion what else would stop if we stopped bombing," said U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk last week. "Are you going to stop attacking these villages and killing off thousands of innocent civilians? What else will stop? And we've never had any reply." Even the intentional five-day lull in U.S. bombing last May failed to draw a re-



ANTIAIRCRAFT LESSON IN NORTH VIET NAM
Riding a 20-year winning streak.

sponse from intransigent North Viet Nam. Britain's Commonwealth peace mission has not got very far either. Last week, after pondering Hanoi's rebuff of the mission, Harold Wilson gamely sent a low-level British official off to Hanoi on a "private" visit, apparently hoping to get Ho to change his mind. Few held out hope that Ho would do so.

What makes kindly old "Uncle Ho" so hard-nosed? What is it that sends the men from Uncle (some 6,000 or more this year alone) southward as insurgents against an enemy that could crush Hanoi in an instant? More than anything, it is a sense of confidence in methods that have worked splendidly in the past. Ho, after all, has been riding a winning streak for 20 years. Through wile and determination, he aided in evicting the Japanese in 1945, then got the French to throw out the Chinese Nationalists in 1946, finally ejecting the French themselves in 1954. He now believes that the same techniques will work against the U.S.—not only in South Viet Nam but in all of Southeast Asia.

The Bellicose Ones. Ho's heady resolve is fed by three powerful forces.

First comes covetousness: North Viet Nam hungers for the rice of the South and the rich alluvial delta of the Mekong River. Though Ho and other Hanoi leaders speak mistily about the "reunification of the great Vietnamese people" as if it were some grand historical mission, they actually have contempt for their southerly brothers, whom they accuse of being afflicted with a "Côte d'Azur" mentality.

Second among Ho's drives: Communist ideology. At this stage of development, the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam craves victory in a "war of national liberation." Once South Viet Nam fell, Ho could turn his attention to extending Vietnamese control over Cambodia, Thailand and Laos. As one historian observes, "The Vietnamese have contributed very little to Asian culture, and quite a bit of its violence."

Third comes Ho's fear of his Communist allies: only a reunified Viet Nam, he believes, can maintain its entity in the shadow of Red China. More than 1,000 years of Vietnamese history were spent under direct Chinese domination, and most of the rest was devoted to fighting the Chinese off. Indeed, the very name Viet Nam in Chinese means "cross over to the south."

With those forces driving him, Ho is determined to fight and win. "We held off the French for eight years," he told Historian Bernard Fall in 1962. "We can hold off the Americans for at least as long. Americans don't like long, inconclusive wars. This is going to be a long, inconclusive war."

The Three Readys. Ho's confidence is reflected by his top soldier, stocky, slash-cheeked Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap, 53, the victor of Dienbienphu. "South Viet Nam is the example for national-liberation movements of our times," boasts Giap. "If



it proves possible to defeat the special warfare tested in South Viet Nam by the American imperialists, this will mean that it can be defeated everywhere." There is a special kind of brute power behind Giap's rhetoric. From the 34-man platoon he formed in 1944 has mushroomed a "People's Army" of at least 450,000 regulars—though *ho doi* (G.I.s) as fanatical as fighters anywhere in the world. French prisoners led out of Dienbienphu eleven years ago were told to walk on the Communist bodies littering the fields to avoid mines and barbed wire, and some of the steppingstones were still alive.

Behind Giap's regulars stand fully half a million militiamen, trained and armed (though often with ancient fowling pieces), bolstered by the

"Three Readys Movement"—1,500,000 volunteers who are supposedly "ready to fight, join the army, and go wherever needed." Last week Hanoi took further steps toward full mobilization by ordering 2,500,000 young men and women into the "Brigade of Young Volunteers to Fight U.S. Aggression for National Salvation." As bulky in numbers as it is in name, the brigade will work in fields and factories vacated by militiamen.

While North Viet Nam is thus strong in men and motivation, it is weak in the critical area of modern weaponry. Giap's air force is still minuscule, though Soviet contributions of obsolescent aircraft (MIGs and medium-range IL-28 bombers) have doubled it in the past four months to 60 planes. Now and then audacity can overcome obsolescence, as it did last March, when three MIGs took on a flight of U.S. jets twice their speed and bagged a brace. Last week the technological superiority of American planes and weapons asserted itself: missile-armed Phantoms flying combat air patrol 40 miles south of Hanoi nailed a pair of audacious MIGs, sent them flaming to the

deck. The run-in proved again that Giap's airmen would face disaster if they came up in force; and Giap's navy has practically disappeared after four months of U.S. air attack.

Beneath the Chimera. For Ho, the confrontation with the U.S. over South Viet Nam is the crowning act of a long life dedicated to subversion. His personal Ho Chi Minh trail has led him through the widest range of revolutionary activity experienced by any living Red leader. En route, he shed identities like snakeskins, metamorphosing from cabin boy to pastry cook, from poet to guerrilla leader, from Parisian photo retoucher to pseudo-Buddhist monk. His name-changes alone would fill an address book (some 20) have been pinned down, ranging from Nguyen "the Victorious" to "Old Chap"

of the struggle, I came to understand that only Communism could free the oppressed peoples and workers of the world from the yoke of slavery." In Paris just after World War I, Ho hung out in the caves, palled around with a Chinese student named Chou En-lai, wrote pamphlets for the Communist International denouncing the "ugly mug of capitalism," edited a strident, anti-colonial weekly called *Le Paria* (The Untouchable), wrote a bitter, anti-French comedy called *Le Dragon de Bambou*. In 1918 he rented a suit and trotted out to Versailles to badger Woodrow Wilson for the "liberation" of "Viet Nam"—the ancient name for the region that all Frenchmen divided into *partes*: Tonkin China, Annam and Cochinchina. His pleas were lost in the shuffle of more immediate his-

At that time, Mao Tse-tung—the man who claims most of the credit for "wars of national liberation"—was a budding subversive in China.

Teacher's Pet. Giving up the soft life of a Moscow student, with its "party spouses" and anticapitalist polemics, Ho set out for China under the name of Nguyen Ai Quoc (roughly, "Smith the Patriot"), as agitator and translator for Stalin's agent Mikhail Borodin. Their mission: to penetrate the Kuomintang and train Communist *can ho* (cadres) to infiltrate French Indo-China. At Canton's Whampoa Military Academy, Ho demonstrated his skills as a disciplinarian. Any student-agitator who failed to show sufficient diligence was promptly betrayed to the French when he infiltrated Viet Nam. Most of Ho's pupils quickly learned to do their homework, but teacher's pet was the son of an Indo-Chinese Cabinet chief, a lad named Pham Van Dong, who today serves as Ho's Premier.

Ho's academic career ended abruptly in 1927, when Chiang Kai-shek turned on the Chinese Communists and drove them underground. Ho's hegira took him back and forth between Moscow and China for the next 13 years, forming new parties, resting in British or Chinese jails, organizing hunger strikes, taking a concubine who later bore him a daughter, and writing inspirational poetry when nothing more inspiring could be done.

Sample inspiration:

I am an honest man and my soul is at peace:

I am suspected of being a shadowy Chinese!

The ways of life are always dangerous. But living is now less than very easy.

Planted Seeds. In 1940, for the first time in 28 years, Ho returned to his native Viet Nam. Operating from the mountainous caves of Cao Bang province (where he dutifully dubbed a streamlet "Lenin Spring"), Ho planted the seeds of the Viet Minh—the underground outfit that would carry him to power. During the five-year Japanese occupation of World War II, he carefully nursed alliances with the Chinese Communists, the Kuomintang and the American OSS, receiving some aid from all three. His steady aim: to strengthen the Viet Minh and one day kick out the French.

His guerrillas, led by a tough young trooper named Vo Nguyen Giap, harassed the Japanese and perfected the tactics of jungle Marxism. When 200,000 Chinese Nationalist troops marched into Viet Nam with French approval at war's end, Giap's guerrillas were ready to continue the struggle. But Ho typically preferred the more subtle tactic of turning ally against ally, and promptly sought to persuade the French to oust the Chinese again. Ho knew that France would be an easier adversary to deal with. Besides, there was the age-old hatred and fear of the Chinese. As Ho told his "United Front" allies who urged cooperation with the



RUSH HOUR IN HANOI
Sad sounds from the birds.

Wang). But beneath the chimeric legend lies a purposeful, pragmatic Communist whose aim is the conquest of all Southeast Asia.

A Vietnamese saying has it that "a man born in Nghe An province will oppose anything." That is where Ho was born, in 1890, when France dominated Indo-China—much to the disgust of Ho's father, a scholarly colonial employee who was fired by the French for his "patriotic" activities. After schooling in Hue and Saigon, Ho (then known as Nguyen Tat Thanh) headed for Europe in 1912 as a cabin boy on a French steamer. After a brief apprenticeship at London's Carlton Hotel under the famed chef Escoffier, Ho drifted on to Paris.

The Ugly Mug. There he fell for the Red recipe: "At first it was my patriotism and not Communism that drew me to Lenin and the Third International," he explained years later on his 70th birthday. "Step by step along the path

tory, and he never got to see Wilson. But the farsighted Bolsheviks in Moscow saw promise in the skinny, ardent Annamite.

In 1924, after an intensive course in subversive techniques at Moscow's University of the Toilers of the East (during which he established the beginnings of a close friendship with Stalin), Ho struck the theme that would resound throughout his career. Addressing the Fifth Comintern Congress that summer, he took European Communists to task for failing to appreciate the potential for revolution in underdeveloped areas. "You will forgive my frankness," he said, "but I cannot avoid explaining that the speeches of my comrades from the mother countries have given me the impression that they are trying to kill a snake by stepping on its tail. For you all know that the venom and the energy of the capitalist snake is concentrated more in the colonies than in the mother countries."

Chinese: "I prefer to smell French *merde* for five years than smell the Chinese variety for the rest of my life."

In 1946, Ho headed for Paris to negotiate Chinese withdrawal with the government of Premier Georges Bidault, and also to win full independence for his Viet Minh regime. All charm and chatter, Ho reigned in style at the Royal Hotel near the Etoile. "He would always embrace us affectionately," recalls one participant in the negotiations. "But Bidault wasn't too keen on such gestures, presumably because of Ho's goatee." After two months of hirsute haggling, Ho suddenly agreed to a *modus vivendi*: the Chinese would leave Viet Nam, but there would be no independence. France promised only to explore the possibilities. That was hardly what Ho wanted, and no sooner was the ink dry on the agreement than Giap's army took to the hills to begin the eight-year guerrilla war that cul-

minated with Dienbienphu and the complete exhaustion of the French will to resist. In 1954, with the signing of the Geneva Accords, North Viet Nam became Ho's fief.

boss, he has a lively sense of humor: once when Chou En-lai spoke in Hanoi, Ho sat on the stage beside the speaker, subtly aping Chou's every gesture and facial twitch, much to the audience's amusement—and Chou's puzzlement. As a carryover from his days of flight and subversion, he favors disguises, fooling even such close friends as Giap by merely rolling up his trousers to look like a country yokel.

As President, Ho pulls down a salary of \$840 a year—nearly ten times the annual income of the average Vietnamese. He lives in a thatched-roofed house on the palace grounds of the former French Governor General, dresses simply in cream-colored, mandarin-style uniforms, and "Ho Chi Minh sandals" carved from automobile tires. For all the simple surface, his tastes are exquisite: he smokes American cigarettes (Philip Morris and Camels), and his favorite food is a rare delicacy

everywhere, and Hanoi residents are permitted only 5½ yds. of cotton cloth per year. Once girls in elegant silk *ao dais* strolled the shaded boulevards; their modern counterparts scrub the streets clad in floppy brown pajamas and gauze face masks. The only bar in town is in the former Metropole Hotel (now the Reunification), and it caters only to foreigners.

Since the U.S. bombing raids began last February, Hanoi's working routine

has been rudely disrupted. Citizens now rise at 5 a.m., perform calisthenics in the streets under the watchful eye of the local *can ho*, then go off to work until 9:30 a.m. Since Ho & Co. fear midday air raids, the workers do not get back to the job until 3 p.m., then stay on until 9:30 p.m. On Sundays "volunteers" wheel out of town to work on the dikes of the Red River delta. "Some go because they feel legitimately patriotic," explains a visitor. "Others go because to them it's a day in the country. And others go because they're afraid not to."

Evidence of war readiness abounds: barbed wire festoons the pink and yellow fronts of government office buildings; militiamen stalk the streets with fixed bayonets and grenades at their belts; as part of the effort to deceive U.S. pilots, bicycle handlebars and wheel rims are painted camouflage green, and farmers wear banana

* At Ho's right: Premier Pham Van Dong; fifth from right: Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap.



KOSYGIN (SECOND FROM LEFT) IN HANOI WITH HO, 1965*
In an ideological struggle, a lively interest in both sides of the street.

called "swallow's nest"—a meringue of sea algae and swallow's saliva.

No such luxuries are available to the average North Vietnamese. Hanoi, once a comfortable colonial city, has fallen victim to the Marxist-Leninist muteness typical of Communist capitals. Its streets are virtually empty of automobiles. Instead fleets of bicycles hiss through town, pedaled silently by a silent people. "You hear the shuffle of feet," says a recent visitor, "but no squabbling of merchants, no squeals, no laughter. They don't even seem to talk to one another. You can hear the birds singing in downtown Hanoi at midday. It is strangely saddening."

Ghosts & Malaria. Things are even worse in the countryside, where most of North Viet Nam's populace makes a living. Hanoi (pop. 650,000) and Haiphong (pop. 375,000) are the only big cities in a country the size of Missouri. In the Red River delta, where 80% of the population nonetheless try to live, breathe, and grow enough food to eat, population density is 2,000 people per sq. mi. and growing at 3% a

year. Ho has tried since 1954 to get the lowland Vietnamese up into the mountains behind Hanoi in the hope of developing new agricultural land, but the million who have been forcibly moved complain of ghosts and malaria. This year North Viet Nam will fall 2,500,000 tons short of its programmed rice-production level, forcing the people to eat corn, millet and manioc—hardly favorites of the Asian palate.

Rise & Shine. Rationing prevails everywhere, and Hanoi residents are permitted only 5½ yds. of cotton cloth per year. Once girls in elegant silk *ao dais* strolled the shaded boulevards; their modern counterparts scrub the streets clad in floppy brown pajamas and gauze face masks. The only bar in town is in the former Metropole Hotel (now the Reunification), and it caters only to foreigners.

Since the U.S. bombing raids began last February, Hanoi's working routine

has been rudely disrupted. Citizens now rise at 5 a.m., perform calisthenics in the streets under the watchful eye of the local *can ho*, then go off to work until 9:30 a.m. Since Ho & Co. fear midday air raids, the workers do not get back to the job until 3 p.m., then stay on until 9:30 p.m. On Sundays "volunteers" wheel out of town to work on the dikes of the Red River delta. "Some go because they feel legitimately patriotic," explains a visitor. "Others go because to them it's a day in the country. And others go because they're afraid not to."

Evidence of war readiness abounds: barbed wire festoons the pink and yellow fronts of government office buildings; militiamen stalk the streets with fixed bayonets and grenades at their belts; as part of the effort to deceive U.S. pilots, bicycle handlebars and wheel rims are painted camouflage green, and farmers wear banana

* At Ho's right: Premier Pham Van Dong; fifth from right: Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap.



HANOI "VOLUNTEERS" BUILDING A PARK
A day in the country—or else.

branches in their hats. Even pigs on the way to market are artfully shrouded in leaf-bedecked nets. Reportedly, more than 300,000 women and children have been evacuated from Hanoi in preparation for aerial attack, but after seeing the bombed-out bridges downcountry, many have filtered back into Hanoi, which they regard as a sanctuary.

Tempting Targets. Indeed, much of North Viet Nam remains a sanctuary from American bombs. From February through mid-June, U.S. Air Force and Navy fighter-bombers concentrated their attacks on the narrow, unpopulated strip of coastline between the 17th parallel and Thanh Hoa (see map). There the targets were strictly military—radar stations, staging areas, roads, bridges and naval vessels, and all were below the so-called "Hanoi line." Then on June 22, jets crossed the line, began pounding the mountainous bulge of country north and west of Hanoi, slamming tons of bombs and rockets into targets near such towns as Son La, Thuan Chau and even Dienbienphu. Though U.S. raiders struck to within 40 miles of the capital, it was clear to Ho that the U.S. was purposely sparing his population and industrial centers.

To many U.S. strategists, these are the most tempting targets available. They include the Thai Nguyen pig-iron plant 50 miles north of Hanoi, the super-phosphate plant at Lam Tao, the chemical works at Viet Tri—all built within the past decade through Russian and Chinese aid. Also appealing: the Hon Gai coal mines, Haiphong's port and petroleum facilities and the military airbases on which recline Ho's recently acquired MIGs.

Back to the Hills? Why hasn't the U.S. bombed these targets? First, in Washington's view, the bombing of

what it calls "property targets" would result in the killing of North Vietnamese civilians, thus provoking clamorous concern both domestically and internationally and reviving Asia's lingering "Hiroshima resentment," centering on the image of white men bombing Asians. This view holds that destruction of Ho's puny industrial base (87% of the country depends on agriculture for a living) would hardly be worth it.

The second danger that the U.S. sees in bombing closer to Hanoi is that some Russians might be killed. That danger became a greater probability last week when U.S. intelligence sources reported that there were five surface-to-air missile sites going up around Hanoi. The SAM sites describe a nearly complete circle around the capital, and may well be manned by Soviet technicians. The birds themselves—perhaps six to a site—are the same that brought down an American U-2 over Cuba in 1962. They can pluck a plane from the sky at an altitude of 80,000 ft. and fully 35 miles away, riding a radar beam en route and destroying the aircraft with a proximity-fused high explosive or even a nuclear blast. Even after the rockets are mounted, U.S. pilots could take them out by sneaking in beneath the line-of-sight alert radars and slamming the concrete revetments that house the missiles with their own standoff air-to-ground birds.

In addition to the SAMs, the Russians have provided a lot of verbal bluster, but total Russian aid to North Viet Nam has been only \$365 million (mostly in food-processing plants, electric-power development, mining and chemical equipment). Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin's visit to Hanoi last February was aimed at re-establishing Russian influence in Southeast Asia, but with the intensification of the war, Russia has lost much of its enthusiasm. Peking is still the big spender, having provided \$650 million in economic aid. Though Ho at first responded to the Chinese largesse by mimicking Mao with Orwellian hate campaigns, kangaroo courts and rapid, brutal collectivization, he has also tried to remain aloof from the Moscow-Peking ideological quarrel. Essentially, it is in the North Vietnamese interest to work both sides of the street. And basically it is in Washington's interest to keep Ho astraddle, while at the same time doing nothing that might drive Russia and Red China together. Bombing the SAM sites might well shatter that policy.

Claims & Columnists. On the other hand, President Johnson sees no reason to cease the tactical bombings of North Viet Nam. By keeping the pressure on Hanoi's communication and transportation lines, the U.S. will make infiltration of the South progressively more difficult. Already the North Vietnamese have been forced to rebuild their bridges at water level with crossbeams, then under cover of darkness slide boards across to span the rivers. "Sure," says one Air Force officer, "they can

slip their supplies through on sampans and rebuild their bridges by night, but for every hole in the road they will need a few more men, a few more trucks to replace those we shoot up. And they don't have unlimited resources."

For all the *esprit* of Hanoi's Communist cadres, North Vietnamese morale has slipped since the bombings began. Says British Orientalist P. J. Honey: "They are holding constant indoctrination courses to intensify the people's hatred of the 'imperialist' Americans, which they never had to do against the French. The way they keep up spirits is to claim they have shot down hundreds of American planes. But the planes keep coming over in increasing numbers, which must make the North Vietnamese peasant wonder."

Perhaps as a result, Premier Pham Van Dong has recently begun warning that the war might take another five to ten years, and Hanoi's three dailies take up great swathes of space reporting U.S. "teach-ins" and predicting the ultimate rejection of the war by the American people. As Honey says: "Reading the Hanoi papers, you would think that the only Senator in the U.S. is Wayne Morse and the only columnist Walter Lippmann. They offer all this as proof that their cause will succeed."

The Grinding Bind. At the same time, Ho is experiencing ever greater factionalism within his own Lao Dong Party. Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh and Party Secretary Le Duan tug toward Peking, while Defense Minister Giap and Premier Pham Van Dong lean toward Moscow. This leads many observers to wonder if Ho has real control over his country. Actually, Ho is too supple to be drawn into murderous internecine party battle. He remains above the raging policy debates; then when the contestants are weary and the options laid out, he tips the scales with his own view.

An oft-heard argument is that Ho should be left alone to reunify Viet Nam, since he would doubtless emerge as the Tito of Southeast Asia and hence become a man who could be dealt with reasonably by the West. This is wishful thinking. Ho does not have the 1,100 miles of buffer zone separating him from Red China that Tito had from Russia; nor has Peking's attitude toward North Viet Nam relaxed as Moscow's did toward Yugoslavia before the 1948 break. And when Tito broke clear, he had a unified nation under him, plus all of Western Europe to turn to for economic aid and military assistance.

For all his experience and agility, Ho is now caught in a grinding bind. Neither Moscow nor Peking will put up with him as a purely Vietnamese patriot; each wants him in its camp. The West cannot countenance his Communist expansionism for fear that it will eventually inundate the rest of Southeast Asia. It will take a lot more than his guile and staying power to emerge a victor in Southeast Asia.

**"Show me a filter
that really delivers taste
and I'll eat my hat!"**



**New
Lucky Strike Filters
put back the taste
others take away.**

L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco... and now Lucky Strike means filter tip. So you get—unchanged—Lucky's famous fine-tobacco blend. And Lucky's filter tip actually enhances the taste.

Product of The American Tobacco Company

Only the perfect Martini Gin really does right by the rickey.
Seagram's...perfectly smooth,
perfectly dry,
perfect.



SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

COMMON MARKET

Supranational Stall

Angry Charles de Gaulle had threatened to boycott the Common Market, and last week boycott he did. First, French officials were forbidden to attend any policy-making Common Market meetings. Then France's Jean-Marc Boegner, permanent delegate to the community's Brussels headquarters, abruptly returned to Paris without so much as an au revoir to Common Market President Walter Hallstein.

The calculated diplomatic slap underscored De Gaulle's highly personal view of who is responsible for the crisis: Hallstein's Eurocrats dedicated to building a supranational Europe, for whom De Gaulle reserves his worst epithet—*les apatrides*, or stateless men. It was Hallstein's package proposal, aimed at winning French acquiescence to an enlargement of the supranational powers of the Eurocrats and the European Parliament, that touched off the crisis—and De Gaulle's ire—in the first place. The bait was a farm policy worth billions of dollars to French farmers. "Do they think we can be bought like Yemen or Italy?" De Gaulle is reported to have roared when he heard the proposal. The boycott was his answer.

Slightly Ajar. It is a costly answer, particularly for the surplus-laden farmer. Since the Common Market began in 1958, French farm exports to the other five members have soared 253%, and the EEC was on the verge of heavily underwriting French produce beyond the Community as well. To ease the blow of his diplomacy, De Gaulle announced last week that Paris itself would subsidize French farmers to the tune of some \$1.1 billion next year.

In the hope that his partners would cave in and drop their supranational

proposals, De Gaulle carefully kept the door slightly ajar. By "inviting" Boegner home rather than formally recalling him, the general avoided an outright break in diplomatic relations that would have signaled the end of the Common Market. French officials continued last week to attend technical EEC sessions hammering out the implementation of previously approved business like pig-meat subsidies and inland-waterway rates. Still, so complex have the Six's economic ties become that De Gaulle's veto on any new business has the effect of slowly strangling the Community. With the summer holidays approaching, there was little likelihood of negotiating an end to the crisis until after the German elections in September.

Apoplectic Purple. Gaullists privately insisted that France had no intention of pulling out of or breaking up the Common Market. What Paris does want is to reshape the EEC's structure. Above all, De Gaulle wants to trim the wings of the Eurocrats, stop what one French official angrily described as the "supra-national escalation in the commission's daily method of action." A rarely aroused Hallstein retorted in a speech at Düsseldorf that, if De Gaulle throttled the Common Market's drive toward unity, "this would be the greatest destructive act in the history of Europe, and even the free world, since the days of Hitler." Which only caused Paris to underline in apoplectic purple yet another priority on its list: the need for a new EEC president.

FRANCE

The Rothschilds & The Mind

Charles de Gaulle is really Jewish. So are Konrad Adenauer, Queen Elizabeth, Lyndon Baines Johnson, Francisco Franco and Fidel Castro, and so was John F. Kennedy. That, at least, is what it says in *Les Juifs* (*The Jews*), a new novel about world Jewry, "known and unknown," by French satirist Roger Peyrefitte, 57, whose *Keys of Saint Peter* was attacked as "lewdly libelous" by the Vatican in 1956 and promptly sold half a million copies in Italy and France. *The Jews* may do equally well, largely because France's mighty De Rothschilds brought suit to get the book banned in France last week—and lost.

Written in incidental French camp style, *The Jews* reads a lot like the phone book: great cast of characters but not much plot. Such as it is, the story concerns the engagement of a beautiful Gentile and a wealthy young baron named Saul de Goldschild. This provides endless opportunities to discuss mixed marriages (like those of the Rothschilds), circumcision, Jews in the church, Jews and sex, Jews in finance (such as guess who), and Jews in politics (Peyrefitte maintains that the De Rothschilds have had "jockeys" in French Cabinets since World War I, the present incumbent being Premier Georges Pompidou, a former director-general of the Rothschild bank in Paris).



PEYREFITTE AFTER TRIAL
Voilà!

Peyrefitte also goes through some tortuous onomastics to "prove" that dozens of famous people have Jewish ancestors. De Gaulle, for example, remarked during a visit to Germany in 1962 that he had a great-great-grandfather named Kolb. Indeed, there are three Kolbs listed in *Who's Who in World Jewry*. Voilà!

To hear the author tell it, his motives for writing the book were purely humanitarian. "From the moment that the Jews are no longer a minority but a majority," he explains, "the Jewish problem, which is one of a minority, ceases to be one." Barons Guy (*TIME* cover, Dec. 20, 1963) and Edmond de Rothschild went to court on the grounds that the book contained "a string of intolerable defamations and offenses to the dignity and consideration of a great family." In defense, Peyrefitte's lawyer argued that the Rothschilds, "like all the greats of this world, are open to public criticism."

Justice Rouanet de Vigne-Lavit agreed with the defense, ordered Peyrefitte's publisher merely to delete eleven lines of the 514-page book that raise a question about Edmond's lineage. Crowded Peyrefitte: "This time the Rothschilds have been beaten by the mind, by literature. They thought they were strong enough to win this one because they had Pompidou. At least this proves that the government is still honest." And that authors have a lot of leeway.

GREAT BRITAIN

"A Fair Cop"

The great clock in the House of Commons showed midnight as the debate on Labor's complex finance bill droned on into its 14th week. Government Whip John Silkin, charged with protecting Prime Minister Harold Wilson's scant three-vote margin, made a perfunctory check of the floor. There were 165



"IF YOU WON'T PLAY MY WAY I'LL
TAKE MY BALL AND GO HOME"

Laborites v. a mere 33 Tories still on hand. That seemed a safe enough edge for the government, and he told many of his Labor M.P.s that they could go home.

It was just what the Tories hoped he would do. All evening they had been streaming ostentatiously out of the House as part of an elaborate plot hatched earlier in the day by Conservative Party Chairman Edward du Cann and Tory Economics Spokesman Ted Heath. Instead of going home, the Conservative members gathered for drinks at St. Stephen's Club just two minutes away. Precisely at 1 a.m., a Tory M.P. on the floor moved an amendment to Labor's bill to lower the capital gains tax on mutual funds from 35% to 30%. Right on time, the waiting Tories



LABOR'S BROWN

The foe was two minutes away.

charged back into the chamber, and by 180 to 166 handed the Labor government its first parliamentary defeat.

The Tory Turn. Just as happened last month when the Tories accidentally managed a tie on another amendment (Time, June 11), opposition cries of "Resign, Resign!" rolled across the benches. The challenge was largely in jest, for Wilson had made clear he would ignore a minor floor defeat, knowing he could call for a vote of confidence of the full house and win it.

Still, the Tory ambush was an embarrassing reminder of the fragility of Labor's right to rule. "They acted like a bunch of Viet Cong guerrillas raiding one of Saigon's citadels," grumped one Laborite ruefully, though most of his colleagues admitted with grudging admiration that it was "a fair cop." Harold Wilson, sound asleep in No. 10 Downing when the vote took place, decided next morning to let the unwelcome amendment stand, since reversing it would take up at least two precious extra days of a Parliament fast approaching recess. Moreover, Wilson dared not protest too much: in 1952, the Laborites had pulled precisely the

same stunt on Sir Winston Churchill's ruling Tories.*

Labor's Apologies. The ambush capped a notably disgruntling week for Labor. Answering a Tory heckler at a rally, Deputy Prime Minister George Brown cried: "I once went to a concentration camp called Auschwitz and saw a placard: 'Seven million Jews were killed.' I remember it was due to the policies of your government and, in particular, Neville Chamberlain." Seventy Tory M.P.s promptly labelled Brown's rejoinder a "monstrous slander," and Brown had to issue a formal apology: "It has never been my view that in the period leading up to the Second World War blame rested with any one group alone, and I deeply regret that such an impression should have been given."

Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan fared even worse for some injudicious remarks. He suggested in a Swansea speech that some Conservative M.P.s were spokesmen in Commons for special interest groups in the City, such as "investment trusts" and "capital speculators." The Tories angrily demanded the Commons Speaker cite Callaghan for "gross contempt." Despite the Chancellor's abject plea on the floor that "nothing in my speech at Swansea was designed, intended or meant to reflect on the House of Commons—nothing at all," at week's end Callaghan found himself to his—and Wilson's—embarrassment facing the House's Committee of Privileges on contempt charges.

Princely Philippic

The name of the game is constitutional monarchy. By its unwritten rules, Britain's sovereign loyally refrains from controversial statements, especially when dealing with her outer domains, for whom she is the symbol of unity with Britain itself. Not so confined is Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, who regularly sparks debates over the nation's "cuppas" by his talent for what he calls dontapedology—opening his mouth and putting his foot in it. Last week Philip kicked up a storm in kingdom and Commonwealth as well.

Discussing Commonwealth relations with 300 students at the University of Edinburgh, Philip announced that he was going to say nothing about Rhodesia, since it is a touchy topic nowadays. Rhodesia's white Prime Minister, Ian Smith, has been threatening to break the remaining ties with Britain and declare independence if necessary to preserve its racist policies, while black Africa's Commonwealth leaders have been clamoring for Britain to force

Smith to hold biracial elections for a new constitution within the next three months. Philip, however, did not say nothing. "I recognize," he remarked, "the impressions of many Africans about Rhodesia. But I think that it is better to spin out the solution of these difficulties with patience, and with a bit of luck get a peaceful result rather than risk a bloodbath by forcing the pace."

Sour Reaction. Labor M.P. Hugh Jenkins promptly tabled a motion in the House of Commons, signed by 32 other Laborites, which acidly affirmed that "it is a condition of constitutional monarchy that royalty should not give public expression to contentious political opinions." Snapped one M.P.: "Philip is a very highly paid civil servant [at \$120,000 a year] who is expected



PRINCE PHILIP

The talent was dontapedology.

to keep his nose out of politics." Worried Lord Brockway, chairman of the Movement for Colonial Freedom: "The Duke has unhappily given encouragement to Mr. Smith, whose whole strategy is to seek delay."

Reaction to the princely philippic from Black Africa was equally sour. Murred Kenya's External Affairs Minister Joseph Murumbi: "It is hard to imagine how the Duke of Edinburgh, who has never been exposed to the hard realities of colonialism, could speak authoritatively on Rhodesia." Added the East African Standard, for good measure: "Who does Prince Philip think he is—Prince Albert?"

Fact was, millions of Britons shared the Duke's view of the Rhodesian problem, which until recently was also official policy of Harold Wilson's government. And few really wanted to muzzle the royal consort. "Over a period of years, he has succeeded in being pungent, constructive, and to the point on an exceptionally wide range of topics," commented the London Times. "The nation would be the loser if any serious attempt were made to impose some constitutional silence upon the Duke."

* The Labor ambush was engineered by Britain's present Paymaster-General, George Wigg, who concealed his "absent" M.P.s in small groups around Westminster: some in the palace crypt, others in the nearby flat of Labor Braintester Richard Crossman. They emerged on signal to defeat the Tories on a minor piece of legislation concerning pharmaceutical glass.

YEMEN

A Preference for War

Peace hopes in Yemen never last very long. Two months ago, when moderate Republican Ahmed Mohammed Noman took over as Premier of the rugged desert land, hopes had risen that the three-year-old civil war might finally be brought to an end. Noman shoved pro-Nasser President Abdullah Sallal into the background, kicked the military fanatics out of his Cabinet and surrounded himself with civilians. Then he sat down to hammer out a preliminary formula for peace.

The formula was a compromise that would bring Royalists and Republicans into the government, and it won the immediate support of most Arab leaders. All went well, in fact, until Noman began filling in the specifics necessary for final settlement and cease-fire. When he let it be known that the 50,000 troops sent by Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser would have to be replaced by a joint Royalist-Republican peace force, the Nasserites suddenly lost interest in converting Yemen into a Noman's land.

Fortnight ago, President Sallal established a supreme military council designed to curb Noman's power as civilian Premier. After Noman flew to Cairo to protest directly to Nasser, Sallal threw seven civilian Cabinet ministers into jail. Last week in Cairo, Noman resigned. "It is obvious that Sallal and his cronies are more interested in war than peace," he charged bitterly, and other Arab leaders sadly agreed. As if to prove the point, Sallal lost no time in naming a new Cabinet to replace Noman's. The new line-up: 13 military men, two civilians.

JAPAN

Criticism at the Polls

For Prime Minister Eisaku Sato, last week's upper-house elections could hardly have been more badly timed. Although production lines are humming faster than ever, Japan is going through a painful economic "readjustment" which in the past 16 months has wiped out thousands of small businesses, sent the stock market plunging 15% and consumer prices soaring. The government has been widely attacked for its open support of the U.S. bombing of North Viet Nam as well as for signing the long-overdue peace treaty with South Korea (TIME, July 2). Worst of all, Sato's Liberal Democratic Party—which, despite its name, is conservative—was trying to recover from one of the noisiest political scandals in Japanese history.

The scandal broke in mid-April, when police arrested Sadao Koyama, newly elected speaker of Tokyo's 120-man Metropolitan Assembly, on charges that he had bribed and extorted his way to the speaker's chair—and the \$55,000-a-year expense account that



NOMAN



SALLAL

In jail: seven Cabinet ministers.

goes with it. Before the dust cleared, 18 other assemblymen, all Liberal Democrats, had followed Koyama into jail, and a storm of public outrage forced the assembly to dissolve itself in shame. Little wonder that a nationwide public opinion poll late last month showed Sato's popularity at an alltime low for a Japanese Premier: 24.4% v. 49.9% when he took office in November.

Luckily for Sato, the Japanese electorate is conservative by tradition, and when all the votes were in, his Liberal Democrats had lost only four seats—nowhere near enough to shake their commanding majority in the Diet's 250-member House of Councillors. Even so, the results were bad medicine for the government. The powerful Socialist Party made significant gains, as did the

Soka Gakkai, a militant Buddhist organization whose Komeito (Clean Government) party emerged as a major political force by preaching pacifism, reform and anti-U.S. nationalism. In scandal-rocked Tokyo, government candidates could not win a single seat.

Encouraged by their gains, leftist leaders talked hopefully of mounting a massive protest movement similar to the 1960 riots that toppled the government of Nobusuke Kishi. But for all his troubles, Sato still held the upper hand. His Liberal Democrats own a 53-seat majority in the all-important House of Representatives, and will not have to face elections until 1967.

RUSSIA

Pardon Our Nukes

The post-Khrushchev leadership of the Kremlin has been notably modest about Soviet strategic weaponry since Nikita was bounced nine months ago—perhaps out of the realization that nobody could follow Nikita's rocket-rattling act and top it. Nonetheless, when the U.S. recently announced that it now has 800 solid-fuel Minutemen in place, First Party Secretary Leonid Brezhnev apparently felt he had to reply. "We hate to boast, and we do not want to threaten anyone," Brezhnev confided diffidently to the graduates of the Soviet military academies in Moscow. "However, it is necessary to note that the figures and calculations quoted in the West about the rocket and nuclear power of the Soviet Union do no credit at all to the intelligence services of the imperialist states." Exactly what, then, were the figures for Soviet ICBMs, estimated by Western intelligence at some 270-300? Oh well, said Brezhnev, "it is hardly necessary to quote here concrete data about the quantity."



PRIME MINISTER SATO

In jail: 19 Tokyo assemblymen.



RUBI & DANIELLE



WITH DORIS

"A woman likes to be—uh—liked."



WITH BARBARA



WITH ODILE

AMERICANS ABROAD

It Loses Something In the Translation

Airman First Class Marvin L. Jones, 21, stationed at the Ramstein, U.S.A.F. base in West Germany, likes to think of himself as having a wild-blue-yonder sense of humor. When his girl back home in Colorado wrote she wasn't going to visit him this summer, he wrote and told her he was so desolate that he was going to defect. The next letter she would get would be from the Kremlin, he added with gleeful literary pique. Har-de-har-har.

So Jones took off on a 23-day sight-seeing tour that included Moscow. When he hit the Big Onion, naturally, the airman dashed off another note, saying, "Here I am, and I'm thinking of joining the Workers' Party," sealed it and stuck it in a mailbox. His chuckles lasted all the way to the Rumanian border, where Soviet border guards, muttering about "passport irregularities," whisked him off his tour bus and back to Kiev. There he was slapped into a guarded hotel room and visited by three suave but hopeful Soviet agents, who, it seemed, read other people's mail. Now, if he really wanted to defect . . .

But it was just a joke, Jones explained, you know, yuk, yuk? Around 3 a.m. the following morning, the Reds finally got the point, though they didn't think it was very funny. Neither did Jones by the time he got back to Ramstein, having been cross-examined at the U.S. embassy in Vienna, and again in Frankfurt by a mysterious team identified only as "Western intelligence." After two days in the post hospital for "extreme nervousness," Jones had the Air Force Office of Special Investigation at work on him last week. And, girls being girls, no one could say whether his sweetie in Colorado was laughing or crying.

INTERNATIONAL SET

Toujours Prêt

He was short, not overly bright, and hawlegged from years of polo. Yet Porfirio Rubirosa parlayed his genius for making women forget all that into 30 years of grand spree on the international circuit, a private fortune, a worldwide reputation as the last of the Casanovas, and lawful unions with five of the world's most beautiful, or else most spectacularly wealthy women.

Opinions differ on the essence of his appeal. Elsa Maxwell defined it as being "so unbelievably charming and thoughtful that you are off guard before you know it." Zsa Zsa Gabor said he was "a gentleman who should have been born a hundred years ago—this century is too fast for him, too cold." Men were apt to dismiss his allure as a capacity for taking infinite pains in the pursuit of pleasure: having a match flaming by the time a woman's cigarette touched her lips, for example, or being, as his old Paris nickname of "Toujours Prêt" suggested, ever ready to supply affection. Rubi himself simply said, "I try to make women happy. A woman does not like to be pawed. She likes to be—uh—liked."

Women & Lies. His first chance to show how came in his native Dominican Republic with Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo's 17-year-old daughter Flor de Oro (Flower of Gold). Rubi was only a 22-year-old army captain and palace aide, and the Dominican dictator was not very enthusiastic about the match, but he made his new son-in-law a minor envoy to Berlin and was soon convinced he had done the right thing. "He's an excellent diplomat," exclaimed papa, "because women like him and because he is a liar." Flor de Oro tired of Rubirosa in 1937, but Trujillo had found that he came in handy for many tasks, and Rubi stayed on the Dominican diplomatic payroll most of the time until *El Benefactor's* assassination in 1961. At its first meeting, the new government fired him.

After a wartime marriage to French Cinematress Danielle Darrieux, Rubi

in 1947 married Doris Duke, heiress to the \$400 million Duke tobacco fortune. Doubtlessly out of respect for the bride's family, Rubi smoked a cigarette all through the ceremony in Paris (Doris provided the ring), but the marriage lasted only 13 months. Doris was, as he said, "extremely generous," and he went on to become correspondent in two society divorce suits and, in 1953, Husband No. 5 of Dime Store Heiress Barbara Hutton. Babs and Rubi flew aboard a chartered Super Constellation from Manhattan to Palm Beach to honeymoon in the 14-room villa of the Maharajah of Baroda. Alas, Rubi disappeared the next day, turned up some time later aboard a yacht in the Caribbean, where, he explained, he was looking for a "fabulous treasure." Regrettably, Babs gave him some in the form of an unofficial settlement reputed by gossip columnists to be between \$1,000,000 and \$5,000,000.

End in the Bois. "Never again will I marry a woman of wealth," proclaimed Rubi at 44. He didn't need to. In 1957 he wed instead Odile Rodin, a 19-year-old French starlet, and retired to a relatively quiet life in his Paris home (a present from Doris), with his stable of ponies, his racing cars, his books, his garden, and his Chihuahua. Roaring home after an all-night blast celebrating his polo team's winning the French cup, the playboy of the Western World last week cracked up his Ferrari in the Bois de Boulogne, not far from where his friend, Ali Khan, was killed in a car crash five years ago. Rubi died on the way to the hospital.

He was buried in a Paris suburb in a varnished wooden coffin, after a funeral attended by 250 celebrities including Jean Kennedy Smith and Pat Kennedy Lawford, Perfume Queen Mme. Hélène Rochas, Wine King André Dubonnet, and the proprietors of the Tour d'Argent and the Montparnasse discothèque New Jimmy's. None of his ex-wives could make it.

Meet the new queen of the numbers game:



COSTUME BY PAULINE TRIGERE. HAT BY ADOLFO. CALCULATOR BY MONROE. PHOTOGRAPHED AT KITE PEAK NATIONAL OBSERVATORY, ARIZONA, BY HIRD. © 1964

It does things no competitive calculator can.

Like pointing off and printing 14 decimal places automatically. Providing 21 digits for totaling. And giving printed answers as fast as any electronic calculator except Monroe's own EPIC 2000.

MONROE
A DIVISION OF LITTON INDUSTRIES

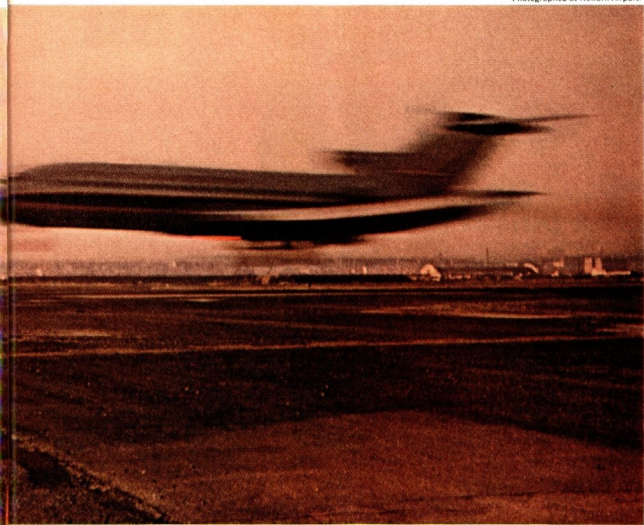


Would you use air freight
for all long-distance distribution?



Sandoz Pharmaceuticals does,
and cuts delivery costs 50%.

Photographed at Newark Airport.



In 1961, Sandoz Pharmaceuticals began using air freight for routine distribution to four southern states. Success there led to expansion of the program. Today, this Hanover, New Jersey, company uses air freight to distribute its products to 23 states.

Delivery times have been shortened by at least a day. Distribution costs have been cut in half, partly because air freight enabled Sandoz

to stop its distribution from a West Coast warehouse. This alone produces a saving of over \$50,000 annually.

Here is another illustration of how air freight technology has given today's businessman a new marketing concept that streamlines distribution and lifts profits.

Isn't it time you checked what air freight can do for your company? For details, call your local airline

cargo sales office, cargo agent or forwarder.

United Aircraft

EAST HARTFORD, CONN. 06108

United Aircraft advances air freight technology with the design and manufacture of jet engines, propellers, environmental and control systems, and vertical lift aircraft.

Only one station wagon offers all three:

1. ^{V/8} power



New 'Vigilante' V-8 packs 250 hp.

Get all the highway performance you expect. Extra power off the road when the going's rough.

Tornado—OHC 6-cylinder engine also available.

2. Turbo Hydra-Matic



Famous Turbo Hydra-Matic* automatic transmission and V-8 power give you quicker, quieter

shifting...smooth acceleration.

Dual range transfer case, too. No wagon tops it! Power steering, power brakes available.

*TRADEMARK OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

3. 4-wheel drive

Twice the traction of ordinary wagons. Go confidently through mud, sand, snow...handle road conditions you wouldn't dare tackle in any other wagon.

New peace of mind...specially with kids in the back!

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO



See your 'Jeep' dealer and test drive the powerful, smooth, sure-footed

'Jeep' Wagoneer

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Halfway Housecleaning

In the face of racking scandal, few heads of government could have shown more outward aplomb than Prime Minister Lester Pearson. His Justice Minister Guy Favreau got a severe dressing down from Chief Justice Frédéric Dorian for having fumbled a notorious-bribery case involving four highly placed Liberals and a Montreal racketeer. For that, Favreau resigned (TIME, July 9), but Pearson loyally pronounced his continuing faith in his talented protégé. Last week Pearson named Favreau president of the Privy Council. The job might have been a sinecure, but Pearson tacked on a key role in the delicate area of federal-provincial relations. Favreau would also stay on in the touchy slot of Quebec party leader.

Favreau's new appointment brought a storm of criticism against Mike Pearson's Liberal government, which has been tarnished in a series of other scandals. Opposition Leader John Diefenbaker cried angrily that "no other country in the world would have given Favreau another Cabinet appointment."

Disdaining the complaints, Pearson announced a Cabinet reshuffle that was designed to look like reform but was at best a halfway housecleaning. To his credit, Pearson did take care of one little problem that was hanging fire. Guy Rouleau, the P.M.'s own parliamentary secretary, had been involved in the case and had resigned; now Pearson drummed Rouleau out of the House of Commons and the party altogether.

How all these moves will strike Parliament when it reconvenes next September remains in doubt. Members of Pearson's Liberal minority government applauded his loyalty to Favreau. But Pearson failed to strengthen the leadership of a government in which the bribery scandal was only one of many difficulties needing attention—most importantly the conflict between the provinces and federal government, and the dangerous split between French- and English-speaking Canadians.

PERU

Battling the Castroites

For a month Castroite terrorists have been raising havoc in Peru's remote central highlands. One band of 60 men invaded two big cattle estates near Concepción, burned homes and barns, destroyed a dairy plant and dynamited two bridges nearby. Other guerrillas raided two police outposts, stole arms and ammunition, killed seven police before disappearing into the dense Andean jungles. Last week the terrorists carried their vicious little war to Lima itself. One night a small bomb exploded in Lima's fashionable Club Nacional

and another erupted outside the nearby Crillon Hotel. Remarkably, only three people were hurt.

Up to now Peru, one of the really hopeful countries in the hemisphere (TIME cover, March 12), seemed safe from the Castro threat. The country's economy is strong, and President Fernando Belaúnde Terry has been adding new roads, schools and communications lines in the interior to reduce the backlands poverty and remoteness that breeds revolutionaries. After last



LIMA POLICE ARRESTING EXTREMIST
A sharp new awareness.

week's bombings, Peruvians were jarred into a sharp new awareness that they are not immune.

All-Out War. After first dismissing the terrorists as no worse than bandits, Belaúnde reacted sharply. Declaring all-out war on the extremists, he suspended constitutional guarantees for 30 days—banning public assembly, allowing police to search homes without warrants, and permitting the indefinite detention of suspects.

A few hours later, police began rounding up more than 300 known Communists and extremists belonging to the pro-Communist National Liberation Front. Meanwhile, Belaúnde ordered 100 anti-guerrilla commandos and 500 infantrymen into the central highlands, along with helicopters, Canberra bombers and light artillery.

First Catch. The battle may well be long and tedious. At least three guerrilla bands—200 to 300 men—are operating in the interior. The government claims that they are financed by Cuba and Red China. The bands are led by Luis de la Puente, a wily, pro-Castro attorney who

is wanted in Lima for a 1962 murder. By week's end, government troops had already captured one small guerrilla group near Cuzco along with 16 Czech-made submachine guns and three cases of rifles. Belaúnde's government sounded determined to track down the rest of the terrorists. "We will proceed with utmost energy," promised Premier Fernando Schwalb, "and with all means at our disposal."

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Waiting for Godoy

A weary Ellsworth Bunker, U.S. member of the OAS peace team in Santo Domingo, settled back in his not-so-easy chair. "This is a frustrating business," he said. "Some of these people are so difficult. They care more about their own political futures than about the good of the country." If that appraisal seemed harsh, it was at least understandable as tantalizing hope for settlement continued to alternate with delays at the conference table and petty provocations in the street.

Gunboat Diplomacy. The week started off brightly. General Antonio Imbert Barreras, leader of the loyalist forces, and Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deñó, commander of the rebel army entrenched in downtown Santo Domingo, were honoring the cease-fire. Both sides appeared close to an agreement on the choice of a man to head an interim government until elections can be held. He was Héctor García Godoy, 44, a middle-roading liberal who once served as Foreign Minister in the Cabinet of deposed President Juan Bosch.

Then things threatened to come unstuck again. Caamaño agreed to permit an OAS tanker to enter the rebel-held harbor one afternoon and supply a city power plant. But behind the tanker came an unexpected junta gunboat, bristling with 3-in. artillery and .50-cal. machine guns. If the junta's intention was to provoke an incident, it failed. Caamaño's troops held their fire, and the gunboat churned out of the harbor 45 minutes later. Next night, however, rebel troops started firing their rifles in the air, drawing fire from the junta side. For half an hour, the two camps blasted away fiercely at each other.

Impatient Heeler. The incidents did not appear to hinder OAS negotiations. García Godoy campaigned around town like a practiced war heeler, even began considering Cabinet members while waiting impatiently for the formal announcement of his appointment. As one OAS meeting followed another, Caamaño seemed to back García Godoy while Imbert continued to stall. The final choice may come next week—or next month. For all its frustration, the U.S. is still certain that it is now only a matter of time before both sides agree on a name.

PEOPLE

"Gimme!" she said fiercely.

"Trottop!" exclaimed Peter.

The glory of her flamed in him. With magnificent nonchalance, he grasped the frail net that shrouded her shoulders, ripped it to shreds, and cocked an appraising eye at the pale, smooth skin. Rhythm beat in their ears. The surf surged and ebbed.

"Love me, Peter?" whispered Judy . . .

A question of about the same importance now confronts the world of letters: Who wrote the novel that contains this gooey hokey? **Jean Harlow** wrote it, with the help of an M-G-M journeyman. Completed before Harlow's death, the manuscript has been hidden away for the past 32 years. Published last week in the midst of a harrowing Harlow revival, *Today Is Tonight* (Grove Press; \$5) reads like the first crude script of a Harlow movie—happy but sappy, and crammed with such insights as: "Funny that a man should want you tanned all over." An earnest preface suggests that the girl who brought back the bosom also had a brain, but on the textual evidence, it can be said that she was at most a size 32A in the literary department.

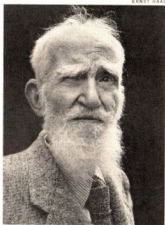
In a corner of Manhattan's Shepherd's discolothèque, on the dance floor of the Waldorf ballroom, gradually more in public view, New York City's Widower Mayor **Robert Wagner**, 55, had been squiring his deputy's sister, blonde, socially registered **Barbara Cavanagh**, 36. Last May, in declaring himself out of the running for reelection, the mayor added pointedly: "I have some obligations to myself too."



MAYOR WAGNER & FIANCEE
New obligation.

Now it's official: Barbara and Bob will be married by Francis Cardinal Spellman on July 26 in a private chapel in the cardinal's residence. Barbara, some friends report, feels that New York City is a great place to visit and all that, but would like to live elsewhere. The newest buzz is that Bob may oblige his bride by running for Governor Nelson Rockefeller's house in Albany next year.

Why not organize a trade union for prostitutes? The idea seemed stunning in 1907, when trade-unionism was new and the oldest profession still flourishing. Actress **Florence Farr** got to wondering what sort of person would be best suited to run such an organization, and she put the question to just the right man: Playwright **George Bernard Shaw**.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
Old trade.

Shaw, who himself had exhibited a fatherly concern for the girls in *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. Well, mused Shaw in his reply, "the project seems pretty utopian." For one thing, he wrote, the people engaged in the trade "are the loudest detractors of it," while its "protectors" are "of extraordinarily good character." But perhaps the union job "could be done by a very energetic, muscular and violent woman, with the devotion of a saint and the arbitrariness and executive power of a prizefighter." No one fitting that description appeared on the scene, and the idea of an International Sisterhood of Dooxies died—but Shaw's letter survived, was auctioned off last week in London's decorous Sotheby & Co. to a New York bookdealer for \$168.

Can a British nobleman wed to a charming princess find happiness on a motorcycle? He tried it last week on the fairy-tale Isle of Man, but he did not quite achieve it. On the winding 374-mile Tourist Trophy Motorcycle Race course, **Lord Snowdon**, 35, done up in a black leather outfit, crash helmet and steel-tipped boots, gunned his



LORD SNOWDON
No record.

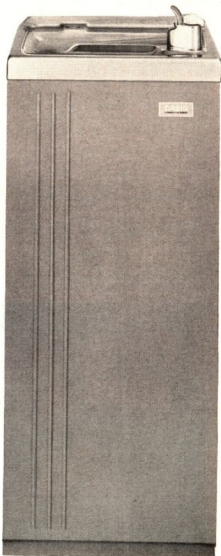
little Triumph 500 c.c. around the circuit like a latter-day Zorro. It was his first time on a cycle since his Cambridge days 12 years ago, and try as he would, Tony never got up beyond 90 m.p.h., something less than a track record. Afterward someone asked his wife Margaret, who had come out to Man to preside at the opening of the Manx Tynwald (Parliament), if she'd been worried about Tony. No, she smiled, "but I would have been if I had known what speed he was going to do."

"Au secours!" cried Artist **Bernard Buffet**, 37. "He is destroying my lovely icebox!" Back in 1958, Buffet had decorated the whole refrigerator—front, top and sides—with a brittle angular still life of fish and other goodies for a Paris art show called "The Nobility of the Everyday Object." The object was sold for \$2,200 at a charity auction, and the Danish purchaser, an obscure painter named **Haag Fersing**, began breaking it down to sell individual panels as "paintings on metal by Bernard Buffet." That was too much for Bernard, who got an injunction preventing Fersing from tampering with the ice-cube masterpiece. Now Fersing will just have to eat off his Buffet or sell it whole.

It was summer investiture time at Buckingham Palace, and as five solemn yeomen of the guard preceded **Queen Elizabeth II**, 39, into the State Ballroom, scarlet-coated musicians embarked upon the prelude to the august occasion with a stirring rendition of that regal air, *Heigh-Ho*, from Walt Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Then Her Majesty conferred knight-hoods and other ancient honors of the kingdom on 174 subjects while the band played on—and on and on. Included in the Little Knight Music: *Dancing in the Dark*, *I Won't Dance*, *You're Not Sick*, *You're Just in Love*, *The Lady Is a Tramp*. At the end, the dour yeomen quickstepped out to *Whistle While You Work*. God Save the Queen.



This is your queue to add another OASIS



Maybe one water cooler was all you needed a few years ago. But if you've added space and people since then, this can mean a long walk and lineup for a refreshing drink. Lost time and patience. That's your cue to add an Oasis. Either a water cooler, or a Hot 'n Cold refreshment center that serves piping hot water for coffee, tea, and soups . . . cold water for thirst-quenching or mixing flavored instant beverages. Saves time, steps, money.

Oasis covers the waterfront with coolers and Hot 'n Cold units for every capacity and need in offices, factories, stores, institutions. Pressure or

bottle models. Free-standing or Against-A-Wall. On-A-Wall or Semi-Recessed. Special units for industrial conditions. Want action? Check the Yellow Pages, water cooler section under Oasis, or write for free catalog No. 1596 with "Model Selector Guide."

Model ODP13A is new Against-A-Wall cooler that conceals all plumbing. Furnishes 13 gph of 50° water, enough for 154 people.

OASIS
WATER COOLERS

Sold or rented everywhere

EBCO MFG. CO. Dept. A-41

265 N. Hamilton Rd., Columbus, Ohio 43213

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

The Troubled Tide of Automation

New York Post Publisher Dorothy Schiff was tearfully threatening to shut down her paper unless she could save money by using a computerized typesetter. Bertram Powers, local boss of the International Typographical Union, was adamantly demanding 50% of any wage savings. Between the two, they were generating rumors that Manhattan might soon lose another daily. Then, after a week's trial run with the computer at the Post, Bert Powers went off on vacation. The paper went back to its old-fashioned Linotype machines, and Mrs. Schiff, apparently accepting at least a temporary defeat, announced the negotiations had been adjourned *sine die*.

Had the problem simply been kicked around until it disappeared? Hardly. New York's newspaper publishers insist that they must automate to survive. Of the town's six dailies, only the Times and the News are making money. Meanwhile, automation is either in operation or in the planning stage at newspapers across the U.S. Some 60 papers are already using the computer system that Mrs. Schiff wants to install; eventually, Powers or no, the machine is bound to invade New York in force.

Rebellious Reporters. From California to Florida, composing rooms are humming and clicking to the tune of modern electronics. No longer must a printer justify lines by hand—expanding or contracting them to fit the width of a column. Nor need he worry about hyphenating words. Instead, a typist punches out a tape that is then fed into a computer. Out comes another tape,

this one justified and hyphenated, ready to be fed into an automatic high-speed typesetter.

While Mrs. Schiff and her fellow publishers bargain for the chance to introduce this kind of computer, the Los Angeles Times, for one, has already moved a step beyond. For a brief period it experimented with machines that allowed reporters to punch out their own tapes as they wrote their stories. The machines rebelled against the reporters' hunt-and-peck typing, and the reporters rebelled against the machines. Now a bank of typists makes tapes from reporters' copy.

Automation experts agree that the day is not far off when most large dailies will have electronic readers to convert reporters' copy into tape, while the computers will be able to digest editors' corrections as well. Computers, which are now used for subscription and billing, will also set blocks of advertising copy. Ultraspeed phototypesetting machines will be able to run 1,000 lines of type a minute.

Unresolved Issue. The major obstacles to the onrush of automation are almost all human. On the one hand, newspaper management has been slow to grasp the importance of the new technology; on the other, the labor unions fear that automation will cost them their jobs.

For such papers as the L.A. Times and the Quincy (Mass.) Patriot-Ledger, with non-union composing rooms, intransigent labor bosses have been no problem, and management has been able to set its own pace. When the New York Daily News ordered a typesetting computer in 1963, union reaction was swift. Bert Powers balked and threatened a work stoppage. Though the News promised not to lay off any printers and to retrain them to handle the computer, the paper was forced to

return the machine. This year, in contract negotiations with the New York Publishers Association (of which the Post is not a member), Powers demanded that 63% of the savings from any new automated equipment go into a union fund; the publishers refused, and the issue was left unresolved.

Savings by Attrition. Most papers using computers do have a contract with the I.T.U., and they have generally satisfied the union by guaranteeing that no one will lose his job except through attrition—by dying, retiring, or quitting. Still, some papers already report substantial savings from a reduced work force. W. S. Morris, president of the Southeastern Newspapers Corp. (Augusta Chronicle and Herald, Savannah News and Press) finds that there has been a 15% drop in printing personnel due to attrition. Similarly, the composing-room staff of the Birmingham News has dropped from 208 to 163. Says News Vice President Victor Hanson II, "When you talk about just one man with fringe benefits, you're talking about \$10,000 a year."

At some papers, no printers have lost jobs, not even through attrition. In an expanding newspaper market—unlike New York's—publishers are eager to take advantage of increased printer productivity. Using a computer, the Miami Herald was able to increase its work load by 10% without dropping any of its 250-man composing room crew.

Reluctant to Retrain. The I.T.U. has demanded jurisdiction over all jobs connected with typesetting computers and the retraining of its members to fill such jobs. For the most part, management has complied, even though a high-school graduate can be taught to use the computers at less than half the wage of a journeyman printer. Sometimes, however, printers are reluctant to be retrained. The Denver Catholic Register, which has a weekly press run of 875,000 in 34 different editions, failed to persuade its printers to con-



LOS ANGELES TIMES'S AUTOMATED LINTYPES



CATHOLIC REGISTER TAPING FOR COMPUTER

The major obstacles are human.



Open...

drop in...

shoot!

Kodak brings the Instamatic Camera idea to movies ...and introduces a new era in movie enjoyment

Kodak has redesigned the movie camera. New KODAK INSTAMATIC Movie Cameras load *instantly, automatically*. Just slip the KODAPAK Movie Cartridge into the camera and shoot! No threading. No winding. No flipping. Zoom model shown, less than \$175. Other KODAK INSTAMATIC Movie Cameras from less than \$50.

Kodak has redesigned the movie film with 50% more picture area for better, more lifelike movies. The new KODAPAK Movie Cartridge is factory-loaded with improved KODACHROME II Film in the new Super 8 format—giving you 50 feet of uninterrupted shooting.

Kodak has redesigned the movie projector. The KODAK INSTAMATIC M70 Movie Projector lets you show any scene at normal, fast, or slow-motion speeds—forward and reverse. "Still" projection, too. Brilliant illumination, automatic threading. Less than \$160. Other models from less than \$65.



Prices subject to change without notice.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N.Y.

Kodak
—a trademark since 1888



"He has to be good. This airline won't settle for less."



The word is out: TWA has the real pros up front.

The captain in command of your TWA StarStream jet is no ordinary pilot. He's probably logged the equivalent of 300 times around the globe—flown jets in and out of airports from San Francisco to Bombay.

His airline is the only one with routes throughout the U.S. and to Europe and beyond.

But with all he knows about flying, he takes time to learn more. He has regular sessions at the Trans World Airlines training center in Kansas City. Facilities are so advanced, he

can polish skills that took 7 or 8 million miles to develop.

It's good to fly with pilots who fly the world. You do on TWA, between 70 U.S. cities and 18 world centers abroad.

Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on



vert to tape punching; the paper simply hired girls to do the job.

In New York, where most of the papers are in financial straits, I.T.U. demands are excessive. Referring to the publishers' failure to stand firm on automation in this year's contract, a Houston newspaper executive remarked sadly: "They have given away their birth right." Says an editor at the St. Petersburg Times: "Most of us think this modernization has to come if newspapers are going to stay alive. It's got to happen, and it sure looks from here as if Bert Powers is just standing down on the beach trying to tell the tide not to come in."

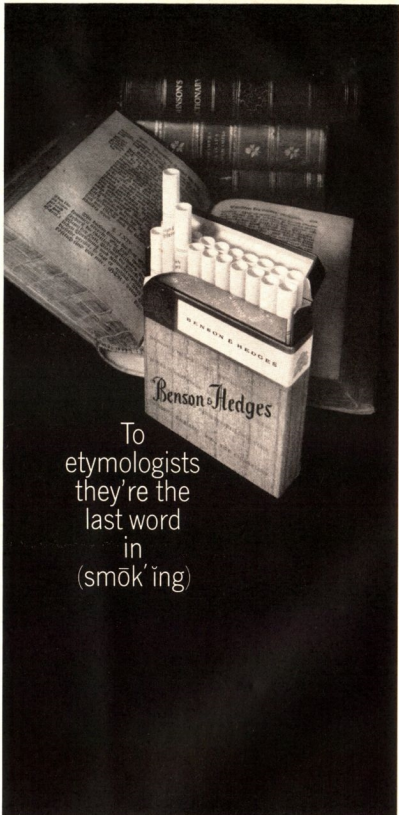
Southward Venture

"This is a path-breaking venture in American journalism," wired President Lyndon Johnson. "You have set for yourselves an important mission." That mission is to produce the first U.S. daily devoted exclusively to news from south of the border—the Latin American Times. Now in its third week of publication, the eight-page English-language Times is reporting such stories as a survey of the new, incendiary rebel newspapers in Santo Domingo and an exposé of a cloak-and-dagger U.S. Army outfit in Chile that has ruffled feathers in the U.S. embassy. "In any given day," boasts Publisher Leonard Saffir, "the Times prints more news about Latin America than all the rest of the newspapers in the U.S. combined."

Saffir concocted the idea of the paper over a drink at a United Nations cocktail party, where he met the Latin American journalist Jorge Losada, who is now the Times's editor in chief. After 13 years as editor of the Spanish-language Latin American newsmagazine *Visión*, Losada was convinced that U.S. businessmen, with roughly \$10 billion in investments in Latin America, were hungry for more news from the land where their money is. And Saffir, a longtime I.N.S. foreign correspondent, who had brought out the highly profitable New York Standard during the 1963 newspaper strike, was anxious to start another paper.

After collecting \$300,000 in backing from both U.S. and Latin American businessmen, the Times assembled a 40-man staff, opened bureaus in Washington, Miami, Mexico City and Buenos Aires. The Times became a welcome client of seven wire services, whose Latin American reporters grumble that their stories are rarely published in the U.S. press. In addition, the Times carries guest columns by persons prominent in Latin American affairs.

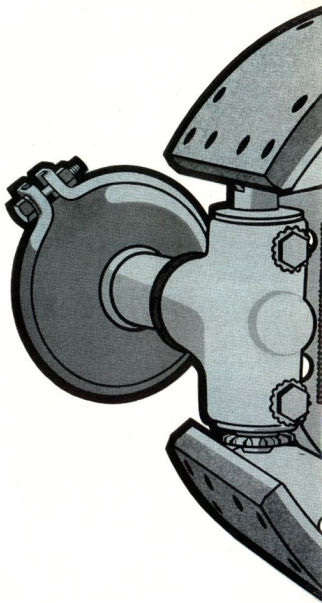
At a price of 25¢ a copy (\$50 a year) in the U.S., the paper is aimed primarily at the U.S. business community; most of its 4,000 subscribers are businessmen in the U.S. with interests in Latin America. Latin American subscription prices range from a forbidding \$100 for air-freight delivery in Buenos Aires to \$75 in Bogotá.



To
etymologists
they're the
last word
in
(smōk'ing)



You pay more for Benson & Hedges.
And, from recessed mouthpiece to personal case,
you get more.



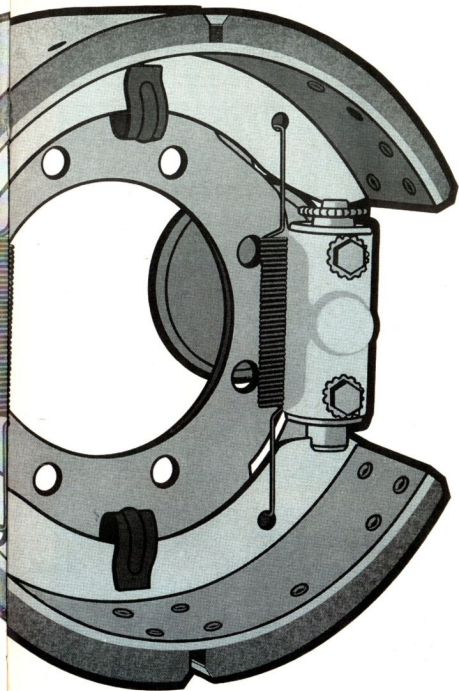
...WE ALSO MAKE ALUMINUM GRATING

Brakes for trucks, gratings for chemical plants. Poles apart? Not at Rockwell-Standard®. We're big in brakes—air, hydraulic, and

mechanical brakes—that make heavy-duty vehicles safe and efficient. And we're strong in gratings—aluminum and steel

gratings—for open flooring and stairs to keep factories safe.

Diversified? Yes. But we're also specialized—with a creditable



number of product "firsts" in each of our twelve major product lines. This is why we can give our customers special service.

What can we do for you? You'll find the answers in our booklet "Dynamic . . . Diversified." Just write to the address below.

AXLES • TRANSMISSIONS • SPECIAL GEAR DRIVES • SPRINGS
(all types) • BUMPERS • SEATING (automotive) • UNIVERSAL
JOINTS • BRAKES • EXECUTIVE
AIRCRAFT • FILTERS • GRATING •
LIGHTING STANDARDS • FORGINGS
MANUFACTURING SPECIALISTS FOR
A WIDE WORLD OF INDUSTRY



ROCKWELL-STANDARD CORPORATION 300 SIXTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA. 15222



AUSTRALIA'S THOMSON
First, for the fifth time.

GOLF

The Aussie Menace

U.S. golf fans may never even have heard of him—but that's fine as far as Peter Thomson is concerned. A stocky (5 ft. 9 in., 170 lb.), stolid Aussie who 16 years ago gave up a promising career as a chemist to play pro golf, Thomson is frankly anti-American. "I've always been one to keep the Yanks at their distance," he says, and he diligently keeps his own—by refusing to compete on the big-money U.S. tour. But by one standard, at least, Thomson at 35 ranks as one of the game's top stars: he has probably won more national championships than any other golfer in the world. Last week, to a collection that already includes seven New Zealand Opens, two Hong Kong Opens, the Philippines Open, the Australian Open and the Spanish Open, he added the British Open—for the fifth time.

Thomson did it on familiar ground: England's Royal Birkdale golf course, 7,037 yds. of sand, gorse, bracken and narrow fairways that twist like green ribbons around the bleak coast of Liverpool Bay. It was at Royal Birkdale that Thomson won his first British Open in 1954—when Arnold Palmer was still an amateur and Jack Nicklaus was in junior high school. Palmer was there last week, gunning for his third British Open with a brand-new putter and the happy air of a man who has given up trying to give up smoking. So was Nicklaus, grimly "desperate" he said, to win the only one of pro golf's four top titles (others: the U.S. Open, the Masters, the P.G.A.) that had eluded him so far. Also on hand was Gary Player, who completed a sweep of his own by winning last month's U.S. Open. In practice, Nicklaus shot a 65, wowed spectators by reaching Royal Birkdale's par-five, 510-yd. 17th hole with a drive and a sand wedge. Tony Lema, the 1964 winner, went Nicklaus one better; he turned his silver trophy over to of-

ficials and said cockily: "Put this in safekeeping for me for four days."

Lema wasn't kidding. As the match got under way, he shot a first-round 68, five-under-par—one-putting seven greens, coolly curling in twisting putts of 20 ft. and 30 ft. for birdies. But by the end of the second day, the field was still so tightly bunched that only six strokes separated the top 22 golfers.

Slip in the Tub. Nerves began to show. Lema moaned about his driving ("I know where to hit the ball, but I can't hit it there") and Nicklaus griped about the greens: "Bumpy, too slow, the worst I've ever seen for a British Open." Player's complaint was a stiff neck, the consequence of trying to do calisthenics in his bathtub. "I can only manage half a backswing," he groaned. Peter Thomson kept quiet—mostly because he had never felt better in his life. For four years, he had been plagued by chronic hay fever, but Royal Birkdale's sea breeze was just the thing for his sniffles.

And, as it turned out, for his game. At the halfway point, Thomson was only two strokes off Lema's pace. Then, as the golfers teed off for the 36-hole final round, the gentle breeze turned to blustery gusts; pelting rain lashed the fairways and collected in puddles on the saucer-shaped greens. One by one, Thomson's competitors faltered. Player staggered through a morning-round 79, picked up his ball and quit without bothering to play out the last 18. Losing his touch altogether, Palmer missed twelve short putts (10 ft. and under) in the morning. In the afternoon he blew sky-high with a 79 that dropped him all the way to 16th place. Nicklaus' problem was that he didn't know his own strength. On the first hole, he

overshot the green, found his ball resting on top of a well cover. He asked for a free drop, got it—and dropped the ball smack into a clump of wild raspberries. His morning-round score: a four-over-par 77.

Cutting the Dogleg. That left only Tony Lema. All through the long afternoon, Lema and Thomson fought it out, the Aussie relaxed and smiling, clicking off his shots with monotonous accuracy, the American tense and grim, spraying drives, recovering with remarkable chips and putts. After 16 holes, Thomson was ahead by a stroke. Then he bore down. His drive cut the dogleg of the 17th hole. A perfect No. 3 iron put him on the green, and two putts gave him a birdie four. Lema's drive sliced into the rough, and his second shot soared over a fence into the crowd. He was lucky to escape with a five.

It was over. Another birdie on the 18th gave Peter Thomson a 72-hole total of 285, seven under par. It also gave the new British Open champion a free trip to the U.S., to compete in next month's World Series of Golf for the game's richest prize: \$50,000. That is, if Yankophobia Thomson wanted to go. Harrumph, harrumph. Of course he did. "There's no reason," he said crisply, "why I shouldn't do well over there."

CREW

Top Strokes

Karl Adam, the 216-lb. braunschweiger-built coach of West Germany's Ratzeburg Rowing Club, isn't boasting when he says, "I have shown I can produce champions year after year."

Since 1953, when he became Ratzeburg coach, Adam's piston-smooth crew has won eight German championships,



GERMANY'S RATZBURG ROWERS
Revenge is sweeter the second time around.

Miller High Life

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Sparkling...
flavorful...
distinctive!

Backyard, USA . . . Miller High Life, served with taste tempting favorite foods makes any meal a banquet. Next time you're having friends over, have plenty of Miller High Life on hand . . . in cans or familiar crystal clear bottles.

BREWED ONLY IN MILWAUKEE FOR 110 YEARS!





(1.) Rubber transom seal reduces motor vibration, noise—cost. This ring of Goodyear molded rubber isolates drive unit from boat transom. Eliminates transfer of engine vibration to hull. Boat manu-

facturer credits seal for quieter, smoother ride. Drier, too—because seal is leakproof. And it resists water, oil, abrasion. Remains watertight for life of motor. Easy installation keeps motor's cost low.

There are 30,000 ways to cut costs

(Here are 2. There are 29,998 more.)

We've engineered rubber products to meet 30,000 different specifications. And they all have one thing in common . . . they help cut costs. Reason? They're engineered to perform better . . . last longer . . . replace costlier materials you may now be using.

Only Goodyear, world's largest supplier of



(2.) Conveyor belt hauls 2,000,000 tons of hot coke, lowers costs. 42"-wide Goodyear belt set new tonnage mark for this Pennsylvania steel mill. Installed in 1959—and still going strong—belt's

long service helps keep costs low. Special cover—recommended by the G.T.M.—resists impact, abrasion, chemical fumes and temperatures of 350°F to 400°F. Belt runs continuously, reliably.

...with Goodyear rubber engineering

industrial rubber products, has so many ways to lower your costs. Call your local Goodyear distributor. He'll put you in touch with the man who can specify exactly the right products for your needs—the G.T.M. (Goodyear Technical Man). Or write: Goodyear Industrial Products, Akron, Ohio 44316.

GOODYEAR
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS



Until now, these distinguished tobaccos were never offered to cigarette smokers.



Today, a master blend of the world's five great pipe tobaccos is available in a filter cigarette.

Masterpiece cigarettes have briar tips. They come in unique briar-grain packages.

And their distinctive flavor explains why they cost a bit more.



three European titles, one world title (1962), an Olympic gold medal and an Olympic silver medal. Drawing on his experience as a physics teacher, he designed a tulip-shaped oar that gets a better bite on the water, conceived the idea of rigging the No. 4 and 5 oars on the starboard side of the shell to reduce veering. He also became the first coach to put his men on a weight-lifting regimen to build shoulder muscles. The only thing that Adam didn't do was learn how to live with the few defeats that came his way. Last year, after Ratzeburg narrowly lost out in the Olympic finals to Philadelphia's hot-shot Vesper Boat Club, Adam locked himself up in a room for a full day.

Two weeks ago, Adam got his chance for revenge. At England's 126-year-old Henley Royal Regatta, the Ascot of crew racing, Vesper knocked off Harvard, the best college crew in the U.S. In the finals, to determine the best crew in the world, it was Ratzeburg against Vesper. Ratzeburg led all the way, finished half a length ahead, set a new Henley record of 6 min. 16 sec. for the one-mile and 550-yd. course.

That evening the score with Vesper, but it didn't settle anything. Taking up an offer from the Gillette Safety Razor Co.'s German branch, Vesper agreed to enter the Ratzeburg Regatta and race once again against the powerful West German crew. Last week, on a windless lake close to the little (pop. 12,123) town of Ratzeburg near the Danish frontier, Karl Adam's husky boys got off with a fast-chopping 50 strokes a minute, built up a one-half-length lead before slowing the pace to 41 strokes. At times, the Vespers pumped away at more than 40 strokes, but never succeeded in closing the distance. Ratzeburg glided past the finish line of the 2,000-meter course a neat 9 ft. ahead.

Having proved twice that his crew is the best in the world, Coach Adam, 53, is thinking of retiring. "I'm getting older," he says, "and an older coach doesn't have the same contact and relationship with his boys as a younger coach. There isn't the same enthusiasm."

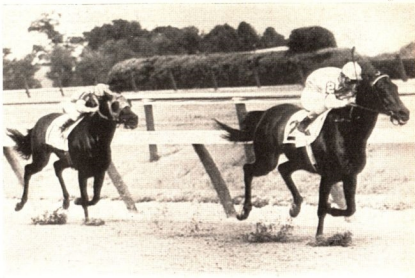
Maybe the Vespers can find a job for him.

AUTO RACING

Close Call at Silverstone

Anybody who has tried to start an automobile on a cold winter morning knows how unpredictably exciting the internal combustion engine can be. After last week's British Grand Prix at Silverstone, Jim Clark (TIME, cover, July 9) has had just about all the excitement he can stand. There he was in his little green Lotus, leading Graham Hill by a comfortable 35 sec., with the race four-fifths over. Coming out of a bend, Clark stepped on the accelerator. Gasp. Cough.

Apparently his spark plugs were fouled. Hill's B.R.M. pit crew heard the rough engine too. Graham caught their



KELSO WINNING DIAMOND STATE HANDICAP
Back, and in the lead.

frantic signals, grimly poured it on. Drifting through the corners as tightly as possible, slipstreaming other cars to gain momentum before he passed, Hill began to eat into Clark's lead at the rate of 3 sec. or more a lap. Clark knew Hill was coming; he kept glancing over his shoulder, ducking back to fiddle with his controls, trying to coax some response out of his sputtering engine.

Several times, Clark's car conked out completely—only to start again. With one lap to go, the crowd was on its feet as the public address announcer ticked off Clark's dwindling lead. Seven seconds, six, five, four, three—and at that instant, right thumb raised high in the classic gesture of victory, Jimmy Clark swept under the checkered flag. By the barest of margins, a scant 100 yds., he had won his fourth straight Grand Prix race of the season.

HORSE RACING

The Mink-Lined Millionaire

If ever a horse earned the right to a luxurious retirement, it was Kelso. Last November, following a spectacular six-year career in which the gelding was five times voted Horse of the Year, won 36 races and \$1,893,362—more money than any other thoroughbred in history—"Kelly" quit racing. Owner Al-laure du Pont sent him over Aiken, S.C., farm, gave him a stall with a view, a few hundred acres of pasture all to himself, and a personal groom to look after his every need. He had his own water supply (Vichy, imported from Arkansas), his own special sugar-cane mattress, even his own mailbox—an outside affair that was designed to accommodate the 3,000 letters that arrive each week from sentimental fans.

This season Kelso's retirement seemed to Trainer Carl Hanford a little premature. After all, there has not been

another horse worth snorting at. Gun Bow, Kelso's chief protagonist in 1964, has managed to win only three out of eight races. And the No. 1 handicap horse in the U.S. so far this year is a converted sprinter named Pia Star, who never won a race longer than seven furlongs until last month.

That was enough for Trainer Hanford. "Kelso," he announced, "is happier when active." Strictly for exercise, he entered the eight-year-old in a six-furlong allowance race at New Jersey's Monmouth Park. "He won't even know what six furlongs is." Maybe not, but Kelso still ran third, beaten less than a length for all the money after he stumbled coming out of the starting gate and nearly threw his jockey.

Next stop was Delaware Park and last week's Diamond State Handicap. The distance (1 $\frac{1}{16}$ miles) was more to Kelso's liking, and so was the purse: \$20,000 added. Seventeen horses had been nominated in the stakes event at \$50 a head. The price of a stall in the starting gate was an extra \$250. And when 13 owners saw Kelso on the list, they figured that it was \$250 down the drain, promptly withdrew their animals. It was a wise decision. When Kelso showed up at Delaware Park, he was so keyed up that Owner du Pont tied a silver mink "cribbing collar" around his muzzle—to keep him from biting anyone or anything in sight.

At post time, the odds were 3-10, and track officials canceled all show betting on the race. What race? Kelso galloped easily to a 34-length victory, missed the track record for 1 $\frac{1}{16}$ mi. by just $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. The victory swelled his income by \$14,202 and settled the question of his retirement once and for all. "Kelso will keep running as long as he can beat good horses," said Trainer Hanford. And how long would that be? "Oh, a couple of years or so."

EDUCATION

EDUCATION ABROAD

The Third Debate?

Early this month, 50,000 German university students marched out of their classrooms for day-long demonstrations along the streets of 120 cities and towns. The picket lines had nothing to do with banning the bomb or demanding free speech. Carrying such signs as WHERE IS OUR FAMOUS GERMAN EDUCATION NOW?, the students were protesting the decline and fall of a school system that once was as synonymous with excellence as Swiss watches are in timekeeping. One newspaper called the demonstrations, designed to prod West Germany's two major political parties into pledging their support for better education, "the greatest student initiative since the revolution of 1848."

Basically unchanged since the turn of the century, chronically short-funded, West Germany's educational system is in serious trouble. In a booming economy, the percentage of the gross national product spent on education last year was a low 3.5%. Thousands of farm children still attend classes in old-fashioned one-room schoolhouses; many high schools have neither laboratories nor libraries.

System Strangled. A growing teacher shortage threatens to strangle the entire system. World War II took away many of the young men who would normally have turned to the classrooms. When teachers now in their 50s and 60s begin to retire a decade from now, concludes Philosopher Georg Picht, West Germany will have to persuade 90% of its university graduates to become teachers to fill the gap.

Many Germans are now also questioning the basic structure of the sys-

tem. Like most European countries, Germany separates its young by exam at an early age (ten), sending the brightest through the rigorous, classics-oriented *Gymnasium* and on to the university; the rest attend the *Mittelschule* or the less exacting *Volkschule*, both roughly equivalent to American junior high schools. Currently, less than 7% of German youths enter the *Gymnasium*; in France, by comparison, almost 13% attend the equivalent *lycée*. Many wonder whether so small a number of high-level graduates can provide the intellectual skills to keep Germany's vaunted "economic miracle" on the go.

"Monstrous Abuse." The ruling Christian Democratic Party has repeatedly denied that there is any emergency, and Chancellor Ludwig Erhard angrily dismissed the student demonstrations as a "monstrous abuse." Still, many Germans were sufficiently shocked out of complacency by the protests to study anew the somber statistics cited by Picht, whose book, *The German Educational Catastrophe*, set off a national debate last year. "If the government and the [state] parliaments fail to act now," he warns, "one can already pinpoint who will be responsible for the third debate in 20th century German history."

LEARNING

Lingo Tech

In the jungle battlefields of Viet Nam, knowing the Vietnamese language may be as important to a U.S. soldier as his accuracy in firing an M-14. Supplying American military advisers there with the right words is fast becoming the primary mission of what its graduates call "Lingo Tech": the West Coast



LANGUAGE LAB AT MONTEREY
Just as important as an M-14.

Branch of the Defense Language Institute, located at the Army's historic Presidio in Monterey, Calif.

Operated for all the services by the Army Department, the institute had its modest beginnings in 1941 as an Army intelligence course in Japanese, now has five schools across the country. Of these, the oldest and by far the largest is the branch at Monterey, which trains up to 2,500 military personnel a year in 27 languages and 33 dialects, in courses that range from a twelve-week quickie in Vietnamese to a full 47 weeks in Chinese, Russian, Arabic and some 13 other languages.

Don't Drop a Pencil. The language training at Monterey is the most intense in the U.S., and students joke: "If you drop a pencil in class and take time to pick it up, you've lost an hour's material." Classes run for six hours a day five days a week, interrupted by two two-week vacations throughout the year. Students are expected to spend three hours or more daily on homework.

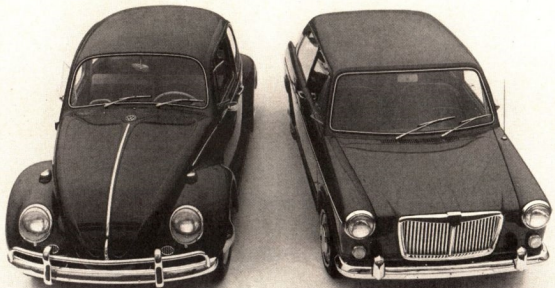
As at Berlitz, students are totally immersed in the language from the moment they enter class. No English is spoken, and students are assigned native pseudonyms by which they are known throughout the course. Starting first with the mastery of sound, they mimic every word of their instructors—most of them natives of the country whose language they teach. Gradually, students move up from sounds to basic grammar to sentences to conversation and writing. To supplement class work, they have textbooks written by Monterey's 381-man faculty, individual tape recorders, closed-circuit television films in the institute's elaborate language lab.

"Our real mission," says Dr. Erwin Gordon, an academic adviser to the institute, "is communication, not vo-



STUDENTS DEMONSTRATING IN HAMBURG
Separation begins at ten.

POPULARITY CONTEST: WHO WON?



Who else!

Of the 28,000 auto-wise readers polled by *Car & Driver* magazine, 27.5% named VW the "Best Economy Sedan." Some 18% nominated our MG Sports Sedan.

Well of course! The winner had a 12-year head-start on us. Result: Volkswagen is owned by 1,364,639 U.S. drivers. MG's Sports Sedan has improved the scene for approximately 20,000...thus far.

Owner ratio: 68.2 to 1. Preference ratio: about 3 to 2.

So what else is new—apart from

the MG Sports Sedan's extraordinary run at the leader? Just about everything that's packed into our bountiful Bundle from Britain:

—leg, hip, shoulder, head, *living* room for 5 (5 adults, not elves)

—a race proved 1100 c.c. twin carburetor engine that makes you a present of 30 m.p.g.

—front wheel drive that has Detroit wondering...worrying...working

—exclusive Hydrolastic® Suspension, a cushy admixture of alcohol and water that makes

metal springs and shocks old hat — spirited, sportive goodies like bucket seats, fade-free disc brakes, 4-speed shift

Congratulations, you lusty, close-fisted 18%.

As for you, VW, wait 'til next year.



FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP., / HAMBRO, INC., DEPT. T-34, 7340 RANDAVE, RIDGEFIELD, N.J.



Secretary Away? Call Today

You just can't beat a Manpower White Glove Girl as a replacement for vacationing office workers! She's specially trained in temporary office work . . . adapts quickly.

TYPISTS • STENOS • OFFICE WORKERS

MANPOWER®

THE VERY BEST IN TEMPORARY HELP

Over 350 offices throughout the world
World Headquarters: Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Cross-country swimmers prefer...



Across America, Master Hosts motor hotels boast refreshing swimming pools and the most relaxing, enjoyable facilities possible. When you travel, look for the most refreshing sign on the road: the bright gold knocker of Master Hosts . . .

Coast to Coast Guaranteed America's Finest Motor Hotels.

Send for your **FREE** directory today
MASTER HOSTS, 6800 Camp Bowie Boulevard
Fort Worth, Texas 76116

name (print) _____

address _____

city _____

state _____

zipcode _____



cabulary or grammar." Monterey's students get heavy doses of local history and culture, often take time out to sample the native cuisine—if available—in San Francisco restaurants. To test a student's practical command of his language, Monterey has set up facsimile banks, post offices and stores where he is forced to negotiate a bank loan, mail home a package or shop for his dinner—all without lapsing into English.

Adviros in Battle. Students of the institute have an additional exercise unavailable in other language schools: mock warfare is enacted on two sides of a partition, with the student "adviros" (advisers) talking back and forth on the telephone. At the end of the battle, students compare notes to see if they were successfully getting the messages across. By the time a student laughs at the same thing a native laughs at, Gordon figures, he is approaching mastery of the language. For Americans, gaining this kind of mastery in Vietnamese is especially hard. As in Chinese, the same word spoken at five or six different meanings. Moreover, Vietnamese has three dialects, of which Monterey teaches two: the classic dialect of Hanoi, with six tones, and that of Saigon, with four.

To meet the heavy demands of the war, the institute now offers a twelve-week crash program in Vietnamese, in addition to the standard 47-week course. Graduates will have a minimum vocabulary of 1,000 words—including all essential military terms. This year, Monterey will graduate 1,000 men from its Vietnamese classes, compared with 150 five years ago. Some may not live long with their knowledge; a bronze memorial plaque, already inscribed with the names of 25 Monterey graduates, has been placed on the door of the Far East Division building.

UNIVERSITIES

The School Miss Bonnie Built

The school started as a gleam in its mother's eye. Two decades ago, tiny Bonnie Cone, a math teacher hardly taller than a blackboard pointer, began directing a program of college extension courses for ex-G.I.s, using what had been the lost-and-found department of a Charlotte, N.C., high school. This month the school that grew from there, with Miss Bonnie pushing it all the way, was designated the University of North Carolina at Charlotte, the juridical coequal of the state university branches at Chapel Hill, Greensboro and Raleigh.

"I knew I wanted to be a teacher before I even started the first grade," Miss Bonnie says. After graduating from South Carolina's tiny Coker College in 1928, she taught mathematics in South Carolina high schools, and in 1940 moved on to Charlotte Central High School. During World War II, she taught math to hundreds of men in the



TEACHER CONE ON CHARLOTTE CAMPUS
A 14-hour day, seven days a week.

armed forces' V-12 program at Duke University, finding time to pick up her own master's degree on the side.

In 1946 the University of North Carolina set up a dozen extension centers, including one at Charlotte's Central High School, to meet the demands of returning veterans. Miss Bonnie became director of the Central center in 1947, nourished the place through a series of crises, still recalls the struggle to keep her faculty on the same pay scale as public-school teachers. "It was the only time I've ever cringed to see schoolteachers get a pay increase," she says. Working an average 14-hour day, seven days a week, Miss Bonnie still managed to get to the bedside of a sick child of a staff member—and to show up at the right doorstep in town when the school needed help from the community. Promoting higher taxes, she got local authorities to buy 227 acres for a campus eight miles northeast of Charlotte and build a plant worth \$3,000,000. With skillful lobbying from Charlotte, the 1963 general assembly was persuaded to put Miss Bonnie's school—now Charlotte College—into the state's four-year system.

This fall, as a branch of the university, Charlotte expects an enrollment of 2,000 commuting students and a faculty of 84. With its future growth seemingly assured, the big question for the campus now is: Will Miss Bonnie, who is acting chancellor, be appointed permanently? Although her sex and her lack of an earned doctorate might be considered handicaps by some, Miss Bonnie, now 58, is unconcerned. "Nobody here is worried about the future," she says, "and I least of all. We are not here to elevate ourselves, but the institution."

German astrolabe, 1581, crafted by John Reinhold.



A tradition of excellence.

Centuries old, the precision navigating instrument shown above reflects one man's dedication to excellence in his work.

Today at IBM we strive with this

same dedication. Pride of craftsmanship, technical mastery, and meticulous attention to details are working goals for everyone concerned with IBM® Electric Typewriters.

This uncompromising dedication is reflected in the IBM Executive®, a typewriter that gives correspondence the look of fine printing—and creates impressions beyond words.

IBM





SCIENCE

CRYOGENICS

A Wonderful, Terrible Liquid

Its atom contains only one proton and one electron, which makes it the lightest element known to science. It is completely colorless, completely odorless. And it is that ultimate simplicity that has earned for hydrogen some of the most sophisticated jobs in modern science. Refrigerated into a liquid state, hydrogen is helping physicists to peer into the heart of the atom, to trace the fleeting histories of the smallest building blocks of matter. Space scientists are depending on it to launch the Apollo spacecraft that will take the first U.S. astronauts to the moon.

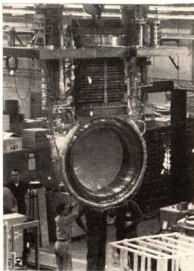
Simplicity, however, is not hydrogen's only attribute. In its liquid state, it is one of the most intractable and unforgiving substances on earth. It is given to violent explosions on the slightest opportunity. It was only natural that the very presence of a tank of liquid hydrogen was immediately blamed last week for the blasts that rocked the Harvard-M.I.T. electron accelerator laboratory at Cambridge and injured eight young scientists.

Investigators are still trying to determine the exact cause of the blast. The accelerator, buried 16 ft. below ground, was not damaged, and there was no danger of radioactivity. Still, the laboratory's new bubble chamber for the study of subnuclear particles lay twisted and scorched in the \$1,000,000 wreckage. When all the evidence has been studied, the deceptively simple element may yet be exonerated. But significantly, when the accident occurred, the scientists were cautiously handling hydrogen, piping it into the 100-gal. bubble chamber.

Vicious Problem. Although a British scientist, Sir James Dewar, first liquefied hydrogen in 1898, it remained a mere curiosity until after World War II. Then it was enlisted as a tool in the modern specialty of cryogenics (the science and technology of very low temperatures), which has been instrumental in developments ranging from exotic new metals to important new discoveries in superconductivity. Liquid hydrogen came into its own when it was put to use in bubble chambers for experiments in high-energy physics. In such studies, accelerators smash the nucleus of a hydrogen atom, scattering subnuclear debris through the bubble chamber, where scientists can follow and photograph the paths of the tiny charged particles by their tracks of small bubbles. This technique, which was to have been used at Cambridge, has led to the discovery and identification of many new particles.

Valuable as liquid hydrogen is in the lab, though, the men who use it can never forget its dangerous characteristics. The trouble is, it really does not

want to be a liquid. Forced into a fluid state by powerful refrigeration machines, it must be sealed in a double-walled vacuum container and kept constantly below its boiling point (-423°F.) to control vaporization. As a liquid, it is not readily flammable. It is when it vaporizes and comes in contact with oxygen that hydrogen becomes explosive. Which makes for a vicious problem: how to let off the inevitable vapors and avoid rupture of the tank as a result of the pressure of expanding gas, without running the risk of a fire outside the tank. Surprisingly, there have



ASSEMBLING CAMBRIDGE'S BUBBLE CHAMBER
Versatile but volatile.

been few serious accidents in handling the stuff.

Explosive Energy. The same property that makes liquid hydrogen so intractable makes it a powerful and efficient rocket fuel. For use in rockets, liquid hydrogen is changed to its gaseous state, mixed with an oxidizing agent and ignited. Its explosive energy is greater per unit of weight than that of any other fuel now in use: one-third more thrust for each pound of liquid hydrogen than for the same weight of kerosene-oxygen fuels. "The difference in performance of liquid hydrogen over any other rocket fuel," says Norman C. Reuel of North American Aviation's Rocketdyne division, "represents the difference between man orbiting the earth and getting to the moon."

Liquid hydrogen is the fuel for two important U.S. rocket engines—Pratt & Whitney's RL-10 and Rocketdyne's J-2. The RL-10 powers the second stage of Saturn I, scheduled for early Apollo flights; two RL-10s combine to form the Centaur stage of the Atlas-Centaur system built to soft-land Surveyor spacecraft on the moon. J-2 forms the second and third stages of the Saturn V de-

signed for Apollo's man-carrying lunar missions. In the near future, violent but versatile liquid hydrogen may become still more familiar as a fuel for supersonic aircraft.

PLANTS

Beautiful Nuisance

Flowered spikes of lavender blossoms give the water hyacinth a distinctly delicate air. But no aquatic plant is healthier or harder. Few multiply as fast; in the summer months in the tropics, the hyacinth doubles its number once every 30 days. The plant is so prolific that once it takes hold, floating carpets choke rivers, canals, lakes and bays. It hinders boat traffic and uses up oxygen needed by fish. After years of trying to keep the hyacinth at bay, a group of weed-control experts and navigation engineers—the Hyacinth Control Society—met in Palm Beach to discuss their few successes and many failures with the beautiful nuisance.

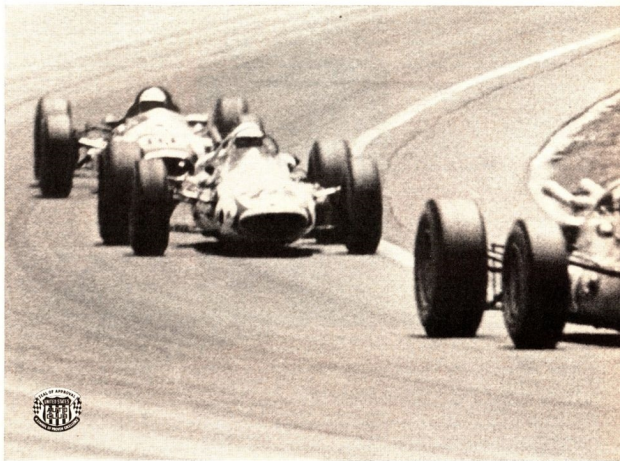
Although the tangled weed abounds in nearly every tropical and subtropical part of the world, the scientists reported, it can be as unpredictable as it is prolific. It sometimes grows below a dam but not above it. In some places, once destroyed, the plant does not grow back; in most other places, it returns as tough as ever. On the Nile, where Egypt spends \$1,500,000 annually on hyacinth eradication with dredges and herbicides, the plants cluster to form islands strong enough to support animals. "You can never let up," says William E. Wunderlich, aquatic growth control chief of the New Orleans District of the Army's Corps of Engineers. "I've seen a 300-h.p. tug stopped tight by water hyacinth. I've seen grown men walking on it."

In the U.S., the water hyacinth has been brought partially under control with the familiar chemical 2,4-D. But 2,4-D may harm surrounding vegetation and is expensive to apply. The manatee, a clumsy, seal-like sea cow with a voracious appetite for hyacinths, has proved a devastating enemy to the plant. Manatees have been placed in bodies of water as a kind of marine lawnmower. They, too, have a drawback: they are listless lovers and slow to reproduce. Two of the sea cows were kept in the same tank for two years. They have no progeny to show for their long affair.

For all the trouble the hyacinth causes, cautioned Oxford Botanist Dr. E.C.S. Little, a member of Britain's Weed Research Organization, the plant is not all bad. It could be harvested, he said, as a new source of food; it has about the same nutritional value as the turnip. Little need have little fear that the plant will be wiped out. It once grew only in fresh water, but in Louisiana it now grows in salt marshes, has even lived for a while out in the Gulf of Mexico. It may soon be attacking tropical ports all over the world.

RECORD WIN AT 1965 INDIANAPOLIS 500 PROVES AGAIN— **FIRESTONE IS THE GREATEST**

It's not what we get out of winning that counts; it's what you get



FIRESTONE SWEEPS FIRST 7 PLACES AT "500!" Only 2 cars on competitive tires able to finish.

Firestone's dramatic victory at the Indianapolis 500 marked its 42nd consecutive win in an unbroken streak that dates back to 1920. This year the first seven cars

all ran on Firestones—and not a one of them changed a tire the entire race. This, despite the fact that the 1965 race marked the fastest Indianapolis 500 in history. It was

also the safest! You can be sure that when you buy a Firestone tire for your automobile, it has been speedway-proved for your highway safety.



2nd **PARNELLI JONES**



3rd **MARIO ANDRETTI**



4th **AL MILLER**



5th **GORDON JOHNCOCK**



6th **MICKEY RUPP**



7th **BOBBY JOHNS**

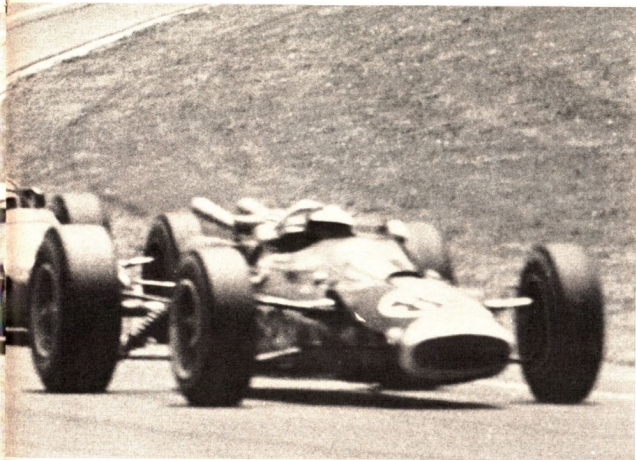
TIRE NAME IN RACING

tires that are safer, stronger and last longer



JIM CLARK SETS NEW RECORD OF 150.686 M.P.H.

"I ran on Firestones because I knew I could count on them. They did a wonderful job. While everyone else was worrying about other things, like tires, we just concerned ourselves with fuel consumption. We knew our Firestone tires would go all the way without a change and had no problem there."



More drivers keep winning on Firestone tires

MORE RACES ARE WON ON FIRESTONES THAN ANY OTHER TIRES—More than 50 years ago Harvey S. Firestone foresaw the use of race tracks as a laboratory for tire engineering. Since then, more race drivers have used—and won with—Firestone tires than any others. Look at this winning record:

INDIANAPOLIS 500
DARLINGTON
SOUTHERN 500
TRENTON SPEEDWAY
DAYTONA
PIKES PEAK
MILWAUKEE 200
PHOENIX 100-MILE NAT'L
CHAMPIONSHIP
RIVERSIDE
REBEL 300
ATLANTA 500
DIXIE 400
CHARLOTTE MOTOR
SPEEDWAY
YANKEE 300

Firestone 44—Others 5
Firestone 13—Others 2
Firestone 16—Others 3
Firestone 19—Others 4
Firestone 41—Others 7
Firestone 17—Others 1
Firestone 14—Others 2
Firestone 3—Others 1
Firestone 7—Others 2
Firestone 4—Others 2
Firestone 4—Others 1
Firestone 6—Others 5
Firestone 2—Others 1



ART ARFONS

World Land Speed record of 539.71 M.P.H. on Firestone tires October 1964 at Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah.



PARNELLI JONES

1964 United States Auto Club Stock Car Champion. Parnelli won 8 major auto races in 1964. . . all on Firestone tires.



FRED LORENZEN

1965 Daytona 500 and Charlotte 600 champ; holder of Class "B" stock car record of 170.68 M.P.H. on Firestone tires.



JIM HALL

Won the 1965 Sebring 12-hour Grand Prix on Firestones. These two champions used Firestone "Indy" tires while the track was dry, and when it rained, switched to Firestone Super Sports G.P.'s. . . Firestone's newly-developed rain tires. Also, winners at Riverside.



HAP SHARP

Firestone

The greatest tire name in racing for over 50 years

SHOW BUSINESS

FESTIVALS

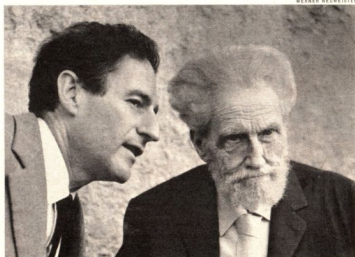
Musica é Martini Dry

When Gian Carlo Menotti took over the cobbled Umbrian city of Spoleto in 1958 for his first Festival of Two Worlds, the musical fringe of Manhattan's cocktail circuit followed him and introduced the martini to local opera buffs. Italian bluebloods rapidly caught on, and *musica é martini dry* became the order of the day.

Eight festivals later, Menotti's show has become a way of life. Nobody (who is anybody) comes out for a day or a single event; one settles in for a week or the whole four-week season. "Once you get here, it's impossible to leave," says Countess Alice Spaulding Paolozzi,

lately relaxed schedule: a 'noontime *apéritif*' in the sun-drenched Piazza del Duomo, where one was sure to see George Balanchine and the Maharani of Jaipur. Or late lunch in the Trattoria Pancirole, followed by a long siesta. The music of pianos, violins and vocalizing floats out of narrow Renaissance windows; artists and audience are on first-name terms within hours. After dusk, international jet setters in white dinner jackets brush shoulders with gaping locals in sweatshirts at the superheated discotheque. Then it is on to a 16th century vaulted cellar that serves *cannelloni* till dawn.

Everybody's Grandfather. The really In do not feel sure they are really in until they have spent an evening or part of



COMPOSER MENOTTI & POET POUND
In at the small ivory turret.

whose daughter Cristina gave the whole family a certain notoriety by posing nude and chest-high for *Harper's Bazaar*. Contessa Wally Castelbarco, Toscanini's daughter, "wouldn't miss it for anything," and presides over Gian Carlo's elegant collection of rival *contesse* who yearn to be his hostesses during the season.

Concerts & Cannelloni. Last week Spoleto was swinging with the usual galaxy of aristocrats, film stars and jet set. The earnest and the merely cultured rapidly settled into the ritual of their daily rounds: breakfast at 10, a midday chamber concert, a five-o'clock poetry reading and then a play at the Seven O'Clock Theater. Ballet or opera was the choice of enchantments for the evening—Choreographer John Cranko's intensely dramatic *Romeo and Juliet*, the swirling color of Yugoslav folk dances, or Conductor Thomas Schippers' sonorous rendition of Verdi's *Otello*.

The habitué follows a more calcu-

latedly relaxed schedule: a 'noontime *apéritif*' in the sun-drenched Piazza del Duomo, where one was sure to see George Balanchine and the Maharani of Jaipur. Or late lunch in the Trattoria Pancirole, followed by a long siesta. The music of pianos, violins and vocalizing floats out of narrow Renaissance windows; artists and audience are on first-name terms within hours. After dusk, international jet setters in white dinner jackets brush shoulders with gaping locals in sweatshirts at the superheated discotheque. Then it is on to a 16th century vaulted cellar that serves *cannelloni* till dawn.

Menotti's ivory turret has been swarmed over by some 200,000 visitors this season. A major draw has been the poetry readings, which have attracted such diverse types as Russia's Evtushenko, Britain's Stephen Spender, and that U.S. patron of the beat, Lawrence Ferlinghetti. Capstone of this year's festival was Ezra Pound, who emerged from his self-imposed, seven-year confinement in a small apartment in Venice to read his poetry. Pound was so charmed by his warm ovation at Spoleto that he refused to go home. "He moved into my palace, walks around town all day, attends every performance and rehearsals, and has nearly supplanted me as

King of Spoleto," says Menotti. "He has become everybody's grandfather—just like Father Christmas."

The only shadow that hangs over the festival is its reputation as a haven for homosexuals, though the fluteline piping of high-pitched voices has lessened over the years. Nevertheless Menotti staunchly maintains: "God forbid that we should look into the sexual habits of the participants of an artistic organization. I refuse to test the healthiness of my festival with a moral thermometer."

SINGERS

Chairman of the Board

It is 20 years since Sinatra toured with a band. Then, the band was Tommy Dorsey's, and the style was smooth and sweet; squealing teen-agers swooned in the aisles. Since then, there has been hot jazz, cool jazz, and most lately, rock 'n' roll. Frankie felt kind of out of it all. He even turned to character acting.

So last week Frankie went back to the hustings. His first target was the jazz fans (rock 'n' rollers are clearly beyond his or anyone else's ken), and his schedule includes appearances at Forest Hills, Chicago, Baltimore and Detroit. His choice for first drop was that citadel of jazz purists, the Newport Jazz Festival. The assault was conducted in the new manner to which Sinatra has become accustomed.

7:51 p.m.: The baby-blue helicopter chopped through the warm, clear sky. Beards wagged and stretch pants stretched. Is it or isn't it? It was. Without a smile or a wave, Frank briskly walked 75 ft. into a special trailer.

8:30: The Oscar Peterson Trio played superbly for 30 minutes, but the audience watched the trailer.

9:05: The Count Basie Band played superbly for 30 minutes, but the audience watched the trailer.

9:35: "Here he is," said Basie, "the chairman of the board." The audience moaned. Out stepped Frank, lyric book in hand, looking a little bald. "Jump," said Frank, shoulders hunched, left hand flicking rhythm, right hand flicking mike. Saved by the lyric book when he forgot words, Frank sang a set of old favorites such as *Get Me to the Church on Time*, *Street of Dreams* and *I've Got You Under My Skin*. He spoke only once to Basie. "Cook, cook, cook, cook, baby, cook."

10:02: Frank drank a cup of tea on stage: "It's not what you think it is. It's tea." He made a joke about Basie's Negro band: "I'd publicly like to thank the N.A.A.C.P. for this chess set they gave me."

Everybody laughed.

10:33: Frank waved a last goodbye, stepped back into the chopper and disappeared. He could afford to. He had made it. He had captured 14,000 skeptical jazz fans and made them Sinatra fans. "It makes you believe in God," said a guy in the audience.



Schweppes Bitter Lemon crossed the ocean and conquered America back in 1961.

**"Of course Schweppes has nothing against children.
It's simply that we invented Bitter Lemon for grownups."**

ABOVE, you see Commander Whitehead explaining a fact of life to a young Schweppesfan:

Schweppes Bitter Lemon is the first *adult* soft drink, as well as the most versatile new mixer since Schweppes Tonic itself.

Schweppes *invented* Bitter Lemon.

"It was our first new drink in 100 years," says Commander Whitehead, "and we did not skimp. Schweppes uses whole fresh lemons in making Bitter Lemon. Juice, pulp, peel, everything."

Turn a bottle of Schweppes Bitter Lemon upside down before you open

it. See the morsels of lemon for yourself. Whole, fresh lemons give Schweppes Bitter Lemon its tart, *grown-up* taste. It's the only soft drink children *don't* like.

If your child *does* like Schweppes Bitter Lemon, don't fret. Instead, rejoice. You have a precocious child.



It's raining. Your dryer won't dry. Who cares?



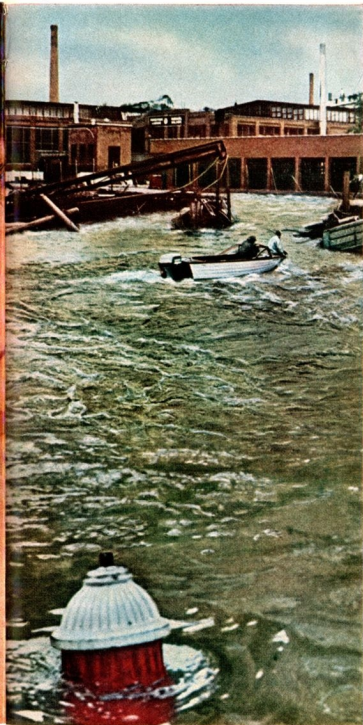
For large-appliance service, radio-dispatched G-E service trucks cover over 60 metropolitan areas. Calls fit *your* schedule; repairs are finished in one stop 91% of the time.

Party tonight. Record player broken. Who cares?



Her portable player (or any small appliance) can be fixed by factory-trained personnel in 51 G-E Housewares Service centers. Their aim: same-day service (in by 9, fixed by 5).

Plant knocked out by flood. Who cares?



Vital installations such as hospitals and factories get 24-hour-a-day service. And in emergencies or disasters—floods, for example—many G-E components pitch in to restore operations.

General Electric cares (so we're trying to make service mean what it says)

Service where you want it, when you want it—that's the goal at General Electric.

On these pages are some of the ways G-E people are tackling the job. In all, about 10,000 people within the Company spend their time on service problems. In addition, General Electric trains thousands of local, independent servicemen.

We're still tightening our service here, broadening it there, trying to make it better all around. Trying, in other words, to make it all *you* want it to be, wherever you live—or move.

How do you get service on your G-E or Hotpoint appliances? We've tried to make that easy, too. Look in the Classified section of your telephone book. Check back with your dealer or supplier. Or write to Dept. 7T, General Electric, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. We're always interested in hearing from you.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

VISIT GENERAL ELECTRIC PROGRESSLAND • A *Real Disney* PRESENTATION
AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

We thought we hadn't missed a spot. **Then we spotted Ipanema.**



We had been to Acapulco before the Jet Set found it. We had been to St. Tropez and St. Thomas. What we needed was a new playground.

Happily for us, a playboy acquaintance put his finger right on it. "Ipanema," he said, with the accent on the *Ip*.

"It's the latest find in smart resorts—and not many people have found it."

That did it. Not long afterward, we were on a Pan Am Jet headed for Brazil—and Ipanema.

Ipanema is a strip of land that looks on the Atlantic from the southern edge of Rio. It's a little bit of the Riviera with a dash of Jamaica thrown in. There are several miles of white sand, with dozens of choice restaurants, cafés and a race track nearby.

Best of all, Ipanema is right in Rio, probably the world's most beautiful city from the air. The perfect harbor is surrounded by purple mountains and street after street of white-and-pastel houses marching from the water's edge straight up the mountainsides.

When you come down to earth, there are miles of mosaic walks, fabulous restaurants, night clubs that go till dawn, shops that give Fifth Avenue a run for its money, plus music everywhere.

You really ought to fly down there and see it all. South America is a giant among continents, yet so easy to get around.

Fly Pan Am to Rio, for instance, and take advantage of no-extra-fare stopovers in oil-rich Caracas, Belém (on the Amazon), and Brasília, the world's newest city. From Rio, you can fly Pan Am south to Buenos Aires. And, from there, fly Panagra west to Santiago, then north to Lima, the "City of Kings," then on to unspoiled Ecuador.

From there, Panagra will take you to a tame place called home.

A word from two airlines: Nobody knows South America like Pan Am-Panagra. This is the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent. Fast Jets, frequent flights, a wealth of experience, plus the utmost in passenger comfort. You can see both coasts for the price of one on a round-trip ticket to Buenos Aires. See the East Coast with Pan Am, the West Coast with Panagra. Go one way, return the other. You can do it for less than you've ever dreamed. For instance, the new 30-day Jet economy excursion fare 'round the continent is just \$550 from New York, \$520 from Miami, \$674 from Los Angeles.

PANAGRA • PAN AM

PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

MEDICINE

NEUROLOGY

That Stardust Malady

Music had small charm for Donald Morton. He could not read a note; he had difficulty recognizing tunes; he could not easily tell the sound of one instrument from another. He could not distinguish between an orchestral performance and organ music. Still, by the time he was 35, Morton had learned all too well that there was some music he could tolerate—and some he could not. Loud, fast songs—college marches, the 1812 Overture, New Orleans jazz, rock 'n' roll—went, in effect, in one ear and out the other. They left him unmoved. On the other hand, the soft, sweet rhythms of *Stardust*, *Deep Purple* or *Abide With Me* gave Morton frightening seizures. He would stare vacantly, twitch, turn his head to the left, make smacking sounds with his lips, utter growling noises and sometimes slump to the floor. The *Whiffenpoof Song* and *Indian Love Call* were bad, but not quite so disturbing.

It took just about every test known to neurologists before doctors at the University of Wisconsin Medical Center were certain what was wrong: Donald Morton was suffering from musicogenic epilepsy, a disease as rare as it is difficult to treat. And if diagnosis was difficult, treatment was tedious indeed.

Seized by Carols. Working with a team of acoustical engineers, Wisconsin's Dr. Francis M. Forster and his colleagues determined just what songs, just what instruments, just what rhythms caused Morton to have an epileptic seizure. Hooked up to an electroencephalograph, their patient listened to music with one ear, with the other, and then with both. He listened to a random

noise generator with one ear while music was piped to the other. *Stardust* played on the organ produced no abnormalities; Glenn Miller's orchestrated version touched off fits. Hymns and Christmas carols played by an orchestra, or by a piano with a vocalist chiming in, caused equal trouble. Eventually the doctors were ready to start "extinction therapy"—a sort of reverse Pavlovian conditioning in which a patient is trained not to respond to a particular stimulus.

Endless Tapes. In their effort to condition Morton to tolerate "noxious" music, the doctors decided to concentrate on *Stardust* because it was available in so many versions, so many combinations of instruments and artists. They taped "innocuous" (organ) renditions of the song and played those for Morton. Then they dubbed in larger and larger segments of a noxious Glenn Miller version and played the altered tape. They played it endlessly. Morton listened to dozens of variations and combinations of *Stardust*—6,000 times. Eventually it was "extinguished" as a cause of seizure.

After it was extinguished in Spanish, a French version became innocuous, although Morton knows neither language. It was extinguished with Pat Suzuki as a vocalist and with Keeley Smith. Along with some other songs, *Stardust* was extinguished in just about every possible variation. In the process, most other noxious music was extinguished too. Now, after ten months of treatment, Donald Morton is getting ready to go back to work as a draftsman. He has innocuous tapes that he can play if he ever feels a seizure coming on. Today Donald Morton can even abide *Abide With Me*.

SURGERY

Stopping the Hiccups

Atlanta Waitress Lucy McDonald was in De Kalb General Hospital visiting her sister two years ago when she got the hiccups. Except for two short periods, Lucy has hiccuped ever since. She tried home remedies—2,000 of them—from drinking gin to eating peanut butter. More than 100 doctors examined her. She was drugged and she was hypnotized. The hiccups continued—sometimes at a clip of 90 a minute.

Red-haired Lucy lost 40 lbs. and three jobs. She became so well known that restaurateurs shook their heads: "You're the lady with the hiccups. Sorry, but we can't use you." On relief to feed her three children, and on tranquilizers to get rest, Lucy finally checked into St. Joseph's Infirmary to find out once and for all what was causing her trouble.

Doctors satisfied themselves that Lucy's hiccups were not a symptom of neurosis. Uremic poisoning, hiatus her-



McDONALD CURED
No thanks to peanut butter.

nia and tumor irritation—all possible sources of chronic hiccups—were dismissed after examination. Next the diagnosticians studied Lucy's phrenic nerves, which control the spasmodic contractions of the diaphragm—in effect, the hiccup mechanism. X rays appeared to indicate irritability of the right phrenic nerve. Stopping that nerve from functioning seemed the only thing that might help.

Last week Lucy was wheeled into an operating room, given an injection of Novocain in the neck, then a second injection to deaden the phrenic nerve. Surgeons watched as the Novocain took effect and Lucy's hiccups suddenly stopped. Reasonably sure that they had found the source of the trouble, they proceeded to the next step: "crushing" the nerve with a clamp. Lucy's hiccuping diaphragm remained at rest.

There is a possibility that hiccups may return when the nerve regenerates eight to twelve months from now. If that happens, the surgeons may move in and sever the nerve completely. "The part of the diaphragm that the nerve controls will then no longer function," explained one of Lucy's doctors. "But you lose only 25% of your breathing capacity when you lose one phrenic nerve—which is nothing to the average person." Lucy agrees with enthusiasm. "Not one hiccup," she exulted. "I've even been trying to hiccup, but I can't."

DRUGS

New Treatment for Coma

The would-be suicide, rushed to a hospital in a coma and with a belly full of drugs, can be one of medicine's most devilish problems. Before they can prescribe an antidote, doctors must identify the drugs—and all too often the suicide is the only available source of information. How to ask him? Merely



DR. FORSTER & PATIENT
Pavlov in reverse.



what's NEW in
NEW YORK?

LOEW'S HOTELS

And now we've made it easy for you to stay at LOEW'S HOTELS in New York City: 50 reservation offices from coast to coast—and in Canada. So take your choice! LOEW'S HOTELS are conveniently located all over midtown. LOEW'S HOTELS are fun (supper club, discotheque, delightful restaurants, swimming pools, sauna baths). LOEW'S HOTELS have brought innovation to hotel life (extra 'phone in the bath, bar-refrigerators, 24-hour room service, in-hotel garage). It costs no more to enjoy the very best in New York.

AMERICANA OF NEW YORK

Seventh Avenue, 52nd-53rd Streets
LT 1-1000

SUMMIT OF NEW YORK

East 51st at Lexington
PL 2-7000

LOEW'S MIDTOWN MOTOR INN

Eight Avenue, 48th-49th Streets
LT 1-7000 • FREE PARKING

CITY SQUIRE MOTOR INN

Seventh Avenue, 51st-52nd Streets
LT 1-3300 • FREE PARKING

...and Loew's newest:

THE DRAKE

Park Avenue at 56th Street
HA 1-0900 • HOME OF SHEPHERD'S

...in Miami Beach, it's the
AMERICANA of BAL HARBOUR

...in Puerto Rico, it's the

AMERICANA of SAN JUAN

LOEW'S HOTELS • PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRES.

keeping him alive is a heroic chore. Oxygen, artificial respiration and a tracheotomy may all be called for simply to keep the comatose patient breathing and pumping blood.

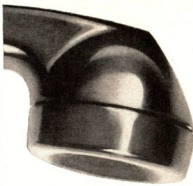
When he got to Honolulu's Tripler General Hospital, reports U.S. Army Surgeon Robert J. Hoagland in the *American Journal of Medical Sciences*, he discovered that the military community provided him with more than his share of such exasperating emergencies. Anxious to do something about his desperate patients, Dr. Hoagland suggested that emergency-room physicians try to combat coma with doses of "analeptics"—a class of drugs that includes Benzdrine and Dexedrine, and works by stimulating the central nervous system into a state of hyperwakefulness.

Massive Injections. Hoagland's colleagues showed little enthusiasm for the idea. Analeptics, they all said, had been tried on patients in coma before, had proved worthless in some cases, actually harmful in others. They had unpredictable effects on the blood pressure and respiration. Even so, on the basis of animal experiments, Dr. Hoagland thought that one analeptic, methylphenidate (trade name: Ritalin), was worth a try.

Dr. Hoagland's hunch seemed to pay off. Methylphenidate not only roused would-be suicides from their comas, but it was also effective for patients suffering from coma resulting from brain damage and liver failure. For the first time, such patients were able to swallow food and medication, cough up sputum and mucus, thus avoiding one of coma's worst complications, suffocation.

Fears of side effects proved to have been exaggerated. A patient whose skull had been fractured in a three-story fall awoke from a coma 90 seconds after an injection of methylphenidate. Other patients who suffered no side effects from the drug included a five-year-old girl knocked senseless by a swing and a woman who received massive methylphenidate infusions in an eight-hour period to help bring her out of a coma induced by an overdose of an antidepressant. The worst that happened was that two patients vomited and two others were temporarily disoriented.

How Does It Work? Now director of the Army Medical Research Laboratory at Fort Knox, Dr. Hoagland is still not sure how methylphenidate works. Like other analeptic drugs, it may stimulate the subcortical region of the brain and help control general alertness; it also seems to stimulate the respiratory center. But why does methylphenidate appear to be safer than other drugs? Dr. Hoagland suspects that the answers may eventually be traced to the drug's rapid excretion from the bloodstream and into the urine. "But until we understand more about coma," says he, "we cannot hope to understand Ritalin." Meanwhile, despite such gaps in medical knowledge, Dr. Hoagland suggests that emergency rooms should take advantage of the drug's unique qualities.



immediate, confirmed
reservations for the
NEW-in-NEW YORK

LOEW'S HOTELS

See Your Travel Agent, or call...

AKRON	Enterprise 8344*
ALBANY	Enterprise 1155*
ATLANTA	523-2554
BALTIMORE	539-0414
BOSTON	LI 2-0103
BRIDGEPORT	Enterprise 8705*
BUFFALO	TL 4-1886
CHICAGO	DE 2-1237
CINCINNATI	Enterprise 1-8344*
CLEVELAND	861-8344
COLUMBUS	CA 8-6677
DALLAS-FT. WORTH	RI 2-5441
DAYTON	BA 8-2332
DENVER	222-7919
DETROIT	962-4440
EVANSVILLE, IND.	MA 3-2901
HARTFORD	522-2174
HOUSTON	CA 2-2040
INDIANAPOLIS	ME 7-5344
LOS ANGELES	MA 6-9305
MEMPHIS	JA 5-1602
MIAMI BEACH	UN 5-7511
MILWAUKEE	Enterprise 2704*
MINNEAPOLIS	335-8344
NASHVILLE	AL 6-4759
NASSAU CITY, N. Y.	Enterprise 6330*
NEW HAVEN	Enterprise 1155*
NEW ORLEANS	523-7175
NIAGARA FALLS	Enterprise 2412*
NORFOLK	MA 2-5400
PALO ALTO	Enterprise 1-5154*
PETERSBURG, VA.	Enterprise 122*
PHILADELPHIA	LO 3-8353
PITTSBURGH	471-1262
PROVIDENCE	GA 1-6393
RICHMOND	MI 9-1973
ROCHESTER	325-4742
SACRAMENTO	Enterprise 1-5154*
SAN FRANCISCO	EX 2-4180
SAN JOSE	Enterprise 1-5154*
SEATTLE	MA 3-1177
ST. LOUIS	CE 1-8255
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.	Enterprise 1155*
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO	Enterprise 2222*
SYRACUSE	GR 1-5652
TOLEDO	Enterprise 8344*
WASHINGTON	RE 7-1002
WATERBURY, CONN.	Enterprise 1155*
WILMINGTON, DEL.	Enterprise 1-0888*
WORCESTER	Enterprise 3452*
MONTREAL	861-9074
TORONTO	927-5711

*ASK OPERATOR FOR NUMBER. TOLL-FREE CALL.



Rio De Janeiro



Brussels



Buenos Aires



Oslo Pforzheim



ITT makes a world of products for people all over the world.

For over the past half-century, our companies have been finding out what on earth people need and then making these things for them.

It's a large undertaking because it includes worldwide manufacturing, marketing, selling and all the many other related activities that go into a service business. It is also a sensitive business, for in the end one must please the people.

All over the world, some 190,000 of our people turn out products for people who live in 115 different countries. Such products include radio, TV, phonographs, tape recorders, refrigerators and freezers, sold to the people of free Europe, Africa, Brazil and Argentina.

This has meant learning not only their languages but their *mores*, their trade methods, their diverse personal preferences and their economies. We've

gotten to know them, and they us.

This has been good, for it has taught us that there is a universality in the goods and services that people not only require but aspire to own.

In becoming experts in our own business, we have become experts in getting to know people—all kinds of people.

Everywhere.

ITT

Consumer Division, International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, New York, N.Y.

ART

JOSEPH B. MARTINSON COLLECTION



WEATHER VANES & WHIRLIGIGS
Also Uncle Sam and Gabriel.

FOLK ART

Turnings in the Wind

Weather vanes have a high-blown tradition. In the 1st century B.C., Greek Architect Andronicus capped his Tower of Winds in Athens with a mighty bronze Triton. The rooster atop the church steeple got its official sanction in the 9th century A.D. when the Pope decreed that every church should mount a weathercock to recall the chanticleer that crowed the night Peter thrice denied his Lord. Vane making reached the peak of its popularity as an art form when American settlers took it up. To record their triumphs of style and ingenuity, Manhattan's Museum of Early American Folk Arts has assembled a summer-long exhibition of weather vanes and whirligigs.

Paul Revere hooked a wooden codfish above his coppersmith shop. In early Boston, children crowded around on Saturdays in hopes that the gilded Indian gleaming on the Province House cupola would, as superstition had it, shoot his arrow at high noon. In Pennsylvania, a weather vane in the shape of an Indian was meant as an offer of friendship—and hence protection from rampaging redskins. Soon every back-porch whittler and crackerjack craftsman was getting into the act. Weather vanes popped up in the shapes of Uncle Sam, butterflies, locomotives, Gabriel tooting on a trumpet, a haggard country doctor astraddle a haggard horse, even a modest metal mermaid.

Strict Sabbaths kept by the Pennsylvania Dutch led to "Sabbath toys" or whirligigs. To entertain the children when boisterous play was banned, soldiers, firemen, Indians and, one suspects, parodies of the neighbors, were carved in wood with paddles for arms, painted and propped on the front porch

or fence posts to whirl and jiggle at the slightest whiff of a breeze. They were often intricately animated. One, called *Farm Industry*, made about 1880, shows a long-skirted woman churning butter while her farmer husband, in the doorway of a barn, sharpens his tools on a grindstone. It doubled as a weather vane, churning and sharpening away furiously when the wind rose before a storm. What its anonymous carpenter did not know was that in time he would be looked upon as the artistic ancestor of much more sophisticated turnings in the wind—contemporary mobiles.

MUSEUMS

Stones for the Spirit

Artists have long loved southern France, and some, like Picasso, have become year-round residents. Usually their paintings were shipped north to the big art galleries of Paris; only in recent years has a host of small museums displaying works by resident greats in a leisurely ambience sprung up along the Mediterranean. Most recent and best is the small but elaborate Maeght museum (see *color*), which opened last summer on the French Riviera, has already drawn over 80,000 visitors.

Strolling Ghosts. Tucked away in the hills high above the Mediterranean at Saint-Paul-de-Vence and commanding one of the most breathtaking views on the entire coast, the new museum is a gift to France from Paris Art Dealer Aimé Maeght (rhymes with jog). Having made a fortune in the postwar boom selling the works of Chagall, Miró, Kandinsky, Braque and Giacometti, Maeght decided to enlist his artists' aid in building a showcase for their paintings and sculptures. Thus Giacometti was able to help plan the ideal courtyard

for his wasted bronze figures, which today are in the open air looking like ghosts out for a stroll. Alexander Calder contributed a 4½-ton stabile, a great black dog, for the front yard. Miró filled his section, a rock-wall garden, with droll ceramics, one a giant egg nesting in a quiet pond. And in typically glad ribbons of red, green and blue, Chagall laid out his first mosaic.

The six rooms displaying paintings have no windows; the brilliant light of Provence streams through filters in the ceiling. "I had a holy horror," says Maeght, "of trying to look at a painting streaked by rays of the sun." So that visitors may "wash their eyes" between, say, a room of Braques and a room of Miró's, spacious views open out onto a grassy patio or a lily-padded pool. Blending all these delightful and special touches into a bold structure that wholly integrates architecture with painting and sculpture was Catalanian Architect José Luis Sert, dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Design.

Explosive Encounters. In inaugurating the Maeght museum, France's Minister of Culture André Malraux predicted: "When in a million years men stop by at this place, they will surely say, 'Something undoubtedly happened here which had to do with the spirit.'" Maeght hopes to make Malraux's prophecy come true. "From the very first sketch drawn, from the first stone laid," he says, "what came before all else was the spiritual climate to be created, not something dead where relics are kept, but a center of intellectual life away from the trite problems of daily living."

To make the museum a center for young artists, Maeght had a cluster of cottages erected, complete with music rooms, studios, servants' quarters and a fine French chef. Given a trial run last December by a trio of Americans, the project proved a great success. One, Painter Ellsworth Kelly, so responded to the luxuriant Riviera landscape that his style underwent a major transformation. Maeght eagerly awaits his next group of artists-in-residence in September: "I hope to produce explosive encounters by putting them in contact."

HENRI DAUMAN



MAEGHT IN MUSEUM

Included: studios and a French chef.



A PASTORAL PLEASANCE
OF ART ON THE RIVIERA

On a wooded ridge near Vence, Paris Dealer Aimé Maeght has built an intimate museum of modern art, designed by José Luis Sert, flanked by Alexander Calder's giant stabile (above) and faced with mosaic by Marc Chagall (below).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHALL



Consider the power of paper
used with imagination to

duplicate

fascinate



demonstrate.

We offer today's most complete and versatile line of coated papers. And we can help you use them with great imagination.

Champion Papers



demonstrate.

We offer today's most complete and versatile line of coated papers. And we can help you use them with great imagination.



Champion Papers

© 1965 The Paper Division of Champion Papers Inc., Knightsbridge/Hamilton, Ohio

RELIGION

SACRAMENTS

Baptism of Fire

When Luci Baines Johnson celebrated her 18th birthday by entering the Roman Catholic Church a fortnight ago, Father James Montgomery capped the ceremony by pouring water on her forehead and saying: "If you have not been baptized, I baptize you in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit." Luci's conversion turned out to be a baptism of fire as well as of water. Almost immediately, there were angry murmurs of discontent from Episcopal churchmen—not because Luci had left their church,* but because she had been baptized as a baby according to Episcopal rites. And it is firm teaching of both faiths that baptism is a sacrament that once validly given cannot and should not be repeated.

Angriest of all was California's Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike, who was himself baptized and brought up as a Roman Catholic—and was never rebaptized when he became an Episcopalian. Pike denounced the rebaptism as "sacrilegious" and a "direct slap at our church." The Right Rev. Donald Hallock, Episcopal Bishop of Milwaukee, admitted that he too had a "feeling of disappointment."

Clear Evidence. Roman Catholic churchmen, who seldom share Pike's pique, agreed that this time he had a point. There was no question that Luci had been validly baptized at St. David's Episcopal Church in Austin when she was five months old. Moreover, the

church has always declared that any baptism following the right form, even if performed by an atheist, is good once and for all.

As early as the 3rd century, Pope Stephen I condemned the practice of rebaptizing converted Donatist heretics in North Africa. Despite its attack on Reformation doctrines, the 16th century Council of Trent formally acknowledged the validity of Protestant baptisms. Time and again since then, the Holy Office, the Vatican's guardian of faith and morals, has ruled that converts should not even be "conditionally" baptized unless there is clear evidence that the form of the first christening was defective.

Just to Make Sure. Nonetheless, many U.S. priests still find it simpler to conditionally baptize converts rather than undertake a lengthy check of how they were originally christened. In defense of his action, Father Montgomery argued: "I did what thousands of other priests would have done." Luci, who called her rebaptism "a personal matter," suggested that she had wanted the ceremony, to make sure that she was fulfilling the requirements of her new church. Later, Archbishop Patrick O'Boyle of Washington explained that she had merely followed Montgomery's advice, "trusting in his judgment and guidance."

Catholic requirements would have been fulfilled by nothing more than a formal profession of faith in the church's teachings, and Vatican spokesmen were quick to regret the unnecessary christening. Such unwarranted rebaptisms are clearly on the way out. Last month an Ecumenical Commission of Roman Catholic bishops and theologians, at a historic dialogue with Episcopal clergy in Washington, agreed that conditional baptism should be discouraged. If nothing else, the furor over Luci's rebaptism ought to help the word get around. By spotlighting the fact that "baptism is the one sacrament that unites all Christians," said Episcopal Dean Francis B. Sayre of the Washington Cathedral, "Luci innocently made a contribution to the ecumenical movement."

THEOLOGY

The Church & Birth Control: From Genesis to Genetics

For Roman Catholics, contraception is currently the most explosive of religious questions; can Pope Paul VI modify the teachings of his predecessors and admit to the church some means of birth prevention apart from abstinence? During the worldwide debate on the subject, few Catholics have had the chance to examine the full record of what Popes and theologians of other centuries really said about birth control. Now they have. In *Contraception* (Belknap Press, Harvard; \$7.95), Notre



NOTRE DAME'S NOONAN
Not old formulas but living law.

Dame Law Professor John T. Noonan Jr., 38, has produced a masterfully documented history of church teaching on birth control, from *Genesis* to genetics. Noonan conclusively proves that Catholic doctrine has consistently anathematized contraception—yet also suggests that there are good reasons why the traditional stand can change.

The church's attack on contraception, Noonan says, must be seen in its historic context, as a response to a particular challenge. In the first two centuries of Christian history, church leaders were forced to defend the value of procreation against Manichaeans and Gnostic heretics who saw in the Biblical counsels about virginity a commandment to abstain from sex entirely. Christians also had to defend the sanctity of life against a pagan Rome that accepted both abortion and contraception as a way of life.

The early church saw these attitudes toward sex as unnatural. In defining what they meant by natural, theologians turned to an idea of the Stoics—that the nature of something was defined by its purpose. Just as the eye was for seeing, the generative organs were for generating. And only for generating. Thus, St. Justin Martyr in the 2nd century wrote: "We Christians marry only to produce children." Even stronger in tone was St. Augustine. Apart from childbearing, he gloomily concluded, "the marriage chamber is a brothel . . . husbands are shameful lovers, wives are harlots."

A Handsome Apple. St. Thomas Aquinas, the most profound thinker of the Middle Ages, declared that contraception "does injury to God." Nonetheless, says Noonan, the Scholastic theologians of the 13th century also began to abandon Augustine's grim view that sex apart from procreation

* To which her mother and sister Lynda Bird belong; Daddy, however, is a member of the Disciples of Christ.



LUCI & FATHER MONTGOMERY
Even an atheist can do it.

This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these Shares. The Offer is made only by the Offering Circular.

NEW ISSUE

550,000 SHARES

Republic National Bank of New York

(Organizing)

452 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York

CAPITAL STOCK
(\$10 Par Value)

Price \$20 a SHARE

Copies of the Offering Circular may be obtained
from the undersigned Correspondent.

MARTIN S. ACKERMAN
CORRESPONDENT

655 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10021

July 1, 1965

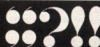
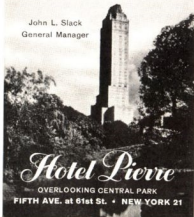
Exquisite Accommodations in New York

AVAILABLE FOR
TRANSIENT OCCUPANCY

Single Rooms \$24-27
Double Rooms \$28-33
Two Room Suites from \$44

Home of the famous
CAFE PIERRE & PIERRE GRILL

John L. Slack
General Manager



Questions, quotes and surprises punctuate the story of
the news each week. Find out what they mean in **TIME**.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch - Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place. Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) — discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name *Preparation H*®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

TREND
LITTLE MILD CIGARS
TREND
35¢ PACK OF 20

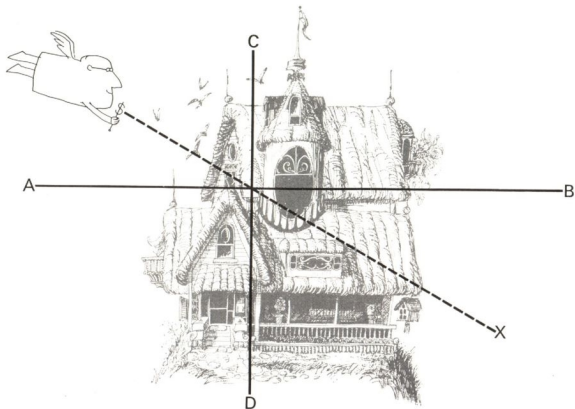
was sinful. Aquinas' mentor, St. Albert the Great, tentatively proposed that sexual intercourse, since it was ordained by God, might have a value in itself. And while Renaissance churchmen still denounced contraception, a few pioneering thinkers were beginning to talk about the human values of sex. In the 15th century, Martin le Maistre of Paris formally declared that sexual pleasure was a positive good; Columbus' contemporary, John Major of Scotland, wrote that it was no more a sin to copulate for pleasure than "to eat a handsome apple for the pleasure of it."

Even though the historical circumstances that gave rise to the church's anti-contraceptive stand were gradually changing, official Catholic teaching was solidifying into an orthodoxy, supported by a juridical theology that emphasized precedent and natural law. In 1930, birth control had become an accepted fact of secular life and was even endorsed by the Anglican Lambeth Conference of bishops. Yet that same year, Pope Pius XI denounced all forms of birth control in the strongest terms as the "ruin of morals."

No Prophecy. Pius' encyclical *Casti Connubii* may have been the apogee of the church's denunciation of birth control. Five years after it appeared, German Theologian Herbert Doms was tentatively proposing a personalist theology of marriage that gave primacy to love rather than childbearing. Although the Vatican at the time criticized Doms' theories, papal statements on marriage were soon to shift emphasis. Even as he denounced "the pill" as immoral in 1951, Pope Pius XII strongly affirmed the spiritual values of sex. "The conjugal act," he said, "is a personal action, which, according to the word of the Scriptures, effects the union 'in one flesh alone.'"

At the third session of the Vatican Council, three cardinals and a patriarch of the church openly acknowledged the agonies of conscience that the church's traditional teaching creates for millions of married Catholics. Pope Paul acknowledged it, too, as he beseeched a papal commission of experts to help him formulate a modern-day principle of Christian marriage. Although he does not prophesy what Pope Paul may ultimately decide, Noonan cautiously concludes that there is no valid reason why the church cannot move with the times. Already it has come a long way toward acceptance of the principle that other personal values can take primacy in marriage over childbearing, and has long since abandoned the medieval view that sexual intercourse during menstruation and pregnancy is a sin equal to that of contraception.

It is a perennial mistake, Noonan concludes, "to confuse repetition of old formulas with the living law of the church. The church, on its pilgrim's path, has grown in grace and wisdom." And, he suggests, will continue to grow.



Which part of your house is insured?

Your part... or the mortgage company's?

Take this mean test, and see who your insurance is protecting: the other guy, or you.

1. My house cost me _____, in 19 _____.
2. Today, building costs what they are, it would probably take _____ to replace it.
3. But the house is insured for: _____.

NOW. READY? The answer to 3 should be close to 2. If it's only close to 1, go sit with your head in the corner. You have flunked Home Ownership. Because your figures show you insured the house only to the amount of the mortgage.

That means if a typhoon should take down the whole house, the mortgage company gets paid back... but not you. You're left standing there empty handed, saying "Why didn't somebody tell me?"

Should you go blaming the people who hold your mortgage, for not telling you? Nope. They

insisted on insurance to cover their interests. Who's supposed to cover your interests? You are.

The cost of bringing your policy up to where it should be is probably very little.

If you want an A in Home Ownership, get a reputable insurance agent or broker to help you decide what you need. Show him this ad; he'll know what to do.

If you want an outstanding Insurance Agent, get a man who represents The St. Paul. He'll help you buy what insurance you need, and no more than you need. Look in the Yellow Pages.

Maybe we are The World's Quietest Insurance Company; there's only one paragraph in this whole ad about The St. Paul. Would you mind reading it again?

THE ST. PAUL
INSURANCE COMPANIES



Serving you around the world... around the clock

St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Company
St. Paul Mercury Insurance Company
Western Life Insurance Company
St. Paul, Minnesota 55102



All this fresh water—yet taps were running dry in suburban Rochester

Spring brought only apprehension to Monroe County, New York, in 1963. Many families were already without water several hours each day. Summer loomed threateningly ahead.

What happened that summer makes thought-provoking reading for anyone who thinks water is his birthright.

People took water for granted in Monroe County. It was there all around them in natural abundance.

No one ever thought of it as a manufactured product.

But manufactured, water is. It must be pumped, piped, treated, stored, then transported to the point of use. And this costs money.

Spend more money? For water? Not likely, when Lake Ontario, one of the largest bodies of fresh water in the world, is at your doorstep.

Ancient facilities

So the towns surrounding Rochester lived with their ancient facilities, some dating back to 1900. And they had no water problems.

But then came the postwar years, and Rochester exploded. The once-isolated country towns became bedroom communities, part of a vast metropolitan complex.

In the late '40s the crisis became apparent to a few local leaders. Suburban Rochester was growing fast. It would soon die of thirst if steps weren't taken to provide a modern water system serving the needs of the entire county.

Nineteen towns surround Rochester in Monroe County. Each controls water distribution to its residents. Each had its own idea of what was needed.

The situation seemed hopeless, until a few county and city leaders proposed the idea of a water authority.

Nonpolitical, and without taxing power, it would be a public-benefit corporation. Operating funds would be derived solely from the sale of water.

Would the concept work?

The State of New York was willing to find out. In 1950, the legislature passed enabling legislation.

Years slipped by... years spent organizing, planning, raising capital, purchasing facilities. When the Monroe County Water Authority finally got into business in 1959, the situation was critical.

An engineering study showed that by 1963—just four years!—water demand would rise to five million gallons a day more than existing facilities could supply.

Immediately, MCWA began a \$17-million crash expansion program. A new treatment plant. Hundreds of miles of new transmission mains. New booster



stations, feeder lines. Construction seldom slowed even during the bitter winter months.

The job was immense. But the goal was met. For, on June 24, 1963, 50 million additional gallons of life-giving water flowed to the parched Rochester suburbs. The foresight of a few men saved thousands from disaster.

Some, however, were not so lucky. They were too far away to be reached by MCWA. For them, the water truck became a daily visitor—\$7 for 100 gallons of water.

For just 4¢ a day

Present MCWA facilities and expansion programs under way will assure Monroe County of abundant water past the year 2000, when population is expected to reach 1.3 million—double that of today.

Cost to the average family? An increase of just 4¢ a day.

MCWA's fine planning has meant much to Monroe County. It has enabled suburbanization to continue at a record rate. It has also brought a surge of new industry to the area.

Twenty years ago, Henrietta was a rural community. Today, it boasts an industrial complex producing millions of dollars' worth of goods each year.

Graflex settled in Pittsford because of abundant water. Perinton was the choice of two new plastics manufacturers. Not to mention Gerber's, the world's largest producer of baby foods. Their sprawling new kitchen uses 1½ million gallons of water a day.

Improved water distribution, too, has brought dramatic results in other ways. When MCWA extended its big 20" feeder mains into Perinton, for instance, fire insurance rates dropped 40%!

Shortages exist in many areas where water is plentiful. People take their

supply for granted—ignore it in considering their needs for the future.

Usually, solutions come only because of the foresight and initiative of a few individuals. People like those in Rochester who recognize the signs and act before it is too late.

The time to act is now

Answers to water management problems do not come overnight. It takes years before the results of poor water planning can be corrected. Yet by 1980—just 15 years—our nation will need facilities to supply twice the water we use today.

Isn't it time you took a hand?

For more information about our nation's water problems—what needs to be done and how you can get action started in your community—write for the booklet, "WATER CRISIS, U.S.A.," Dept. T-35, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois.

MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA

CATERPILLAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MODERN LIVING

FAIRS

What the Matter Can Be

"The contribution of this Fair to our times and our city in the end will be measured not by the clicking of turnstiles, but by the effect it has had on thinking people of all ages." So pronounced World's Fair President Robert Moses last week in a report to the Fair's directors. Freely translated, Moses was admitting that the Fair would never make any money.

Instead of clicking faster than they did the year before, the turnstiles are revolving as sluggishly as a windmill on a calm day. Some skeptics predict that the Fair may end up as much as \$50 million in the red by the time it closes on October 17. Attendance, instead of increasing by 37% as Moses had predicted, has fallen off 30% from last year. Though some exhibitors took heart when 13,469 more people showed up this Fourth of July weekend than last, the fact remains that 78,059 more people showed up the same weekend at Palisades Amusement Park in New Jersey, a honky-tonk carnival that has been around for 68 years.

Lights Off. The three new discotheques that were opened in hopes of drawing New Yorkers out for the evening have done little to help. After 7 p.m., only 1,000 people filter through the gates on weekdays. The reason is simple. After a dinner at one of the Fair's better restaurants, diners emerge to find all the major exhibits closing up and the lights being turned off.

Business has been so bad at one of the bright new exhibits, the People-to-People Fiesta, that it had to close eleven of its 17 folk-art sales stalls and two-thirds of its open marketplace. Proprietors at the amusement section, which last year was a disaster area, have little more to smile about this year. Although the six free water-skiing exhibits at the Florida Pavilion have drawn many fairgoers to the area, most head back to industrial and foreign pavilions right after the last ski run, passing up the area's tame kiddie rides that lie along the way.

"Déjà Vu." Why is history's largest fair doomed to end in debt? Partly because it is so large. In his year-end report last year, Moses bragged that the Fair "cannot be covered in a leisurely, appreciative way in less than a week." Unfortunately for the Fair, he was right. Many fairgoers are so overwhelmed by the endless offering of exhibits that they become exhausted trying to pick and choose. Those who determinedly set out to see all the sights are apt to call it quits ten exhibits and a few blisters later, discouraged by large lines at some attractions and meager offerings at others. Even if they persist, the price is high. If a family of four were to follow Moses' commandment and push through the turnstiles seven days in a row at \$2.50 a head, it would be a \$70 bite in the family budget, without allowing for a simple bite into a Belgian waffle or American hamburger.

The Fair's failure raises the question of whether the whole concept of the

WALTER BOGAN



MAIN PROMENADE AT 11:30 A.M.
Because it is so large.

traditional world's fair is still viable. A study recently conducted by the Real Estate Research Corp. advised Chicago to drop its plan for a world's fair in 1976. It argued that fairs are no longer the futuristic fairylands they used to be, mostly because magazines, increased travel, movies and TV have made virtually all the offerings of science, architecture and foreign culture *déjà vu*. "The idea that an admission charge plus parking should be paid by the public in order to expose itself to public relations, advertising and business propaganda is increasingly rejected by the public."

Chicago promptly tabled its plan for a fair. And Montreal, which is hard at work on its own "world's fair," scheduled for 1967 is deeply worried. None of the big U.S. auto companies have signed up for exhibits, and Montreal darkly suspects that their disillusionment with the New York Fair is the reason.

The feeling is that the future of fairs lies, if it lies anywhere, in those patterned on Seattle's—which was handsomely designed but humanely scaled, and small enough to see in one day.

YOUTH

That Riotous Feeling

To thousands of high school and college age youths, the Fourth of July was riot time. Barefoot, beer-swilling students massed in tiny resort towns to celebrate their own summertime independence, and by the time the fireworks were over, approximately \$20,000 worth of damage had been wreaked, 90 people had been injured and 800 youths arrested. For the most part, the rioters were neither underprivileged, nor juvenile delinquents, nor members of a gang, but college students from middle-class families with middle-level incomes.

"We Want Booze." In the resort town of Arnolds Park, Iowa, the trouble began the minute the bars closed. Some 500 visiting youths poured, stumbled and fell out of taverns, chanting "We want booze! We want beer!" When a handful of police officers tried to quiet them down, someone shouted, "Hey, punk! We're going to take over the place!" and the riot was on. Armed with chunks of cement, rocks, beer bottles and splintered wood, they charged the cops, then smashed in the windows of cars and lighted a bonfire in front of one of the taverns. Police had to be called in from three towns, along with National Guardsmen, before peace was restored.

In Rockaway Beach, Mo., 3,000 visiting youths were incited when police arrested and jailed a drunken boy for giving a friend a piggyback ride on his motorbike. As word of the arrest spread along the beach front, kids in madras shorts and sweatshirts began to crowd onto the main street, chanting "Let him out! Let him out!" Hundreds climbed to the roof of a nearby dance hall, began to pelt the police below with

bottles, cherry bombs and rocks. Others broke in the windows of nine stores, turned over a patrol car. When 125 policemen from neighboring counties arrived and began to search nearby tourist cabins, they discovered, among other things, a room that contained 42 people, including four nude girls.

The state with the most trouble was Ohio, where 590 National Guardsmen were mobilized to restore peace to two different towns—Russells Point and Geneva-on-the-Lake. Before they did, 1,500 youths at Russells Point had broken the glass of every store front in town, set fire to homes and businesses, driven firemen away with rocks. At Geneva-on-the-Lake, some 8,000 students rioted for three hours, mauling three police cruisers, smashing shop windows, and keeping residents awake with blasts from three-foot-long plastic horns.

Confused Role. When the smoke and debris was cleared away, sociologists around the country began to search for reasons. Most concurred that juveniles are becoming more and more delinquent because of the confused role that society forces them to play. On the one hand, they are expected to act "grown-up" at an ever-earlier age, handle their own (and large) allowances in grade school, date seriously at twelve, find summer jobs at 15, and own their own cars at 16. On the other hand, in most states they are not allowed to drink until 21, and theoretically not expected to have sexual intercourse until they are married. Furthermore, the push toward college and graduate school has meant that many young men and women are still financially tied down to their parents until their late 20s.

John Stratton, assistant professor at the State University of Iowa, said of the riot in Arnolds Park: "I doubt that this was hoodlum inspired. Young people today haven't developed adult responsibility because they have been sheltered from it. They all are concerned about proving themselves adults, and they do so by standing up against authority, drinking and seducing young girls."

Outbursts & Birthrights. Another reason for the new rash of riots is that the student free-for-all has virtually become an American institution. Glamorized by such movies as *West Side Story* and *The Wild One*, outbursts of destruction have achieved a certain self-conscious status for the defiant young. Says Professor Bennett Berger, chairman of the sociology department of the University of California in Davis: "The resort riot is becoming like the campus panty raid. The kids expect that society expects them to riot on vacation weekends."

As for the kids themselves, most of them could not be less interested in the sociologists' theories on why they do it. Typical is one jailed teen-ager, who called his mother the day after, calmly explained: "I got mixed up in a riot somehow. I don't know how it happened but send Dad with some money."



COVERED UP IN CALIFORNIA & WESTHAMPTON

Like the Bedouin girls.

BEAUTY

The Big Fade

U.S. women have acquired a new face. It is the pale pale look. And in the look, the eye is the thing.

Almost unnoticeably, other features have been fading. First to go was the vivid mouth. By 1961 beige lipsticks, or maybe the faintest pink or tangerine, were *de rigueur*. Next, bright rouge was replaced by the merest tint of color brushed on the cheekbone to accent the eye. Now eyebrows have to go. Cosmetics have decided they are merely distracting. Short of shaving them off (shaved brows sometimes won't grow back), the experts are advocating any camouflage method: bleaching, masking them with foundation creams, or even covering them up with a fringe of bangs.

Straight to the Eyeball. Nothing is too good for the eye itself. "Men gaze first into a woman's eyes even before her décolletage," says Elizabeth Arden's top Makeup Artist Pablo. Eyes are outlined in black and thatched with double-thick layers of false lashes. "We want to direct attention straight into the eyeball," says Saks Fifth Avenue's Evelyn Marshall. Lest eyelids get in the way of the ultimate goal, cosmetic firms are now touting a frosty white eye shadow to replace the usual blues and greens. Heavily applied, such white eye shadow gives a pale glow all the way up to the nonexistent eyebrows. The end product of all this work is a mysterious, ethereal face showing a few good bones and two enormous orbs floating in a sea of neutral beige.

The big fade has been carried onto the beach this summer. Not since the days of the Victorian heroine, when pallor was considered a sign of gentle breeding, has the pale pale look been so sought after. The glowing, suntanned American beauty is being replaced in many places by the unsunkissed miss

hiding herself under a ruffy parasol, straight out of *Gone With the Wind*. "Tanning ages skin," says Evelyn Marshall. "It etches those lines around the eyes and mouth." As another expert put it, "The cordovan look is definitely out, and this applies to the whole body, not just the face."

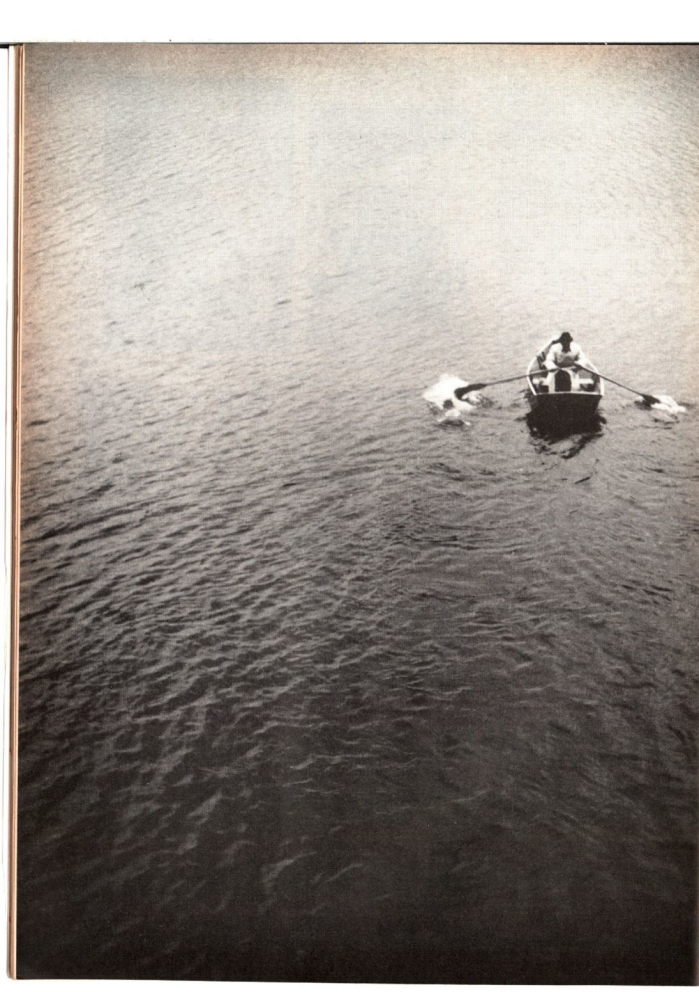
The Lily-White Look. The cosmetic houses, always adaptable, have taken the new look in stride. While still turning out creams, lotions and sprays for the fastest and darkest tan around, they have smoothly introduced products that will prevent the tan. A generous application of the nongreasy, colorless Sun Bloc, by Elizabeth Arden, Skolex or Sun Umbrella, leaves the sportswoman as lily-white all over after 18 holes of golf as she was on the first tee.

A simpler and quicker solution is a floppy hat and one of the new burnoose-like robes. If this makes a girl look like a Bedouin housewife, does she care? No. Like the Bedouin girl, she is less interested in how she looks at the moment she has it on than how she will look later, when she takes it off.

FADS

So Go!

The latest joke craze is inventing names for imaginary discotheques. Thus, they dance the real Watutsi at the Belgian Congo-Go, do the monkey at the Malay Archipelago-Go. There's a Santo Domingo-Go, a San Diego-Go, and a Pago Pago-Go. Paris's Left Bank has a new fruggerly called the Vincent Van Gogh-Gogh (it's just across the street from the more famous Deux Magots-Go). Duke Ellington's new place is called the Mood Indigo-Go, and the squares out in Pasadena are in waltz time at the Long, Long Ago-Go. But the most popular of all is a Jewish discotheque in The Bronx called the Let My People Go-Go.



***This is just
an IBM service call—
complicated a bit
by a flood.***

***Bill Humphrey is an IBM
customer engineer.***

He was at a nearby customer's office when the call came.

"Listen, the flood's almost up to the second floor and the system just conked out and we're in the middle of the payroll. Bill, I know it sounds crazy. But can you come right away?"

Bill got there by rowboat. He repaired the equipment. And it all took less than an hour.

***When you order our
SYSTEM/360, your IBM cus-
tomer engineer is the man
who installs the equipment and
maintains it.***

He is the service link between you and IBM.

He helps you plan the installation of your equipment.

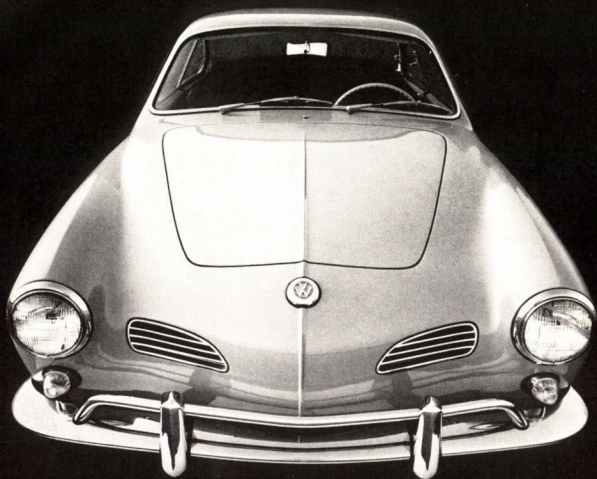
He checks all the equipment periodically on a preventive maintenance basis.

He keeps abreast of advancing technology. Your customer engineer installs new devices and makes changes in machine capacity to meet your changing requirements.

Most important, he is available to you day or night. Flood or no flood.

Also ready to serve you are your industry specialist, systems engineer, programmer, and customer educational staff. But Bill was all we could fit in the rowboat.

IBM[®]



© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

The Karmann Ghia.

Body: Hand formed, hand finished.

Engine: Magnesium, air-cooled, rear mounted.

Transmission: 4-speed stick shift, all gears synchromeshed.

Suspension: 4-wheel independent torsion bar system.

Seats: Bucket.

Mileage: 32 mpg (average).

Cruising speed: 72 mph.

Service: Any Volkswagen dealer. (Where else would you bring a Volkswagen?)



U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Now It's the Surplus Problem

The federal budget has lately been a source of concern in Washington, but for an odd reason: there are unmistakable signs that the deficit is declining. This should be a cause for celebration, and for the most part it is, because it



TREASURY SECRETARY FOWLER
Working on another tax cut.

demonstrates that business has been vigorous enough to generate additional revenue for the Government despite the tax cut—and partly because of it. But the deficit decline disturbs many "activist" economists, who advance the neo-Keynesian argument that if business is to grow vigorously, the Government must pump more money into the economy than it takes out.

Balancing Act. After estimating in January that the deficit for fiscal 1965 would be \$6.3 billion, the Treasury two weeks ago reduced the estimate to only \$3.6 billion, smallest since the surplus year of 1960. Last week came still another indication that the budget is moving closer to balance. The Treasury Department's daily statement for June 30—the last day of fiscal 1965—showed a deficit of only \$900 million in all the Government's accounts, including social security. Though many overdue bills and receipts may come in later and change the final figures, the trend is clear. The deficit is likely to decline still further in fiscal 1966, and the budget may well be in surplus in fiscal 1967 (which starts within a year).

Such prospects have inspired some Government economic advisers to call for still further slashes in income taxes and, on top of that, a step-up in federal spending. Asked at his weekend press conference about the possibility of additional tax reductions, President Johnson said that Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler and the tax experts are "work-

ing on it." Fowler would not be a bit surprised to see another tax cut, especially favoring lower-income groups. Treasury's top man also expects a budget surplus in a few years, but is not overly concerned about the necessity of finding ways to spend it. He believes that major new programs already in the works will boost Government expenditures: huge outlays are coming for education and medicare—and who can say what defense needs will be?

Toward Reform. The prospects for still lower taxes helped lift business optimism last week. On Wall Street the recently battered stock market rose for the second straight week, and the Dow-Jones industrial average was up four points, to 879.49. Wall Street was further buoyed by news of another kind of surplus: the U.S. balance of payments during the second quarter ran in surplus—by about \$250 million—for the first time in four years. If the trend continues, the Government will be able to relax some of its restrictions on profitable U.S. lending and investing abroad. Now that the U.S. is getting its payments under control, it feels strong enough to take some initiative in reforming the international monetary system. Last week Fowler called for the convening of a major world conference to reform the monetary system for the first time since it was set up at Bretton Woods, N.H., in 1944.

AUTOS

Steps Toward Safety

More than 50,000 Americans will be killed in auto accidents this year. That is an estimate by the National Safety Council, and such statistics have heightened demands from Congress that Detroit's automakers do more to make cars safe. Responding to that pressure, General Motors Corp. last week passed a minor but significant milestone on the road toward greater driving safety,

Chairman Frederic Donner and President James Roche announced that on all its 1966 cars, G.M. will incorporate as standard equipment six safety features that are now optional on most models. The items: rear seat belts, padded dashboards, padded sun visors, backup lights, outside left-hand mirrors and windshield washers hooked to electric wipers (which maintain a steady beat regardless of the speed of the car).

Shoulder to Shoulder. As G.M. goes, so go the rest of the automakers. Two days after G.M.'s announcement, President Roy Abernethy of American Motors said that it would install similar equipment on all '66 cars; Ford's Chairman Henry Ford and Chrysler's President Lynn Townsend will almost certainly follow. On the rare occasions when Detroit's chiefs get together, such as last month's board meeting of the Automobile Manufacturers Association, car safety is a frequent topic.

Neither G.M. nor American would say whether the added costs of safety would be passed on to buyers, but the automakers in the past have raised prices whenever optional equipment became standard. The minimum price for the six extras, based on what they now cost on a '65 Chevrolet Bel Air: \$65.45. Undeterred by extra costs, the Government's General Services Administration henceforth will order not just six but 17 safety devices on the 60,000 cars a year that it buys for official use. Many Congressmen want Detroit to put in some of these devices as standard equipment on all cars—notably a two-section steering column that collapses on impact, fail-safe twin brakes and stronger seat anchors.

Calming the Critics. This week the automakers will testify in Washington before a Senate subcommittee that is examining one of five bills now before Congress that would ultimately force the companies to build in more devices to help prevent accidents, or at least



DONNER, FORD, TOWNSEND & ROCHE AT AUTO MANUFACTURERS' MEETING
Driving in the right direction.

make them less severe. The companies will send their top executives to the hearings: G.M.'s Donner and Roche, Ford Motor Co.'s President Arjay Miller, American Motors' Abernethy, and two Chrysler vice presidents.

Last week's steps toward safety seemed timed to put the companies in a good light for the hearings, and to an extent Detroit's decision did. Said Connecticut's Abraham Ribicoff, the subcommittee chairman, who is often critical of Detroit: "It represents a good start toward making our cars not only the best but also the safest."

CORPORATIONS

The Turnaround Boys

A little-known Manhattan Company named Lippincott & Margulies, Inc. was hired by the Government last week for what seems an impossible task: putting a friendly face on the Internal Revenue Service. At first L. & M. will simplify the tax forms, rewrite the IRS's standard letters and redesign its office signs—but after that, almost anything can happen. Turned free, L. & M. might design a new shade of ink for tax bills (Affluence Green? Bankrupt Red?), or tell the IRS to change its name to something like Friendly Funding, Inc.

For similar tasks, the firm this year will bill 300 major clients throughout U.S. business about \$4,000,000. In the past two weeks, the company has discreetly signed up ten clients that want to find or change their so-called corporate image, including a major glass company, a drug manufacturer, a food manufacturer, and U.S. Steel.

What's in a Name. A combination industrial designer and marketing consultant, 21-year-old L. & M. specializes in what it grandly calls "the corporate turnaround." Its executives believe that a company's image is affected by the most fleeting of public impressions, such as how people react to stationery or employee uniforms. To help create the right impression, L. & M. employs 130 people, including psychologists, sociologists and anthropologists. At the top are easygoing Chairman J. (for Joshua) Gordon Lippincott, 56, onetime product-development teacher at Brooklyn's design-oriented Pratt Institute, and courtly, French-born President Walter Pierre Margulies, 51, onetime chief designer for Statler Hotels. Says Margulies: "Designers in general have too high a taste level. Our aim is to speak the language of the consumer."

L. & M. finds that the consumer has trouble remembering lengthy corporate names and complicated trademarks. For U.S. Rubber, L. & M. conceived the worldwide brand mark "UniRoyal" (the psychologists said that foreign consumers react unfavorably to "U.S. anything"). It rechristened Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp. simply "Olin." At the invitation of Chrysler Corp., the designers dropped the dated "Forward Look" slogan, created the company's five-pronged Pentastar emblem, and

spread Pentastars across Chrysler's signs and showrooms. Though these outward touches seem minor, many businessmen feel that they help to highlight a company's products and aims.

When Floyd Hall took over low-flying Eastern Air Lines in 1963, one of his first acts was to call for Lippincott & Margulies. They shortened the company name to "Eastern," and devised a new color for its planes and stewardesses' uniforms, "Ionosphere Blue" (something between navy and royal blue). More than that, their researchers questioned 6,000 passengers, found them predictably disenchanted by flight delays, indifferent service, and noise in the planes. Floyd Hall gives L. & M. substantial credit for the fact that Eastern has much improved its service and



LIPPINCOTT & MARGULIES

OLIN MATHIESON
Chemical Corporation

XEROX
CORPORATION

HALOID
XEROX

ROYAL BANK

OLD & NEW COMPANY EMBLEMS
Red is strength, green is too soft.

reduced the noise levels inside the redesigned cabins of its "Whisperjets." Putting in a word for the sponsor, Gordon Lippincott says: "Turnaround programs can only be carried out under a talented and determined manager. Otherwise, it's just a cosmetic job."

Reliable Red, White & Blue. Lately, the turnaround specialists have fashioned a new name for Cities Service Oil Co.—"CitGo"—and switched its corporate colors from green and white to reliable red, white and blue. (Psychologists contend that red connotes strength and vitality; green is too soft.) Now the designing men are working on 16 other "corporate identity programs." Among them: Dun & Bradstreet, General Mills, New York Life Insurance.

In all this work, L. & M. calls upon

such satellite companies as Image Research, Inc., and Names, Inc. Perhaps Lippincott & Margulies could use a name change itself. Mail sometimes arrives addressed to Marguett & Lippinlies, and one unguided missive was addressed to Apricot & Hercules.

SHIPPING

Bailing Out the Fleet

Spyros Skouras, who as boss of 20th Century-Fox from 1942 to 1962 brought out such sagas as *Lifeboat* and *Titanic*, last week took the lead in another kind of sea drama. At a Washington press conference, the 72-year-old argonaut announced that the Prudential Lines, a seven-ship company that he heads, had applied to the Maritime Administration for a subsidy to help build a \$250 million fleet of 16 freighters. While new forms of transportation were being devised elsewhere (see WORLD BUSINESS), Skouras showed off designs for vessels intended to cut shipping costs and vastly speed up cargo-handling methods, which have been basically the same since Phoenician times. It took considerable showmanship for the head of a relatively small line to make such grandiose proposals, but the U.S. Maritime Administration is seriously considering them.

The Prudential freighters would never have to dock. Each would carry its cargo in 50 large barges stowed in its hold; when the mother ship approached port, giant deck cranes would lift off the barges, which would then easily maneuver into port. Meanwhile, the mother ship would lift on a fresh load of barges and turn right around for another voyage. By this method, Prudential estimates, cargo would be loaded at the rate of 1,000 tons an hour, compared to 1,000 tons a day loaded on conventional cargo ships.

Skouras says he is willing to put in some \$20 million of his own, has large financing from Marine Midland Trust Co. and Chase Manhattan Bank, and wants the Government to ante up about \$125 million. The cost is stiff—but anything would be a bargain if it could help rescue the U.S. merchant marine. The once proud fleet is being pushed into increasingly rough straits by low efficiency, high labor costs, and fierce foreign competition.

Passenger Complaints. Listening approvingly at Skouras' elbow was the man who has prodded all the shipping executives to search for new solutions: Nicholas Johnson, a 30-year-old land-lubber and former law professor (at the University of California), who was named Maritime Administrator 18 months ago by Lyndon Johnson (no kin). Nick Johnson has been suggesting ideas that are more drastic than any ever voiced by his predecessors, including the first head of the Maritime Administration, Joseph P. Kennedy.

To bail out the fleet, Nick Johnson has proposed that:

▶ American lines should be permitted

OUT OF TOWN NEWSPAPERS



Out of town again? Alone again? American Express asks, why?

Coming across your hometown paper on a business trip should make you feel good.

It doesn't.

All it does is remind you about home and your wife and what she's doing and how much better you'd feel if she were with you.

Why go it alone?

Next business trip, bring your wife. It's never been easier.

With "Sign & Fly" service, you can charge *her* plane ticket on your American Express Credit Card and take a year to pay.

When you "Sign & Fly," your credit is unquestioned. Show your

American Express Card when you buy the ticket. Sign your name. No red tape, delay or deposit.

And you can choose the way you want to pay for her ticket.

1. Extended plan. Take up to a year to pay. The service charge is substantially lower than similar plans.

PLAN	12 MONTH CHARGE PER \$100
"Sign & Fly" service	\$6.00 (Averages 50¢ a month)
Other major credit card plans	More than \$9.50

2. Regular billing. You can also pay for your wife's ticket on your next

American Express statement with *no* service charge.

"Sign & Fly" Air France, American, Continental, Delta, Eastern, Icelandic, National, Northeast, Northwest Orient, Pan Am, TWA, United, Western, 49 other airlines.

New lower family fares now available on most major U.S. airlines.

And next vacation, "Sign & Travel." This new credit card service lets you charge tours and take a year to pay.

AMERICAN EXPRESS

The Company For People Who Travel

to order ships in foreign yards, where costs sometimes run only one-third as much as in U.S. yards.

► The Government ought to gradually rescind laws that require at least half of all U.S. foreign aid cargoes to be carried in U.S. bottoms. By shifting the loads to foreign fleets, Johnson says the Government could save considerable money—which it could use to bankroll the building of modern U.S. ships.

► All new ships should have a high degree of automation in order to qualify for subsidy.

Drastic solutions are obviously needed. Despite federal subsidies of nearly

forced to cancel lucrative summer sailings. The gut issue is the demand for higher wages and pensions—to offset the effects of automation of the kind that Johnson and Skouras propose.

The Government is growing impatient with the unions. Commerce Secretary John Connor has criticized the key union in the strike, the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association, for making "unreasonable and inflationary" wage demands. Too often, say some Washington officials, the shipping executives give in to such demands because they know most of the costs will be carried by the Government. In fact, almost 75% of

Guaranty paid between 32½ and 34 for stock that rose to a high of 37 that day (last week it closed at 57½).

Though nothing was bought for Lamont's personal account, the Securities and Exchange Commission has charged that Lamont took advantage of his insider's information (TIME, April 30). That is a damaging accusation against the son of J. P. Morgan's late partner, Thomas W. Lamont, and a prominent Wall Street personality in his own right. In addition, the SEC seeks to have Lamont "make restitution" to the shareholders from whom Morgan Guaranty bought its stock—that is, pay them what they would have earned had they held on longer. A U.S. district court would assess the actual amount.

Question of Timing. Last week Lamont made a spirited defense of his actions and raised the tantalizing question of just when inside information can be considered public knowledge. In a reply to the SEC, Lamont argued that the facts he had when he phoned the bank were generally available to many other investors.

According to Lamont, on the night before the Texas Gulf board meeting, a Canadian weekly, *The Northern Miner*, front-paged the story of the ore strike—under a headline TEXAS GULF COMES UP WITH A "MAJOR." Copies of the paper had arrived in Manhattan and Toronto brokerage houses well before his phone call. At 9:40 a.m. on the day of the meeting, Ontario Mines Minister G. C. Wardrope summoned Toronto reporters and confirmed the find. By 10:20, reporters at a Texas Gulf press conference in New York were phoning in their stories of the find. At 10:29, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith flashed the news to 140 of its branch offices.

The SEC bases its case on the point that Morgan Guaranty made its purchases largely before the Dow-Jones ticker moved the news at 10:55. But Lamont contends the news was hardly secret by that time. As Lamont's lawyer argued: "A director is not required to await publication of information in one particular medium before he joins in dissemination of it."

A Case of Options. Texas Gulf Sulphur itself seems on less solid ground. Just four days before the strike was announced, a company press release down-played rumors of a major ore find. The SEC described the release as "misleading" and charged 13 defendants with keeping the discovery a secret for months while "illegally" buying or acquiring options on more than 45,000 shares of Texas Gulf stock. In its reply last week, Texas Gulf denied that material information had been withheld and said that its first press release was based on incomplete drilling results from only three holes. By the time of the board meeting, continued the reply, the company had assayed six holes and was able to come up with strikingly better news.



PRUDENTIAL LINES' SKOURAS & MARITIME ADMINISTRATOR JOHNSON
The Argonaut intends to improve upon the Phenicians.

\$400 million a year, the U.S. merchant fleet is declining—from 1,212 ships in 1949 to 910 at present—and its share of U.S. foreign trade has fallen from 23.5% to 8.5% in the past decade. As for the passenger companies, they are beset by plentiful complaints about poor service at sea. Of the six U.S. passenger lines, none is showing a profit. Says an executive of one of the biggest lines: "The traveling public uses American ships only as a last resort."

Basic Problem. Johnson sees no future in the passenger business and wants U.S. shipping men to concentrate on cargo operations, but neither he nor the owners can do much about the industry's basic problem: U.S. labor. At sea, on the docks and in the shipyards, American labor costs two to five times as much as its foreign equivalent. Management at times has been less than enlightened in dealing with labor, but creative bargaining can be hard. These unions distrust the owners, feud with each other, fear automation, and walk out with almost tidal regularity.

Last week the industry was tied up in the fourth week of a strike by three of the industry's eleven unions. Though one of the unions came to terms at week's end, some 70 vessels remained idle, and five passenger ships were

the seamen's wages are paid by federal subsidies. Critics believe that if the Government would spend less to subsidize wages and more to subsidize modernization and automation, it might have a solution.

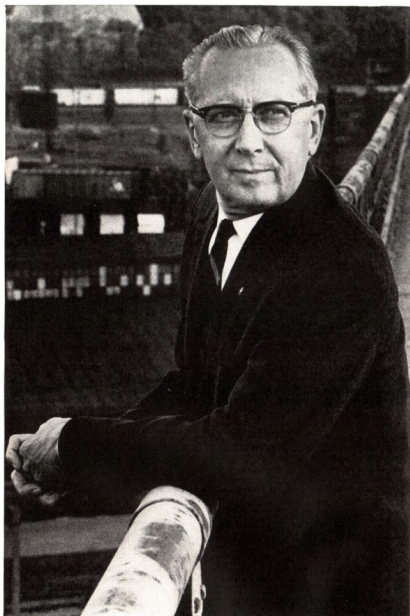
INVESTMENT

When Private News Is Public

Shortly before 10:45 a.m. on April 16, 1964, Thomas S. Lamont stepped away from the Manhattan board room of the Texas Gulf Sulphur Co. and phoned an officer of Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., of which Lamont, 66, is retired vice chairman. The Texas Gulf board meeting had broken up, and Director Lamont advised the banker to watch the Dow-Jones ticker for good news about the company. Ever since, Lamont has been troubled by that phone call.

The bank officer, Executive Vice President Longstreet Hinton, interpreted Lamont's message as a confirmation of rumors, which had been circulating for days on Wall Street, that Texas Gulf had struck an ore bonanza near Timmins, Ont. Between 10:45 and 10:59, Morgan Guaranty bought 8,000 shares of Texas Gulf for its accounts, including 3,000 shares for the Nassau County (N.Y.) Hospital. Morgan

STOCKBROKER TO KNOW



James Swoboda pinpoints Midwest investment opportunity for you

James Swoboda walks a broad path. A regional partner, resident in Milwaukee and managing seven offices from Grand Rapids to Indianapolis, he's at home with people and with business, in that order.

"Only by knowing people," he says, "can you help them invest in the right way."

Knowing people is second nature for James Swoboda. Friendly and outgoing, he deeply enjoys helping others—in investing and through his many civic activities.

"Only by understanding business—its ebb and flow, its effect on securities markets—can you make sound judgments on investment timing."

James Swoboda keeps constantly alert to the latest economic straws in the wind. Intensely active in business groups, he is in the mainstream of Midwestern investment thinking.

Through our nationwide communications network linking our 45 offices, he shares this thinking with the 200,000 Paine, Webber investors everywhere.

You can share too. Talk with one of our 800 partners, managers, or brokers. They're all Stockbrokers to Know.

PAINE WEBBER JACKSON & CURTIS

Members of
The New York Stock Exchange

James A. Swoboda joined Paine, Webber after attending Marquette University School of Business Administration. He became sales manager of our Milwaukee office in 1948 and a general partner in 1953. He is a director of Marine Capital Corp., Mortgage Associates, Inc. and the Milwaukee Association of Commerce. A governor of the American National Red Cross, he serves on many of its committees, including finance, audit, public and personal relations. In Milwaukee, he is also a past president of the Civic Alliance, a member and former governor of the Bond Club, and a past director of the Central Lions Club.

NEW YORK

25 Broad Street 425 Park Avenue

BOSTON

24 Federal Street

CHICAGO

209 S. LaSalle Street

LOS ANGELES

204 W. 7th Street

AKRON ANN ARBOR ASHLAND BEVERLY HILLS CLEVELAND COLUMBUS CONCORD DETROIT DULUTH ERIE GARDEN CITY GRAND RAPIDS HARTFORD HOUGHTON
HOUSTON INDIANAPOLIS LONG BEACH LYNN MARQUETTE MERCED MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS MUSKOGEE PASADENA PHILADELPHIA PROVIDENCE
ROCHESTER ST. PAUL SAN BERNARDINO SAN DIEGO SAN FRANCISCO SANTA BARBARA SANTA MONICA SPRINGFIELD VIRGINIA WAUSAU WORCESTER

WORLD BUSINESS



FORD'S LEVACAR

TRANSPORTATION

The Magnificent Men

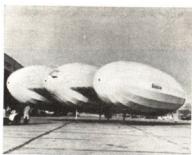
In Their Whooshing Machines

"Classic means of transportation over wheels are coming to the end of a historic run." So says Kyunojo Ozawa, one of Japan's ace aircraft designers, who is dean of science at Meiji University. All over today's industrial world, entrepreneurs, scientists and bureaucrats are busy developing imaginative ways to move men and goods both faster and cheaper. A lot of the innovations still depend on wheels, but some ride, glide or whoosh lightly over the surface on cushions of air. Certainly many an American contemplating auto traffic in Los Angeles or other big modern cities has come to the instinctive conclusion that the wheel must go.

Ozawa, a thinker and tinkerer who designed such World War II bombers as the "Flying Dragon," contends that the world will soon have to adopt radical approaches to surmount the speed limits of conventional land transport. On a test track near Nagoya, he has built a miniature model of his "sonic gliding vehicle," which looks like a needle-nosed submarine. His idea calls for a 627-ft., jet-powered shell that would slide along the tops of vertical columns spaced 300 ft. apart; it would carry 1,000 passengers from city to city at speeds close to that of sound.

Ships on Air. From such far-out ideas come down-to-earth breakthroughs. It was only ten years ago that Christopher Cockerell, an English engineer, reversed the suction on a household vacuum cleaner, stuck the hose through the bottom of an open-ended tin can, watched the can float—and got the idea for the hovercraft. Today's hovercraft are amphibious vessels that glide across land or sea a few inches above the surface, supported on jets of air around the perimeter of the hull. Two weeks ago, Swedish Lloyd and the Swedish American lines signed a deal to put hovercraft into big-league passenger service for the first time.

Next May, the companies will begin summer trips across the English Channel with two leased 38-passenger craft, built by Britain's Westland Aircraft. The vessels will cruise at up to 50 knots,



AEREON'S DIRIGIBLE

make the Ramsgate-to-Calais voyage in 30 minutes (v. 1½ hours for conventional ships). In 1968, the Swedish firms will get even bigger and faster amphibians: 500-passenger craft that will cross the channel in 18 minutes at cruising speeds of 70 knots, can operate year-round even in rough waves.

The French government has just put up \$600,000 to develop a high-speed hybrid combining elements of the hovercraft and the monorail. Called the aerotrain, it will be designed to glide over a T-shaped rail at up to 240 m.p.h. on a cushion of air, provide rapid transportation between cities that are too close for economic air travel. Bertin & Co. expects to test the first no-wheel experimental model by year's end. If it works well, it could be the first to break through the 200-m.p.h. barrier beyond which conventional trains encounter such friction and air resistance that they have trouble staying on the rails. Along similar lines, Ford Motor Co. has devised a model of a cigar-shaped vehicle dubbed the Levacar, which runs 300 m.p.h. along guide rails on a film of air forced through the perforated metal pads on the car's undersides.

Remote Controls. Trains with old-fashioned wheels are speeding up too. Japan led the way with its silvery Tokaido Express, which races from Tokyo to Osaka at 125 m.p.h. Last week in Munich, at the International Transport Exhibition, which drew 300,000 people in its first twelve days, the West German government showed off an electric train that covers the 40 miles from the exhibit grounds to Augsburg in 26 minutes—at a top speed of 130 m.p.h. As fast as they can improve roadbeds elsewhere, the Germans plan to introduce the speedy service throughout the country.

Last month displayed a model of a self-propelled train—powered by either electricity or gas turbines—that could sprint along the Boston-Washington corridor at 160 m.p.h. In Pittsburgh, Westinghouse Electric has just completed an experimental 9,340-ft. "skybus" test track, over which "trains" of rubber-tired buses are guided at up to 50 m.p.h., by an electrically charged center rail—with no driver at the controls.

In the air, the trend is to giants. The



HOVERCRAFT IN BRITAIN



WESTINGHOUSE'S SKYBUS
Far-out and down-to-earth.

Aereon Corp. of King of Prussia, Pa., is even trying to revive that dinosaur of air travel, the dirigible. Though its triple-hulled airship has yet to fly, the company hopes to fill a need by hauling freight faster than it can go by land, yet cheaper than in conventional planes.

Russia impressed the Paris Air Show last month by introducing the world's biggest plane: 187 ft. long, with a 211-ft. wingspan, the AN-22 turboprop can haul 80 tons of cargo or 720 passengers. Last week three U.S. companies—Boeing, Lockheed and Douglas—cautiously divulged some of their plans for a projected U.S. military cargo jet, the C-5A, which would top the Soviet behemoth. They are competing for a contract that the Pentagon is expected to award next month; the winner should have a plane flying by 1969.

Boeing's version, larger than the others, would weigh as much as four whales (about 700,000 lbs.), have a wingspan of 220 ft. and an interior floor longer than a hockey rink. Lockheed's model, with a 212-ft. wingspan, could carry 100 tons of cargo or 700 passengers at speeds above 500 m.p.h. (v. 460 m.p.h. for the Soviet giant). The 228-ft. Douglas ship could haul 1,000 passengers or 150 tons of cargo. All could lead to economical commercial models by 1971 or '72. Douglas figures that, by carrying so many passengers at once, it could cut the cost of air tickets to Europe or across the U.S. by one-half.

We test how well engines stay cool by blasting them with scorching 100-degree winds. Then we test them by driving the way you do.



After hours of cruising along a turnpike, we test an Oldsmobile 4-4-2 by winding through the snarled traffic of downtown streets. Its seats loaded with gauges and instruments. Its job: checking this GM car's cooling system. Putting it through the kind of stop-and-go driving you might put yours.

Earlier, exhaustive tests were run inside "hot" wind tunnels with the car mounted on dynamometer rolls, driving head on into 100-degree blasts.

And then, we wind the car round a hot test track to

check its cooling under proving ground conditions.

We test engine cooling on the blistering highways all over the Southwest, too. And up Pikes Peak: Extremes that you might never run into. But extremes that GM test people go to every day to test GM cars. *All* GM cars.

It's the long, hard way to test them. And it starts long before production. To make your GM car worth more when you buy it, and very likely, worth more when you trade.

**Chevrolet • Pontiac • Oldsmobile
Buick • Cadillac • With Body by Fisher**

**General Motors cars
are proved all around.**

All around the clock, all around the calendar, all around the country, all around the car.



86.8 proof mild...8 years mellow

What's so wonderful about OLD FITZ PRIME STRAIGHT?

Here's a new kind of mildness... a gentle 86.8 proof Bourbon that *retains its great flavor.*

Why? Because *we took Time* to make PRIME. Eight full years in oak casks give it a rich, "smoothed-out" vintage flavor which only prime-aged sour mash Bourbon can achieve.

Compare OLD FITZ PRIME with *any* whiskey at any price (except Bonded OLD FITZ, of course) and we think you'll want to adopt it. Mighty mild... mighty mellow!

Your Key to
Hospitality



Original 100 Proof
Bottled-in-Bond
available as usual

THAILAND

Millions from the Mulberry Bush

One of the best advertisements for Thailand's soft, nubby silk cloth is the country's delicately beautiful Queen Sirikit, who has her gowns designed by Balmain. Thai silk is also used lavishly by other high-fashion designers such as Pauline Trigère, Anne Fogarty, Tina Leser and Adele Simpson. Lately the Thais have taken to producing their own dresses and sportswear, and have not only made Bangkok into a much-copied fashion center but also created a flourishing business.

Bangkok now has 156 silk shops, which export their goods to 60 countries, ring up a yearly volume of \$4,000,000—a considerable amount for

his four Bangkok stores, three foreign branches and his busy export trade. Next Cykman intends to sell public shares to help finance a 100-room weaving plant in northeast Thailand.

Down the street from Cykman's main salon is a larger competitor: Design Thai, which is financed by the Rockefeller brothers' International Basic Economy Corp. and masterminded by chic Jacqueline Ayer, 33, a Negro from New York, who came to Bangkok by way of Paris' Ecole des Beaux-Arts and *Vogue* magazine (for which she was a fashion illustrator). She worked out methods for printing intricate designs on Thai silk, imported tailors and pattern makers from Hong Kong, and put 60 local girls to work sewing. Says she: "I designed on the run—in planes, taxis and airports." What she produced was a loose-fitting line of at-home gowns (retail: \$70 to \$100) and rajah pajama sets in gold and hot pink (\$110), as well as simply cut dresses (\$70 to \$90) based on an Indian village design.

Competition from Communists. Demand is so brisk that garment makers have trouble getting enough silk for their needs. Because many Thai farmers prefer raising livestock to tending mulberry bushes, and some Buddhists have qualms about killing silkworms, production has held at about 500,000 lbs. a year (v. 300,000 lbs. in 1939). Manufacturers are trying to persuade farmers to boost output, and have inadvertently sold some other people on the profitable prospects of Thai silk. In the sincerest form of flattery, Communist China has introduced an imitation Thai silk for sale in Hong Kong.

EASTERN EUROPE

A Fiat in Ivan's Future

In their recent flirtations with capitalism, the Soviets have begun to cast covetous glances at that quintessential product of the consumer economy: the automobile. Russia has only one car for every 300 people, v. one for every ten in Western Europe and one for every three in the U.S. The Soviets are none too pleased about the disparity, and lately they have become highly interested in the capitalistic theory that big-time car production creates many jobs, which in turn gives people the money to buy cars. Last week the Russians decided to call in some Western automotive technology. In Moscow, Soviet leaders signed an agreement "in principle" with Fiat, Italy's biggest private company, for "cooperation" in auto production.

Returning to Turin in triumph, Fiat's normally aloof President Vittorio Valletta, 82, was cagey than ever, refused to discuss particulars. But if a great many details can be worked out, Fiat will build and help to staff the first fully Western-designed auto company on Soviet soil. (When Russia began producing autos in the 1920s, it bought some machinery and hired engineers from Henry Ford.) Officials of Fiat, which

We have definite opinions

about nearly any industry, company, or stock that you care to ask us about.

The opinions we have originate in a Research Division more than 300 strong—a Division dedicated to knowing all that it possibly can about the past performance, the present standing, and the outlook for any major company of interest to investors.

We'd be surprised if you could add much to their current store of facts on the thousands of companies they keep track of—facts about sales, earnings, dividends, products, management, plans for the future.

We'd be even more surprised if you wouldn't find it helpful to know what Research thinks those facts indicate about the stocks you own and how well they fit your investment objectives.

If you'd like the most straightforward opinion our Research Division can give you, in the light of your circumstances and resources, just write and ask for it. There's no charge or obligation of any kind connected with our answer, of course.

But to make that answer as right as possible for you, do tell us also what securities you own, how many shares, the approximate prices you paid, and just what you are aiming for in the way of dividend return or capital appreciation possibilities. Naturally, we'll hold your letter in complete confidence.

Simply address your letter to—

James D. Corbett, Investment Inquiries



MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC**

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10005



JACQUELINE AYER IN BANGKOK WORKROOM.
What's good enough for a queen.

Thailand. Silk has been a golden enterprise ever since a onetime U.S. intelligence officer, Jim Thompson, revived the dying art of weaving in 1948 and made himself a bundle of bahts by selling bright bolts of cloth to tourists (*TIME*, April 21, 1958). Thompson is still the largest producer, but he has attracted plenty of competition from entrepreneurs who sell finished dresses as well as the cloth. Gaining fast are two firms that combine Thai craftsmanship with U.S. design and market their goods to stores from the U.S.'s Bergdorf Goodman and I. Magnin to London's Liberty and Paris' Lanvin.

Help from Rockefeller. One of the firms is headed by San Francisco-born Lewis Cykman, 52, who came to Bangkok to make ice cream, instead went into the silk trade, expanded with financial help from the wife of the late Prime Minister Sarit. Though she has dropped out, Cykman's Star of Siam is now worth about \$500,000. His plant works two shifts daily, weaving silks for

Which of these three New Jersey Natural Gas salesmen boosted employee morale overnight?



THE SALESMAN on the right did it. New Jersey Natural Gas Company's letterhead—a sparkling new design on crisp, white Hammermill Bond.

"Our old letterhead was badly outdated," says PR Director Leon Zuckerman (center). "As soon as we distributed the new ones—248,000 of them—to our 14 district offices, our managers reported a lift in morale.

"We had simply asked our printer to use a paper that would reflect a substantial, modern image for our company. He recommended Hammermill Bond."

"There are tangible results, too," says William Miners (left), Vice President-Sales. "We regularly send sales

letters to our 180,000 customers and to prospects—new home-owners, commercial and industrial concerns—urging greater use of gas. I'm convinced our letterhead makes the right impression."

Can you say the same for yours? Study it for a moment—as a customer would. Perhaps you'll want to ask your printer for a new, more appropriate letterhead. Odds are he'll recommend Hammermill

Bond, too, with matching envelopes. Each sheet carries the world's best-known watermark.

Hammermill Paper Company, makers of 29 grades of paper for fine printing and office duplicating, 1453 E. Lake Rd., Erie, Pennsylvania 16512.



sells more cars in Europe than any other manufacturer, believe the agreement gives them a substantial lead over competitors in the only major untapped auto market left on the Continent.

This is the latest success in Fiat's quiet but persistent campaign to drive through the Iron Curtain. In Rumania, Fiat sold several thousand cars last year, has begun setting up a network of service stations and offices to supply spare parts. In Czechoslovakia, Fiat's annual sales also run to thousands of cars. In Poland, the company is nearing an

agreement to license the Poles to produce their own Fiats; by 1970 the Poles plan to turn out 50,000 a year.

Ultimately Fiat hopes to accomplish throughout Eastern Europe what it has in Yugoslavia. There it helped build a major auto plant in 1954, still collects licensing fees for technical assistance. In Russia, Fiat is also pressing to get long-term licensing fees. The Russians in the past have opposed that, but economists of the Liberman school lately have advocated license deals as a way to draw upon Western technology.

MILESTONES

Born. To King Constantine II of the Hellenes, 25, Europe's youngest reigning monarch; and Queen Anne-Marie, 18, daughter of Denmark's King Frederik; their first child, a daughter; in Mon Repos Palace, Corfu.

Married. George Stevens Jr., 33, U.S. Information Agency film director, winner of two Venice documentary awards, son of Hollywood Producer-Director George Stevens; and Elizabeth Guest Condon, 27, daughter of U.S. Ambassador to Ireland Raymond Guest, grandniece of U.S. President James K. Polk; she for the second time; in London.

Marriage Revealed. Ernest Borgnine, 47, TV's buoy-shaped Commander McHale (*McHale's Navy*); and Donna Granoucci Rancourt, 32, sometime movie actress (*The Interns*); she for the second time, he for the fourth; in Juárez, Mexico; last month.

Died. Lisa Howard, 39, throaty-voiced blonde actress who in 1960 gave up a lucrative career in daytime TV soapers to become a persistent if somewhat erratic network television newscaster (ABC's *News With the Woman's Touch*); by her own hand (sleeping pills); three weeks after a miscarriage; in East Hampton, L.I. In 1960, she scored an exclusive 108-minute interview with Soviet Premier Khrushchev, whom she accosted disguised as a Russian cleaning woman, and in 1963 befriended Cuban Leaders Fidel Castro and Che Guevara; she campaigned last fall for the re-election of New York Republican Senator Kenneth Keating (Castro's old foe, who first broke the story of the missile sites in Cuba), shortly thereafter was fired by ABC.

Died. Porfirio Rubirosa y Ariza, 56, former Dominican diplomat, sportsman and international heartbreaker; of injuries suffered in an auto accident (see *THE WORLD*).

Died. Paul Mantz, 61, ace Hollywood stunt pilot, three-time winner of the Bendix speed trophy, former copilot of Amelia Earhart's, who logged

almost 20,000 hair-raising hours of footage in which he flew through an open hangar (*Airmail*, 1932), under the Brooklyn Bridge (*Blaze of Noon*, 1947), into the Grand Canyon (*This Is Cinerama*, 1952), and crashed expertly into countless mountains and buildings; of injuries sustained in the \$90,000 custom-built craft he was flying for 20th Century-Fox's new *Flight of the Phoenix*; in Buttercup Valley, Calif.

Died. Moshe Sharett, 70, Israel's brilliant, quick-tongued (eight languages) former Premier (1953-55), a Russian-born farmer's son who in 1906 migrated with his family to Turkish-ruled Palestine, represented his unborn nation in negotiations with world leaders, obtaining in 1947 passage of the U.N.'s Partition Resolution establishing a separate Jewish state; of cancer; in Jerusalem. As Israel's first Foreign Minister he tried unsuccessfully to pursue a policy of conciliation toward the Arabs and argued against Premier David Ben-Gurion's tough response to Arab border incursions; at length, just four months before the 1956 invasion of Sinai, he was forced out as Foreign Minister, thereafter devoted his time to Israel's immigration problems.

Died. John Vivian Truman, 79, Harry's younger brother, another outspoken, poker-playing Missourian, who in 1948 became district director of the Federal Housing Administration in western Missouri, refusing any higher position after Harry's election ("I have no danged reason to go to Washington"); after a long illness; in Grandview, Mo.

Died. Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve, 87, longtime dean of Barnard College (1911-47), formidable though warmly admired teacher ("It's fun to use your mind"), champion of women's rights and supranationalism, who called students by their last names and disapproved of coed schooling, nevertheless allowed smoking and introduced courses in sex hygiene; the U.S.'s only woman delegate at the 1945 founding of the U.N.; of a heart attack; in Centerville, Mass.

Move up to Greyhound

**"leave
the
moving
to us"**



Greyhound Van Lines is the fastest growing nationwide moving service. For the extra care, experience and the reliability you want, insist on Greyhound. Check the Yellow Pages for Greyhound Van Lines, or write: 13 E. Lake Street, Northlake, Illinois.



**NATION'S LARGEST
FEDERAL**

**SAVINGS
ASSOCIATION
PAYS YOU
4.8% ON
SAVINGS**

Safety of Assets Over \$1 Billion

Dividends paid quarterly at 4.8% current annual rate • World-wide savings service for 500,000 individuals, corporations and trusts • Same, sound management policies since 1925 • Accounts insured by F.S.I.C. • Ask us how a man and wife can have up to \$30,000 in fully insured savings • Funds received or postmarked by 10th, earn from 1st • We pay air mail both ways if mailed in U.S.A. • Mail money with coupon below.

CALIFORNIA FEDERAL SAVINGS

FREE! 1968 "CALIFORNIA STORY"; 16 colorful pages!

The Sea, Laguna Art Show, Tuna Fishing, Calif. Islands.

California Federal Savings & Loan Assn.
Box 54087, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 54, Calif.
Please send free "California Story" and
CalFed MAIL-SAVER to: T-22N

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
☐ Funds enclosed in amount of \$ _____
☐ Passbook account (\$50 or more)
☐ Certificate account (Multiples of \$100)
Sec. Sec. or Ident. No. _____

CINEMA

Ballad of Big Sur

The *Sandpiper* is a multimillion-dollar drama adapted from a penny-dreadful idea by Producer Martin Ransohoff. Filmed in the delectuous Big Sur country on the California coast, the movie offers mountains, sky, surf, birds and Elizabeth Taylor as an irresistible bohemian painter who lures an upright schoolmaster (Richard Burton) away from his loyal blonde wife. When Star Burton first read the script, he remarked that "it hits pretty close to home." Direc-



BURTON & TAYLOR IN "SANDPIPER"
Exploiting the parallel.

tor Vincente Minnelli exploits this possibility with unctuous professionalism, fielding his glamorous duo in a romance *à clef* that they appear to take seriously.

When the law forces her wayward illegitimate son to enroll at a school for boys, Liz storms off to the beach to enjoy what's left of freedom. Burton, as the Rev. Mr. Hewitt, follows her, after carefully removing his clerical collar. She is a wild thing who tends wounded birds or casually poses nude—hands to bosom, in deference to a man of the cloth—for a sculptor pal.

The *Sandpiper's* absurd situations are matched by dialogue that beauty (hers) and talent (his) cannot vanquish. Liz flaunts her attachment to another wastrel whom she knew "in the Biblical sense—he had carnal knowledge of me." Though Burton's performance consists mostly of curtain speeches, he handles his lines with flair, particularly when he drags himself away from Liz's shack into the clean, cool air to intone sonorously: "Oh God, allow me some small remembrance of honor." The drabber phrases fall to Eva Marie Saint as the wife, whose patience and succor are apt to take such forms as "Thinking is almost always a kind of prayer."

Long after the eyewash has been

absorbed into the scenery, the illicit lovers part, clearly miserable but matured by their experience. Audiences may learn a thing or two as well, after having observed how wanly Art imitates Life.

Dry Spell Out West

The *Hallelujah Trail* is bigger but not better than any of the recent comedies that are supposed to milk laughs from the sacred cows of the Hollywood western. The sheer bulk of the opus is one clue to its failure. Given a plot with several droll twists, Director John Sturges (*The Great Escape*, *Bad Day at Black Rock*) lets his camera roam freely over the Cinerama landscape, too often striving for epic effects when antic effects are needed.

The year is 1867. With winter due, the city of Denver has been hit by a liquor shortage. In ten days the saloons will be bone dry unless a wagon train can get through with the likker. So 40 wagonloads of champagne and whisky go lumbering across the plains on a collision course with a band of footsore Denver vigilantes determined to protect the booze, a tribe of thirsty Sioux Indians who want to drink it, and a U.S. Cavalry troop led by Captain Jim Hutton set on heading off the Sioux. Meanwhile, a temperance-minded suffragette (Lee Remick) fields her lady crusaders and Colonel Burt Lancaster must deploy more horse soldiers to keep the girls out of trouble.

Unfortunately, *Hallelujah* drowns its troubles in talk, and the sobering effects are compounded by a mock-historical narrator who tries to pinpoint everyone's position on a map from time to time. Lancaster, a commanding presence as always, looks permanently flabbergasted over his first venture into an out-and-out farce, though his attitude seems appropriate to the movie's funniest scene—pondering strategy after a fierce battle waged in a blinding sandstorm, he finds that there hasn't been a

single casualty on any side. Actress Remick's pioneer prudery is the standard brand, softened with lipstick, eye shadow and plunging necklines.

By the time Scenarist John Gay has maneuvered the entire cast into a pest-hole known as Quicksand Bottoms, there is little suspense as to what direction the plot will take, and *Hallelujah* goes into its what-crazy-thing-can-we-do-next phase. Soon those drunken redskins are speeding toward the horizon in ten covered wagons filled with exploding bottles of French champagne—but the white man's magic has long since lost its sparkle.

When It Fizzles

The *Art of Love*. On the back lot at Universal City, *Love* creates a cardboard Paris and fills it with evidence that 1965 is a dull year abroad:

As a Yankee painter in Paris, Dick Van Dyke wonders why his canvases don't sell. "What do I have to do—cut off an ear?" he groans. His best friend, an unpublished and unprincipled writer, James Garner, suggests that a dead artist sells better than a live one.

As a stray sex kitten, Elke Sommer jumps off a bridge so that Van Dyke can jump after her, triggering a fake suicide that makes the paintings sell.

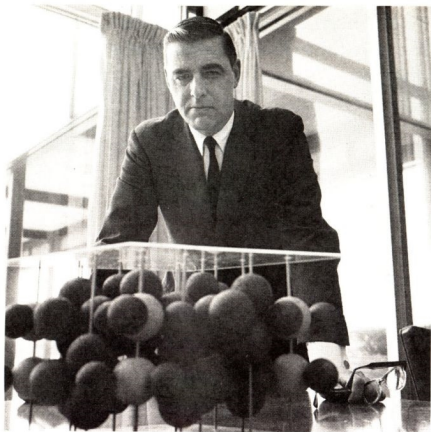
As Van Dyke's curvaceous fiancée, Angie Dickinson mourns him on Garner's shoulder and takes the easy way out of every crisis by fainting.

As Madame Coco La Fontaine, proprietress of an overstuffed *boite de nuit*, Ethel Merman sports pink, green and violet wigs, and shouts insults at anyone who stops by to untangle the plot. Merman's bad temper is understandable, since she has to oversee a series of stale farcical escapades, the last of which has Garner going to the guillotine accused of Van Dyke's murder.

The scenario was slapped together by TV Jokesmith Carl Reiner (*The Dick Van Dyke Show*). It handily meets the standards of Producer Ross Hunter (*Pillow Talk*), who treats every comedy as a sumptuously vulgar fashion show.



REMIK & LANCASTER IN "HALLELUJAH"
Drowning troubles in talk.



Henry Chapman built his business on genius, tact, insight and drive.

How can he pass that on to his kids?

We're not much on genetics. Our line is money management.

And when a man with unusual talents has made money, we can put that money to work, making more money for his heirs.

We administer trusts, manage estates, supervise investments. We advise, consent, research, explore, suggest, caution, encourage, and direct.

Investments? We have research analysts on our staff who do nothing but track and evaluate securities in all major areas of industry.

We also have experts in real estate, agriculture, petroleum, gas, and many other specialized invest-

ment fields. And our trust officers, who supervise your accounts, meet regularly with you and our various specialists so that this fund of knowledge may be applied most effectively to your personal needs.

May we meet with you and your lawyer to talk about your estate?

Just call 828-3530 and tell us when.

CONTINENTAL BANK

Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company of Chicago
210 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606 • Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

© C. I. N. B. 1965

**RCA Space Age skills built Tiros...
the most successful unmanned satellite series...**



CR6

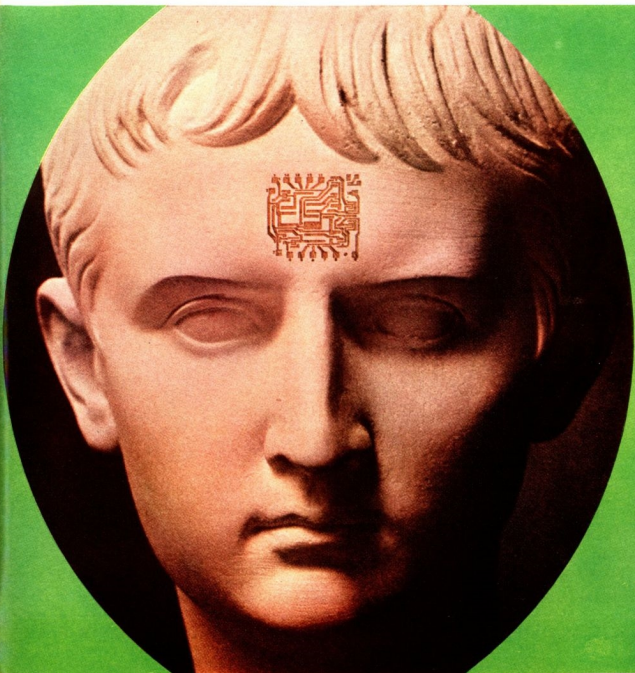
Come into the Space Age with RCA

TIROS weather satellites, designed and built by RCA for NASA, are regarded as the most successful unmanned satellites in the U.S. space program. Weather experts also consider the TIROS system to be one of the significant advances in meteorology.

TIROS satellites have sent to earth more

than a half million weather data pictures since 1960—each one a clear demonstration of RCA electronic skills and dependability. Through analysis of the pictures, forecasters provide advance warning of hurricanes and storms—to protect lives and property around the world.

**...and help make Spectra 70 the world's
most advanced computer series!**



Integrated circuit shown 289 times actual size.

RCA brings the space age down to earth: Now Space Age skills similar to those that helped blaze the trail into space have made possible the RCA Spectra 70. Integrated circuits—small as an "o"—make Spectra 70 the first true 3rd generation computer series—speed operations, insure dependability. Spectra 70 can talk to other computers

without costly re-programming. It has the hardware, software, the communications, to meet your business needs now, and as you grow.

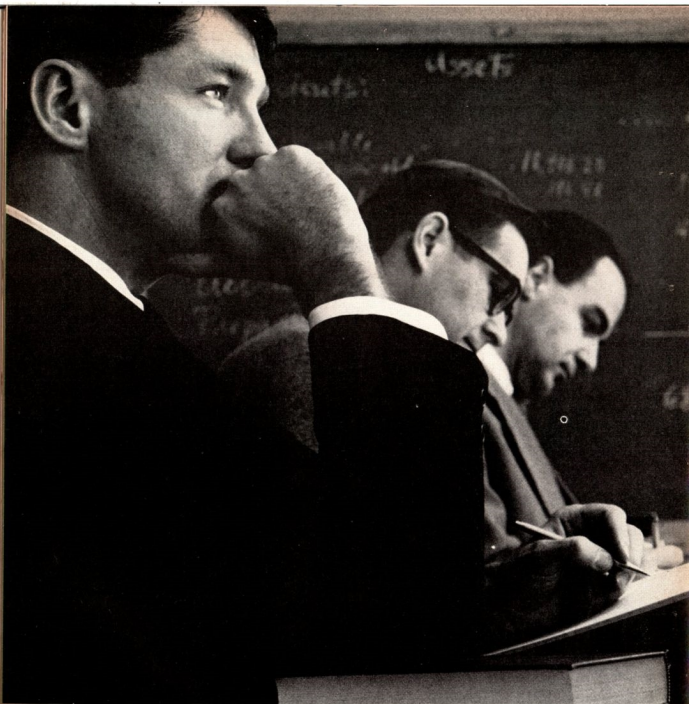
The information you need to run your business may be only a billionth of a second away. Come into the Space Age with RCA where accurate things happen fast.



DMC-101

The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

CR7



What if his adult education class meets when your commercial's on TV?

You miss him. You also miss his fellow students and millions of other people busy with hobbies, working around their homes, or doing the dozens of things that keep them from watching television.

How can you reach them? LIFE. The latest Simmons shows that LIFE reaches 10.4 million readers

who don't even watch TV on an average evening.

LIFE delivers better prospects, too. Over twice as many readers in families with incomes of \$10,000 or more a year as the top TV show can give you.

So advertise in LIFE if you want to reach the important prospects you're not reaching on TV.

Audience data © 1964, W. R. Simmons & Associates Research, Inc.**LIFE**

BOOKS

For Mind & Eye

They are known in the trade as "gift books," and they assuredly qualify: usually big and expensive, they make handsome presents that flatter the recipient by their implied suggestion that someone cares a lot—and carry no obligation to do more than leaf through them once. But the tag is unnecessarily depreciative, for the best of the gift books can be exhilarating visual as well as literary experiences: passports to fine art the viewer might never otherwise see, inaccessible realms he might never otherwise visit. Among the best of the recent gift books:

PRECIOUS STONES AND OTHER CRYSTALS, text by Rudolf Metz. 191 pages. Viking. \$25. Dr. Metz, a mineralogist, has assembled the handsomest collection of minerals, precious, semiprecious and just plain beautiful, to be found anywhere outside a museum. The 89 flawless color plates run the gamut from gold just as prospectors sometimes find it to the canary-yellow Tiffany diamond, 128.51 carats cut into 90 facets and worth \$900,000. Dr. Metz's running comment is on the textbookish side, but no matter. With such cool splendors to survey, who wants to read?

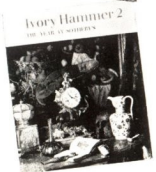
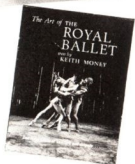
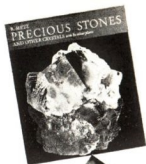
RHINOS BELONG TO EVERYBODY by Bernhard Grzimek. 207 pages. Hill & Wang. \$12.50. Africa and its wildlife have admittedly been done to death in picture books, not to mention the movies. But Dr. Grzimek, who is director of the Frankfurt Zoo and widely respected as a conservationist, makes an excellent guide. His subjects do not just stand around as in most such books. They charge the photographer, get rescued from swamps; a pride of lions claw a stuffed zebra that Grzimek set up just to see what they would do. The text is informal and informative, just as a good guide talk should be.

PICASSO: WOMEN, text by Hélène Parmelin. 199 pages. Editions Cercle d'Art and Harry N. Abrams, distributed by International Book Society, a division of Time Inc. \$18. With the fond blessing of the master, Miss Parmelin, a Picasso student and familiar of his household, has assembled what amounts to a private exhibit: most of these 160 studies, here presented in stunning four-color plates, have not been shown before. The artist has illuminated many of them with his own comments, and has contributed the gay, gaudy "Picasso alphabet"—multicolor flourishes in chalk—that adorns Miss Parmelin's text. The period covered is 1954-63, when Picasso, working with explosive exuberance, immortalized his lovely model (and later, second wife), Jacqueline Roque, on canvas and also in sheet metal, cast iron and ceramic tile.

THE ART OF THE ROYAL BALLET by Keith Money. 272 pages. World. \$12.50. For six months Author Money recorded the leaps and pirouettes of Dame Margot Fonteyn, Nureyev and the other members of Britain's Royal Ballet. His several hundred photographs and sketches, many in color, fall a bit short of technical perfection. This is more than compensated for by the zest and understanding that went into their execution; before too long, Money knew the choreography as well as the dancers. His scenes of the company in the studio, the ballerinas in practice leotards and the heavy, woolen leggings worn for warmth, have a special charm. One can quarrel, however, with Money's emphasis. His camera lingers all too often on the figure of Christopher Gable, still only a rising star in ballet's firmament, and not often enough on the established brilliance of Nureyev and Fonteyn.

IVORY HAMMER 2: THE YEAR AT SOTHEBY'S, 256 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$12.50. For art lovers who like to look at the price tags too, this book is just the ticket. The annual report of Sotheby's, Britain's venerable auction house, which has been a British institution for years, has graduated into a profusely illustrated volume worthy of deposit on any drawing-room table. *Ivory Hammer 2* is the second annual report to be published in the U.S. It reprises the 1963-64 season, during which Sotheby's knocked down an unprecedented \$37 million worth of art, from an 11.80-carat unset emerald (\$65,800) to the bugle that blew the charge of the Light Brigade (\$4,480). More than 250 illustrations, some in color, all priced in pounds and dollars, plus—for no good reason—an original short story by Wolf Mankowitz about an imaginary sale at Sotheby's, of all places.

PLEASURE OF RUINS, text by Dame Rose Macaulay. 286 pages. Thames & Hudson distributed by International Book Society, a division of Time Inc. \$17.50. On none of her 30 books did the late Dame Rose Macaulay bestow more love and scholarship than on *Pleasure of Ruins*, her unique evocation of civilization's past. Troy, Nineveh, Tyre, Thebes, Babylon, Carthage, Persepolis, Byzantium—all the fallen cities rise again from the centuries in her memorial. In this volume, Constance Babington Smith, Dame Rose's cousin, and Canadian Artist-Photographer Roloff Beny have paid lovely tribute to those glorious ghosts. Beny's 172 photographs, twelve in color, make a perfect setting for Dame Rose's text. In these pages the wayfarer irresistibly shares the author's "intoxication, at once so heady and so devout," at "the stunning impact of world history on its amazed heirs."



GIFT BOOKS
Expensive but exhilarating.

Your employees can pay for insurance painlessly. (Well, almost.)



For all kinds of insurance
in a single plan, call
YOUR TRAVELERS MAN

It's up to you.

5300 companies give their employees the benefits of Travelers' unique Employee Security Service.

It's this simple:

At no cost to you, a Travelers man comes to your plant or office. He explains to each employee exactly what your company's benefit program means to him in dollar-and-cent security.

Then he reviews the employee's personal insurance to make sure it complements rather than duplicates his company coverage. Should the employee need more insurance, the Travelers man offers special money-saving Life and Health policies, Car and Homeowners Insurance.

You help by withholding a monthly amount from the employee's salary that takes care of any insurance he wants.

To learn more about this morale-building service—or any kind of business or personal insurance—look in the Yellow Pages for

YOUR TRAVELERS MAN

RELIVE HISTORY. VISIT THE TRAVELERS PAVILION AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR.

THE EUROPE OF THE CAPITALS 1600-1700 by Giulio Carlo Argan. 222 pages. Skira. \$20. **THE INVENTION OF LIBERTY 1700-1789** by Jean Starobinski. 222 pages. Skira. \$20. The publisher's commendable ambition is to explore and explain Western civilization through its architecture and its art. These are volumes one and two in a series, simultaneously published in English, French, German, Italian and Spanish, that will ultimately number 14. *The Europe of the Capitals*, with text by a professor of art history at the University of Rome, traces the decline of feudal nobility in Europe and the emergence of a bourgeoisie whose greatest gift to posterity was the modern metropolis. In *The Invention of Liberty*, Dr. Starobinski, professor of history of ideas at the University of Geneva, examines how the art of the era expressed Western man's new sense of freedom and self-will. Each volume carries 120 reproductions, 60 in color. The texts are strictly for the serious-minded.

PRIMITIVE ARTISTS OF YUGOSLAVIA by Oto Bihalji-Merin. 200 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$16.95. The impact of these native artists, most of them peasants, is almost unbearably and perhaps unwittingly sad. The skies glower. A hired man slumps by his ax, in utter fatigue or despair. In a village café, the dancers do not smile. An old woman nods by candlelight, her face pale as death. A gypsy wedding scene seethes with movement, but the movement is angry, and the arm of the old man in the foreground seems to be raised in menace, his mouth seems to bellow wrath. Although Bihalji-Merin, who is an art critic and historian, limits the accompanying text to purely artistic comment, the pictures themselves project an unforgettable image of a hard life in a stern and somber land.

Terrible Destiny

BOY GRAVELY by Iris Dornfeld. 212 pages. Knopf. \$4.95.

"He had always listened. When he was three years old he began to notice what he heard, and he would stop in the middle of his childhood activities to attend the materials of sound, some of which were in the environment, some of which sprang from his head in flights of strange dream ascensions. It wasn't unusual to see him fall as if struck and begin a concentration which might last ten or 15 minutes."

Boy Gravelly is a Los Angeles slum child, an unwanted bastard, and a musical genius. At five he steals a violin and teaches himself to play. At seven he sneaks into the empty Hollywood Bowl, sits down at the Steinway, improvises in an ecstasy that lasts all night. At 13, carrying a couple of stolen instruments, he heads east on a slow freight. He lands in New Orleans, immerses himself in jazz, and suffers a creative convulsion that brings him to the edge of madness. He follows his daemon to East

IS YOUNG & RUBICAM AFRAID OF NETWORK RADIO?

Some agencies are, it seems. But not Young & Rubicam. At some agencies, you find people who pick media mechanically, without investigating all media to be sure they have the best possible schedule.

They fear network radio because it's different, because they don't know how to use it. They're used to working with props, pictures and color. And, radio obviously doesn't have them. They don't realize that this is radio's greatest strength.

Nothing is more visual than the human imagination, and nothing takes greater advantage of it than radio. The listener creates a world far more personal

than any offered to him from the outside. That's why a creative radio commercial can have such astonishing results.

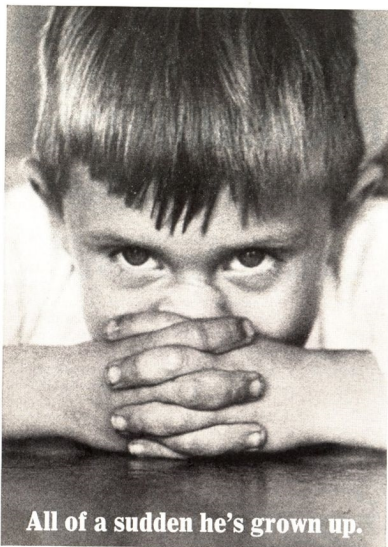
Young & Rubicam is a large creative agency that has taken full advantage of all network radio has to offer. When they put together a media schedule, they aren't guided by opinion. They investigate all media. They've made network radio an important part of their recommendations. They know it's a medium that is intimate and warm in its appeal, believable and friendly in its approach.

At ABC, we've put a lot into network radio so agencies like Young & Rubicam can get a lot out. We've built a balanced station lineup through which our advertisers reach deeply into the most important buying segments of the population. We've worked hard to become the leading network. You see, we believe in network radio. Once you know the facts, you will too. They're as simple as ABC.



351 OF THE MOST EFFECTIVE STATIONS ANYWHERE!





All of a sudden he's grown up.

One day you'll say, "He's his own man now." And you'll know the way was not easily found.

Of one thing you can be sure. He'll need all the education he can get—college, certainly, possibly even graduate school. But there's a problem. Colleges are crowded and enrollments are growing. More classrooms, laboratories, libraries, good teachers will be needed.

These take money. So, give to the college of your choice now and help make certain college will be ready when he is.

Enrich his future . . . and America's.

**COLLEGE IS
AMERICA'S BEST FRIEND**



IRIS DORNFELD

A slow freight to genius.

Harlem, then on to Germany, where he composes an electronic symphony, scores it for soprano, orchestra, tape, women's high-heeled shoes, and vacuum cleaner. When it is performed back in the Hollywood Bowl, some cheer and some jeer, but he is accepted by the public as a genuine genius.

Surprisingly he is also accepted as such by the reader. This second novel by Iris Dornfeld (*Jeeney Ray*), who is the wife of *Nation* Editor Carey McWilliams and a musician in her own right, has many faults—among them a bifurcated plot structure and an occasionally cluttered style. But it has one peculiar and overriding merit. In the contorted, possessed character of Boy Gravely, Author Dornfeld has created a marvelously perceptive delineation of the terrible disease and destiny that is genius.

Manipulator of Manipulators

RUSSELL SAGE: THE MONEY KING by Paul Sarnoff. 398 pages. Obolensky. \$6.95.

Commodore Vanderbilt was a rowdy illiterate who wore a fur coat winter and summer and bellowed, "What do I care about the law? Hain't I got the power?" Big Jim Fisk was an ebullient bluffer who wore velvet vests and many rings, was shot to death by his mistress' lover, Dapper Jay Gould was a consumptive neurotic who was once led by a doctor from a hoard of directors' meeting in raving hysteria. These great robber barons all had the stuff of celebrity, and all of them have already been documented to death. But not Russell Sage, who was, according to Biographer Paul Sarnoff, more powerful than them all and as eccentric as any.

A manipulator's manipulator, he preferred to stay out of sight and make others dance to the tune he whistled. In his 70-year career he cleaned up in everything from lead mines to trotting tracks, ruled a vast network of railroads that spread from Ohio to the



TRUST NORTHERN

to keep your feet on the ground
when your head is in the clouds

A wedding day. Bells ringing. Snowy showers of rice. Wedding cake shared for luck. It's one of life's most carefree moments.

It's our job to do all we can to keep new lives that way. And here are some of the ways you can Trust Northern to help.

For brides, The Northern Trust has a "Family Budget Book." It's been a great help in setting up many new homes.

The Northern Trust helps with savings accounts—something no new family should start without.

A checking account is always handy, too. And with The Northern Trust's new "Double Check" account record-keeping is almost foolproof. And no minimum balance is required.

When the time comes to borrow money to buy a new home or re-do an older one, our low bank rates will save you money.

Finally, there is the sound financial advice that goes along with the personal interest we have in seeing that everyone—young and old, beginner or not—is served well now and in the future.



NORTHWEST CORNER LASALLE & MONROE
Chicago 60690 • Financial 6-5500 • Member F.D.I.C.



Little sparks...



burn great forests

Common sense is all that stands between controlled burning and full-scale forest fires. Before you start *any* fire, check local regulations... Be sure fires can't spread... Never burn on dry or windy days...and never leave fires unattended. Nine out of ten forest fires are caused by careless people. *So don't be careless.*



Please!...only you can prevent forest fires

West Coast, established himself as the man who banked the robber barons, eventually scrambled to the top of a \$100 million heap. Sarnoff also makes it clear, sometimes inadvertently, that Sage was a liar, a swindler, and a vivid illustration of that cliché about the desire for money being the root of all evil.

Partly because he cunningly let others take the credit (and the blame) for his megalomaniac machinations, partly because he carefully left few letters or other memorabilia, a full-length biography has never before been written. Author Sarnoff, 46, a Wall Street broker by profession, pays little mind to literary style or organization, but has done his historical homework thoroughly.

Big Leap. The son of a struggling New York farmer, Russell Sage left home when he was twelve to work in a grocery store in Troy. He had already decided he would be the richest man in the world, spent one-third of his \$4 monthly salary for night-school tuition, and read every book he could find. By 15, he was principal moneylender to the gilded youth of Troy.

At 19, he took his first speculative leap. For the first time in living memory the Hudson River froze from bank to bank in the month of November. Ships were icebound at their moorings, and tons of perishable produce piled up on the docks. Even the most seasoned local merchants panicked. Not canny Russell Sage. At giveaway prices he snapped up three of the crippled, empty sloops, stacked them with cargoes, then settled back to wait. Sure enough, the freeze was a fluke. The ice melted overnight, and Sage sailed off for New York where he made a \$50,000 killing. At 24, he operated a fleet of riverboats and a private moneylending business, was a bank director, city councilman, and creditor to two of New York's biggest Whigs: Editor Thurlow Weed and Governor William H. Seward.

Soon he promoted himself to railroads. A typical operation was the La Crosse & Milwaukee Railroad, which he built in 1852. Sage gave away some \$1,000,000 in La Crosse bonds as bribes to state officials, legislators, newsmen in an effort to have awarded to the railroad a major part of the Wisconsin land grant. When the bribery was exposed, he arranged to put the La Crosse into receivership (Sage men were of course the receivers), then created the new Milwaukee & Minnesota Railroad Co., which succeeded to the assets, but not the liabilities, of the La Crosse road. His personal investment was probably limited to \$25,000.

Front Man. Richer pickings were to come, Sage expanded his moneylending business (sometimes extracting interest as high as 80%), barely escaped serving a jail term for usury, supplied money to both Vanderbilt and Gould in their battle for control of the Erie Railroad, netted \$10 million in ten days during the Panic of 1873, and most important, acquired the brilliant, heavy-



RUSSELL SAGE

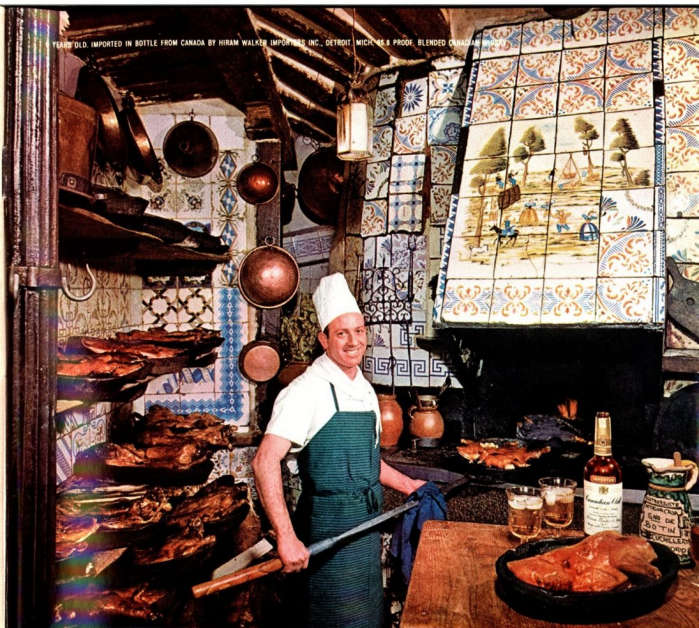
A fast climb to \$100 million.

ily indebted Gould as front man and junior partner.

The more money Sage accumulated, the more he wanted. But he dressed like a man who had just come from a rummage sale: shiny serge jacket, frayed grey vest, floppy black trousers, and square-toed brogans. One day a demented broker marched into Sage's office. In one hand he held a note demanding that Sage give him \$1,200,000; in the other hand he held a bag of dynamite. Sage eased a visitor between himself and the dynamite, dashed for the exit. When the smoke cleared away, the broker was dead, the visitor was badly mangled, Sage was virtually unharmed. The visitor sued Sage, who fought the case through four court trials and never paid him a penny.

He worshiped his first wife Marie-Henrie blindly, and when she died he blundered into marriage with Olivia Slocum, a blueblooded schoolmistress whose father he had ruined. He spent the rest of his life taunting Olivia with memories of Marie-Henrie. (Olivia liked dogs; Sage acquired cats (which Marie-Henrie loved and he detested). Olivia wanted Sage to decorate their house with works of art; Sage hung photographs of locomotives and maps of his railroad holdings. Olivia liked Oriental rugs and bric-a-brac; Sage littered the parlor with buffalo robes. But Olivia got even. When Sage died in 1906, leaving her "the wealthiest woman in the world," Olivia dispersed his fortune in good works, endowed schools and colleges, planted rhododendrons in Central Park, and established the Russell Sage Foundation, which has to date expended over \$60 million in humanitarian causes that the old pirate probably never gave a thought to.

YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 45 & 50 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN



EL GOFON © 1984 HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC.

CASA BOTIN OF MADRID AWAITS YOU WITH ROAST SUCKLING PIG AND CANADIAN CLUB

Here is where the bullfighters meet to talk of bulls and courage.
And on the days when they are not fighting, to eat Don Antonio's Cochinillo Asado,
a juicy little piglet cooked in an open tiled oven 239 years old.
You'll find your old friend Canadian Club here, too.
Enjoy it in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after.



Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. Try Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening. It's "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.



Fishing for flavor?

Hook up with Winston!



Change to Winston and change for good...
for good taste every time!

Winston tastes good like a cigarette should!

© 1988 W. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.